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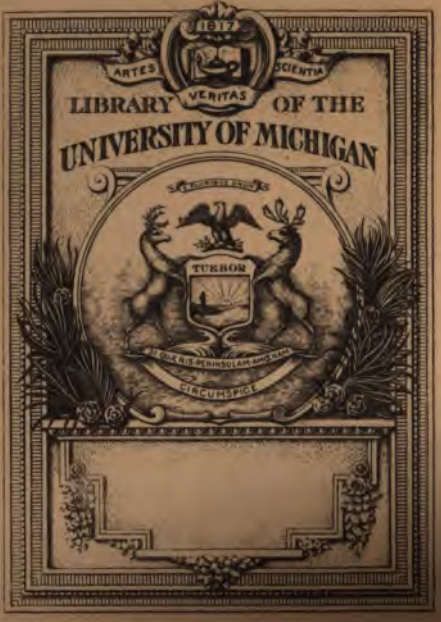
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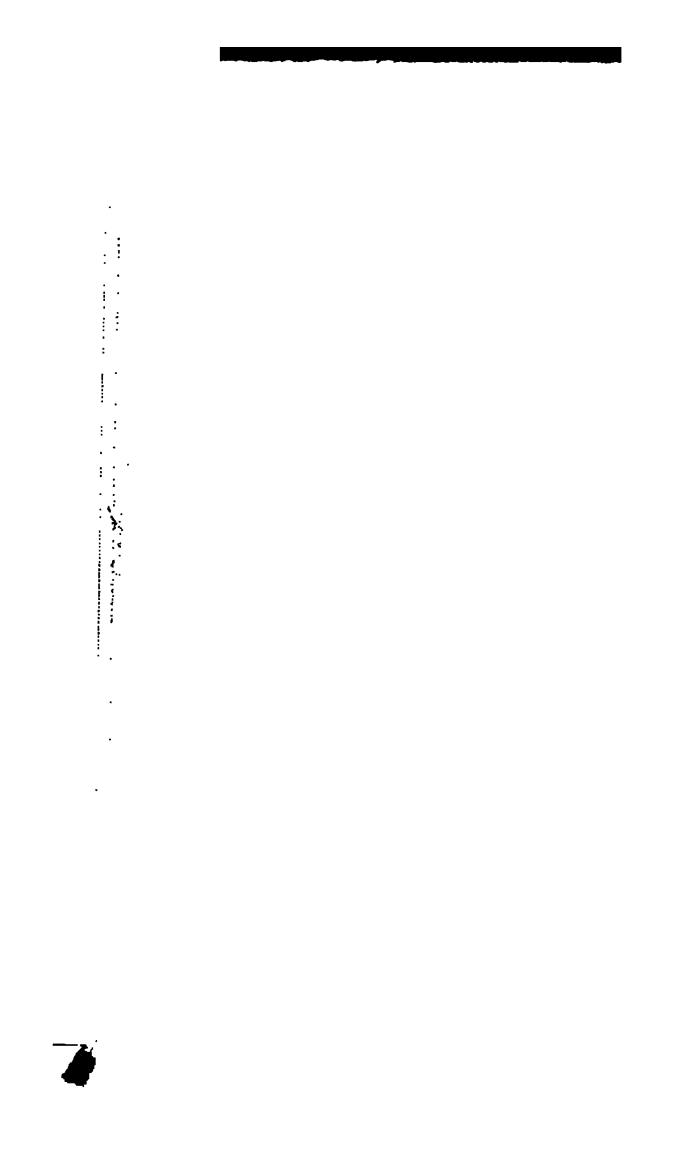

John Dickinson
1786

SWIFT.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-NINTH.

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M DCC LXXIX.

S W I F T ' S

P O E M S.

VOLUME I.

POEMS

By Dr. SWIFT.

ODE,

TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moor-park, June, 1689.

I.

VIRTUE, the greateſt of all monarchies!
Till, its firſt emperor rebellious man
Depos'd from off his ſeat,
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into ſmall ſtates and principalities,
By many a petty lord poſſeſs'd,
But ne'er ſince ſeated in one ſingle breaſt!
'Tis you who muſt this land ſubdue,
The mighty conqueſt 's left for you,
The conqueſt and diſcovery too;
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever ſince but in deſcriptions found,
Like the philoſopher's ſtone,
With rules to ſearch it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led aſtray;
Too long have our miſguided ſouls been taught
With rules from muſty morals brought,
'Tis you muſt put us in the way;
Let us (for ſhame!) no more be fed
With antique reliques of the dead,
The gleanings of philoſophy,
Philoſophy, the lumber of the ſchools,
The roguery of alchemy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our preſent life in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ignorance Learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treaſure and our food;
Nature's fair table-book, our tender ſouls,
We ſcrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the ſchools:
For Learning's mighty treaſures look
In that deep grave a book;
Think that ſhe there does all her treaſures hide,
And that her troubled ghoſt ſtill haunts there ſince ſhe dy'd.
Confine her walks to colleges and ſchools;
Her prieſts, her train, and followers ſhow
As if they all were ſpectres too!
They purchaſe knowledge at th' expence
Of common breeding, common ſenſe,
And grow at once ſcholars and fools;

Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeneſs, ill-nature, incivility,
And, ſick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they ſwallow down,
Still caſt it up, and nauſeate company.

IV.

Curſt be the wretch! nay doubly curſt!
(If it may lawful be
To curſe our greateſt enemy)
Who learnt himſelf that hereſy firſt
(Which ſince has ſeiz'd on all the reſt)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our ſcraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'ſcap'd this general peſt;
Thoſe mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at laſt united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one:
I muſt, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unleſs I put in Cæſar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of ſouls.

V.

Let not old Rome boaſt Fabius' fate;
He ſav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;

Nor has it left the uſual bloody ſcar,
To ſhew it coſt its price in war;
War! that mad game the world ſo loves to play,
And for it does ſo dearly pay;
For, though with loſs or victory a while
Fortune the gameſters does beguile,
Yet at the laſt the box ſweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blaſt:
Th' artillery of the ſkies
Shoots to the earth, and dies;
Nor ever green and flouriſhing 'twill laſt,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans' cries.
About the head crown'd with theſe bays,
Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its ſolemn train with death;
It melts the ſword of war, yet keeps it in the ſheath.

VII.

The wily ſhifts of ſtate, thoſe jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep deſigns and politicks
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Becauſe the cords eſcape their eye,
Wonder to ſee the motions fly);
Methinks, when you expoſe the ſcene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and diſcover all:
How plain I ſee through the deceit!
How ſhallow, and how groſs, the cheat!

Look,

Look where the pully 's tied above!
Great God! (ſaid I) what have I ſeen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and deſigns of ſtates!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouſe makes the mighty mountain ſhake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peaſants fly,
Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect ſome great gigantic ſon of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out ſtarts the little beaſt, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

Then tell, dear favourite Muſe!
What ſerpent 's that which ſtill reſorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.
See where ſhe lies!
See how ſhe rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas ſure this baſiliſk ſent Temple thence,
And though as ſome ('tis ſaid) for their defence
Have worn a caſement o'er their ſkin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and tranſparent innocence;
And though he oft' renew'd the fight,
And almoſt got priority of ſight,

[illegible] overcome her [illegible]
[illegible] still did re-unite),
[illegible] tir'd with loss of time and ease,
[illegible] himself, as well as country, peace.

IX.

[illegible] Muse! the pleasures of retreat,
[illegible] some untouch'd virgin strain
[illegible] delights thy sister Nature yields;
[illegible] vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;
Go publish o'er the plain
[illegible] mighty a proselyte you gain!
[illegible] a reprisal on the great!
How is the Muse luxuriant grown!
Whene'er she takes this night,
She soars clear out of sight.
[illegible] the paradises of her own:
(The Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'er so gently led
[illegible] lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,
([illegible] violently o'er his usual course.)
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-lov'd streams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames!
Fain the fair nymph would stay,
Oft' she looks back in vain,
[illegible] against her fountain does complain,
And softly steals in many windings down,
As loth to see the hated court and town,
And murmurs as she glides away.

X. In

X.

In this new happy ſcene
Are nobler ſubjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predeceſſor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our ſport,
Whatever ſerves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel ſee
(Whoſe well-compacted forms eſcape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of ſight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increaſe, and whence its birth,
Or from the ſun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How ſome go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiouſly upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You ſtrove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden 's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence muſt riſe again.

XI.

Shall I believe a ſpirit ſo divine
Was caſt in the ſame mold with mine?
Why then does Nature ſo unjuſtly ſhare
Among her elder ſons the whole eſtate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at beſt with lumber and the leavings of a fare:
Some ſhe binds 'prentice to the ſpade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade,

Some ſhe does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet ſends us to look out for ſtraw:
Some ſhe condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philoſophy:
Me ſhe has to the Muſe's gallies tied,
In vain I ſtrive to croſs this ſpacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And, when I almoſt reach the ſhore,
Straight the Muſe turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, ſtops my complaining breath,
With promiſe of a mad reverſion after death.

XII.

Then, Sir, accept this worthleſs verſe,
The tribute of an humble Muſe,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard ſtars;
Nature the hidden ſpark did at my birth infuſe,
And kindled firſt with indolence and eaſe;
And, ſince too oft' debauch'd by praiſe,
'Tis now grown an incurable diſeaſe:
In vain to quench this fooliſh fire I try
In wiſdom and philoſophy;
In vain all wholeſome herbs I ſow,
Where nought but weeds will grow.
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

ODE

O D E,

TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

I.

AS when the deluge firſt began to fall,
That mighty ebb never to flow again
(When this huge body's moiſture was ſo great,
It quite o'ercame the vital heat);
That mountain, which was higheſt firſt of all,
Appear'd above the univerſal main,
To bleſs the primitive ſailor's weary ſight!
And 'twas perhaps Parnaſſus, if in height
It be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to Heaven as is its name:
So, after th' inundation of a war,
When Learning's little houſhold did embark
With her world's fruitful ſyſtem in her ſacred ark,
At the firſt ebb of noiſe and fears,
Philoſophy's exalted head appears;
And the Dove-Muſe will now no longer ſtay,
But plumes her ſilver wings, and flies away;
And now a laurel wreath ſhe brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To ſhew the flood begins to ceaſe,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II. The

And the tranſported Muſe imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the God of wit,
Or the much-talk'd oracular grove;
When with amazing joy ſhe hears
An unknown muſick all around
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heavenly ſong
Of nature and of art, of deep philoſophy and love,
Whilſt angels tune the voice, and God inſpires the tongue.
In vain ſhe catches at the empty ſound,
In vain purſues the muſick with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
The wild excurſions of a youthful pen*;
Forgive a young, and (almoſt) Virgin-Muſe,
Whom blind and eager curioſity
(Yet curioſity, they ſay,
Is in her ſex a crime needs no excuſe)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye.
No wonder then ſhe quits the narrow path of ſenſe
For a dear ramble through impertinence;
Impertinence! the ſcurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions ſtill,
Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
Yet whereſoe'er you look, you 'll always find
We join, like flies and waſps, in buzzing about wit.

* See Dr. Swift's very remarkable Letter to the Athenian Society, in the Supplement to his Works.

In

II.

The eager Muſe took wing upon the waves' decline,
When war her cloudy aſpect juſt withdrew,
When the bright ſun of peace began to ſhine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation ſat
On the high top of peaceful Ararat;
And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the firſt that grew,
The firſt of plants after the thunder, ſtorm, and rain);
And thence, with joyful nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the King *.
And the Dove-Muſe is fled once more
(Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war);
And now diſcovers from afar
A peaceful and a flouriſhing ſhore:
No ſooner did ſhe land
On the delightful ſtrand,
Then ſtraight ſhe ſees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flowery vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,
And many a pleaſant wood!
As if the univerſal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It ſeems ſome floating piece of paradiſe,
Preſerv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
Fam'd Delos did of old,

* The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland. SWIFT.—This cannot now be recovered.

And

Wondrous refiners of philoſophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modiſh ſyſtem of reducing all to ſenſe,
Againſt all logick and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cauſe.

V.

This hopeful ſect, now it begins to ſee
How little, very little, do prevail
Their firſt and chiefeſt force
To cenſure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another courſe:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of ſolving all appearances they pleaſe,
We ſoon ſhall ſee them to their ancient methods fall,
And ſtraight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave anſwer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
'Tis but to ſay, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond miſtake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a croud of atoms juſtling in a heap,
Which from eternal ſeeds begun,
Juſtling ſome thouſand years till ripen'd by the ſun;
They 're now, juſt now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI. But

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who muſt my weakneſs and my ignorance confeſs,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to ſee;
Methinks I 'm ſatisfy'd to gueſs,
That this new, noble, and delightful ſcene
Is wonderfully mov'd by ſome exalted men,
Who have well ſtudied in the world's diſeaſe
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgement or our eye),
That what ſurprizes us can only pleaſe.
We often ſearch contentedly the whole world round,
To make ſome great diſcovery;
And ſcorn it when 'tis found.
Juſt ſo the mighty Nile has ſuffer'd in its fame,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid (and perhaps only ſaid)
We 've found a little inconſiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal ſtream.
Conſider human folly, and you 'll quickly own,
That all the praiſes it can give,
By which ſome fondly boaſt they ſhall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Elſe why ſhould the fam'd Lydian king
(Whom all the charms of an uſurped wife and ſtate,
With all that power unfelt courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait)
Still wear, ſtill doat, on his inviſible ring?

VII. Were

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
As to paint Echo to the ſight;
I would not draw th' idea from an empty name;
Becauſe, alas! when we all die,
Careleſs and ignorant poſterity,
Although they praiſe the learning and the wit,
And though the title ſeems to ſhow
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how ſhall they be brought to know,
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Leſs ſhould I daub it o'er with tranſitory praiſe,
And water-colours of theſe days:
Theſe days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loſs for figures to expreſs
Mens' folly, whimſies, and inconſtancy,
And by a faint deſcription makes them leſs.
Then tell us what is Fame, where ſhall we ſearch for it?
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion ſit
Enthron'd with heavenly Wit!
Look where you ſee
The greateſt ſcorn of learned vanity!
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whoſe reaſon is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who, by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfuſion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind!)
And when you find out theſe, believe true Fame is there,

Far

But always with a ſtronger reliſh of the laſt.
This beauteous queen, by Heaven deſign'd
To be the great original
For man to dreſs and poliſh his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her ſince the fall!
More oft' in fools and madmens hands than ſages,
She ſeems a medley of all ages,
With a huge fardingale to ſwell her fuſtian ſtuff,
A new commode, a top-knot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long ſweeping train
Of comments and diſputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How ſoon have you reſtor'd her charms
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Dreſt her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of Heaven is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muſe oft' blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty, and the praiſe
Of that proud tyrant ſex of hers.
The rebel Muſe, alas! takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conſpire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!

Of ſome great king and conqueror's death,
When the ſad melancholy Muſe
Stays but to catch his utmoſt breath.
I grieve, this nobler work moſt happily begun,
So quickly and ſo wonderfully carry'd on,
May fall at laſt to intereſt, folly, and abuſe.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which ſtill the ſooner it arrives,
Although we boaſt our winter-ſun looks bright,
And fooliſhly are glad to ſee it at its height,
Yet ſo much ſooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conqueſt ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flouriſh'd under a ſucceſſor or a ſon;
It loſt ſome mighty pieces through all hands it paſt,
And vaniſh'd to an empty title in the laſt.
For, when the animating mind is fled
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again),
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy men ſhall dare
To be ſucceſſors to theſe great unknown,
On Learning's high-eſtabliſh'd throne.
Cenſure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberleſs nations, ſtretching far and wide,
Shall (I foreſee it) ſoon with Gothic ſwarms come forth
From Ignorance's univerſal North,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

In power of ſpittle and a clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the diſgrace,
Clap his own nonſenſe in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In ſuch a book, and ſuch a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fitteſt tool;
Of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
He 's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION.

1699.

TO their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices of Ireland*, the humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who muſt ſtarve, and die a maid, if it miſcarries;

Humbly ſheweth,

That I went to warm myſelf in lady Betty's† chamber, becauſe I was cold;
And I had in a purſe ſeven pounds, four ſhillings, and ſix pence, beſides farthings, in money and gold:
So, becauſe I had been buying things for my Lady laſt night,
I was reſolved to tell my money, to ſee if it was right.

* The earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterward Germaine.

Now, you muſt know, becauſe my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very ſmall ſtock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my ſmock.
So when I went to put up my purſe, as God would have it, my ſmock was unript,
And, inſtead of putting it into my pocket, down it ſlipt;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as ſafe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light:
But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my purſe, Lord! I thought I ſhould have ſunk outright.
Lord! Madam, ſays Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed, ſays I, never worſe:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purſe?
Lord help me! ſaid Mary, I never ſtirr'd out of this place:
Nay, ſaid I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that 's a plain caſe.
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, ſhe ſtole away my garters, that I might do myſelf no harm.
So I tumbled and toſs'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever ſet my eyes together, or ſlept a wink.

So

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and ſearch'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's * box, ty'd in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle †, and he fell a-ſwearing:
Then my dame Wadgar ‡ came; and ſhe, you know, is thick of hearing.
Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loſs I have had?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, my lord Colway's § folks are all very ſad;
For my Lord Dromedary ‖ comes a Tueſday without fail.
Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the buſineſs that I ail.
Says Cary **, ſays he, I have been a ſervant this five and twenty years, come ſpring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of ſuch a thing.
Yes, ſays the ſteward ††, I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewſbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd juſt about the time of *gooſeberries*.

* Wife to one of the footmen.
† Earl of Berkeley's valet.
‡ The old deaf houſekeeper.
§ Galway.
‖ The earl of Drogheda, who with the primate was to ſucceed the two earls.
** Clerk of the kitchen.
†† Ferris.

Now, you must know, [illegible]
bad luck,
Therefore all [illegible]
is a very [illegible]
I keep in my [illegible]
my [illegible]
So when I [illegible]
have [illegible]
And, indeed [illegible]
Then the [illegible]
to [illegible]
And, Go[illegible]
my
So, wh[illegible]
I
But w[illegible]
Lord
But p[illegible]
Lord
Nay,
So
Ha[illegible]
So

So

So the *chaplain* * came in. Now the ſervants ſay he is my ſweetheart,
Becauſe he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parſon, ſaid I, can you caſt a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd?
(Now you muſt know, he hates to be call'd *parſon* like the *devil!*)
Truly, ſays he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* ſays, d'ye ſee,
You are no *text* for my handling; ſo take that from me.
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I'd have you to know.
Lord! ſaid I, don't be angry, I am ſure I never thought you ſo;
You know I honour the cloth; I deſign to be a *parſon's* wife;
I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all my life.
With that he twiſted his girdle at me like a rope, as who ſhould ſay,
Now you may go hang yourſelf for me! and ſo went away.
Well: I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd. Lord! ſaid I, what ſhall I do?
I have loſt my *money*, and ſhall loſe my *true love* too!

* Dr. Swift.

Then

A BALLAD, To the Tune of, THE CUT-PURSE *.

I.

ONCE on a time, as old ſtories rehearſe,
A friar would needs ſhew his talent in Latin;
But was ſorely put to't in the midſt of a verſe,
Becauſe he could find no word to come pat in:
Then all in the place
He left a void ſpace,
And ſo went to bed in a deſperate caſe:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was ſtrangely fill'd up in the middle.
Cho. *Let cenſuring critics then think what they liſt on't;*
Who would not write verſes with ſuch an aſſiſtant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement:
For he wiſely conſider'd it muſt be a ſprite;
That he came through the key-hole, or in at the caſement;
And it needs muſt be one that could both read and write:

* Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verſes in the author's room unfiniſhed, wrote under them the concluding ſtanza; which gave occaſion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third perſon had done it.

Yet.

Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:
However, 't was civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it ſo well of himſelf.
Chor. *Let cenſuring*, &c.

III.

Even ſo Maſter Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a ſtand:
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains;
When he found a new help from inviſible hand.
Then, good Doctor Swift
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely muſt own, you were at a dead lift:
And, though ſome malicious young ſpirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Chor. *Let cenſuring*, &c.

THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN wiſe lord Berkeley firſt came here *,
Stateſmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find ſo great a peer
Ere a week paſt committing blunders.
Till, on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their court,
Out ſlipt a myſtery of ſtate,
To give the town and country ſport.

* To Ireland, as one of the lords juſtices.

Now

My lord, ſaid Buſh, a friend and I,
Diſguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,
Ere morning's dawn, ſtole out to ſpy
How markets went for hay and oats.
With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's excellency's ſnout,
And begs he would the other weigh.
My lord ſeems pleas'd, but ſtill directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Buſh, ſmiling round on all, retreats.
Our liſtener ſtood a while confus'd,
But, gathering ſpirits, wiſely ran for 't,
Enrag'd to ſee the world abus'd
By two ſuch whiſpering kings of Brentford.

THE PROBLEM.

"THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS, WHEN HE IS IN LOVE."

DID ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ, the female ſex?
So ſweet a paſſion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a ſtink?
The ladies vow and ſwear, they 'll try,
Whether it be a truth or lye.
Love's fire, it ſeems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by ſtool and ſweat,
Which brings a ſtink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;

Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can ſmell it.
But now, to ſolve the natural cauſe
By ſober philoſophic laws:
Whether all paſſions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weazel you torment,
You find his paſſion by his ſcent.
We read of kings, who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to ſh—.
Beſide all this, deep ſcholars know,
That the main ſpring of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an a— gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or deſert preferr'd
From giving paſſage to a t—;
But ſtill, though fix'd among the ſtars
Does ſympathize with human a—.
Thus, when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-ſtring at full ſtretch,
Till the kind looſeneſs comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.
And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;
Watching the firſt unſavoury wind,
Some ply before, and ſome behind.
My lord, on fire amidſt the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.

The fair approach the ſpeaking part,
To try the back-way to his heart.
For, as when we a gun diſcharge,
Although the bore be ne'er ſo large,
Before the flame from muzzle burſt,
Juſt at the breech it flaſhes firſt:
So from my lord his paſſion broke,
He ſ—d firſt, and then he ſpoke.
The ladies vaniſh in the ſmother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each-one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the reſt may think,
I'm ſure 'twas I, that ſmelt the ſtink.
You ſmell the ſtink! by G—, you lye,
Quoth Roſs, for I 'll be ſworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear:
Let 's not fall out; we all had ſhare,
And, by the moſt I can diſcover,
My lord 's an univerſal lover.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER. 1706.

Pliny, Nat. Hiſt. lib. x. c. 67. lib. xxix. c. 4.

AS maſtiff dogs in modern phraſe are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæſar;
As pyes and daws are often ſtyl'd
With Chriſtian nicknames, like a child;

Till the ſun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
So, when the war has rais'd a ſtorm,
I've ſeen a Snake in human form,
All ſtain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burniſh, and make a gaudy ſhow,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the ſky ſerene;
Then ſhrink into its hole again.
"All this we grant—why then look yonder.
"Sure that muſt be a Salamander!"
Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This Serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Beſides, it ſpues a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or luſt, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the ſkin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leproſy and baldneſs round.
So have I ſeen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as ſnow,
Whoſe breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And ſhould ſome nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charlton cheap, or fain'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She ſoon would find the ſame effects

Her tainted carcaſe to purſue,
As from the Salamander's ſpue;
A diſmal ſhedding of her locks,
And, if no leproſy, a pox.
"Then I 'll appeal to each by-ſtander,
"If this be not a Salamander?"

TO THE

EARL OF PETERBOROW,

Who commanded the BRITISH forces in SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Chriſtian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crouded with his name.

In journies he outrides the poſt,
Sits up till midnight with his hoſt,
Talks politics, and gives the toaſt.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a ſquib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A meſſenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to ſeek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the poſtboy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with her followers ſtrown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
Returning ſound in limb and wind,
Except ſome leather loſt behind.

A ſkeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpſe, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the leaſt ſuſpicion,
He 's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a ſtar;
In ſenates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-ſake Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

THE queen has lately loſt a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH * heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with SCOTCH.
Bleſt revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united ſtates!

* The motto on queen Anne's coronation medal.

See how the double nation lies;
Like a rich coat with ſkirts of frize:
As if a man, in making poſies,
Should bundle thiſtles up with roſes.
Who ever yet a union ſaw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no ſtateſman dare
A kingdom to a ſhip compare;
Leſt he ſhould call our commonweal
A veſſel with a double keel:
Which, juſt like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward ſide,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So toſſing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD.

Or, the RECEIPT to form a BEAUTY *.

WHEN Cupid did his grandſire Jove intreat
To form ſome Beauty by a new receipt,
Jove ſent, and found far in a country-ſcene
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look ſerene:
From which ingredients firſt the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.

* An elegant Latin verſion of this little poem is in the fixth volume of Dryden's Miſcellanies.

The

The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
Theſe Venus cleans from every ſpurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy Compoſition *Floyd*.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs. FINCH, afterwards Counteſs of WINCHELSEA, under her name of ARDELIA.

PHOEBUS, now ſhortening every ſhade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glittering coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durſt the nymph approach.

Under thoſe ſacred leaves, ſecure
From common lightning of the ſkies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flaſhes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And gueſs'd his buſineſs ere he ſpoke.

He, in the old celeſtial cant,
Confeſs'd his flame, and ſwore by Styx,
Whate'er ſhe would deſire, to grant—
But wiſe Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her, to beware
Of ſtrolling gods, whoſe uſual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up ſublunary ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was reſolv'd upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my requeſt, the virgin ſaid;
Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by paſſion led,
The god could not refuſe her prayer:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the air.

And now he thought to ſeize his due:
But ſhe the charm already tried.
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's ſide.

On ſight of this celeſtial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to ſtay;
Nor in her preſence durſt be rude;
But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky hour,
When on their Queen the Muſes wait:
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power;
For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo ſpoke:
Deceitful Nymph! I ſee thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I 'll diſappoint its nobler part.

Let ſtubborn pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muſe to grace thy ſong,
May'ſt thou deſpiſe a poet's name!

Of modeſt poets thou be firſt;
To ſilent ſhades repeat thy verſe,
Till Fame and Echo almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearſe.

And laſt, my vengeance to complete,
May'ſt thou deſcend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig! and one that wears a gown!

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the RUINS of WHITEHALL, 1706 *.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
And poets their own verſes ſung,
A verſe would draw a ſtone or beam,
That now would over-load a team;

* See the note, p. 46.

Lead

Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power:
Heroic ſtrains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or Elegies to Chloris,
Might raiſe a houſe about two ſtories;
A Lyric Ode would ſlate, a Catch
Would tile; an Epigram would thatch.
But, to their own or landlord's coſt,
Now poets feel this art is loſt.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raiſe a lodging *for a ſong*:
For Jove conſider'd well the caſe,
Obſerv'd they grew a numerous race;
And, ſhould they build as faſt as *write*,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wiſely chang'd their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the ſpacious air,
With licence to *build caſtles* there:
And, 'tis conceiv'd, their old preſence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premiſing thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to ſay:
Sing, Muſe, the houſe of poet Van
In higher ſtrains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;

No

No wonder then if nicely ſkill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a *houſe* gone to decay;
Or, by *atchievement*, *arms*, *device*,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And, as a poet, he has ſkill
To build in ſpeculation ſtill.
Great Jove! he cry'd, the art reſtore
To build by verſe as heretofore,
And make my Muſe the architect;
What palaces ſhall we erect!
No longer ſhall forſaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile ſhall from its aſhes riſe,
Fit to invade or prop the ſkies.
Jove ſmil'd, and, like a gentle god,
Conſenting with the uſual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent beſt,
And left the choice to his own breaſt.
So Van reſolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was ſcarce,
With cunning that defect ſupplies:
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once ſuſpecting Jove would *ſmoke*;
And (like a wag ſet down to write)
Would whiſper to himſelf, *a bite*.
Then, from this motley, mingled ſtyle,
Proceeded to erect his pile.

So

So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove ſaw the cheat, but thought it beſt
To turn the matter to a jeſt:
Down from Olympus' top he ſlides,
Laughing as if he 'd burſt his ſides:
Ay, thought the God, are theſe your tricks?
Why then *old plays* deſerve *old bricks*;
And, ſince you're ſparing of your ſtuff,
Your building ſhall be ſmall enough.
He ſpake, and, grudging, lent his aid:
Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade
(As being bricks at ſecond-hand),
Now move, and now in order ſtand.
The building, as the poet writ,
Roſe in proportion to his wit:
And firſt the prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompaſs all.
The ſcene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few ſcrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep; and ſo
A cellar next was dug below:
But this a work ſo hard was found,
Two acts it coſt him under ground.
Two other acts, we may preſume,
Were ſpent in building each a room:
Thus far advanc'd, he made a ſhift
To raiſe a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.

Now

Now poets from all quarters ran
To ſee the houſe of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no ſuch houſe was to be found.
One aſks the watermen hard-by,
"Where may the poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has ſeen its gilded ſpires?
At length they in the rubbiſh ſpy
A thing reſembling a gooſe-pye.
Thither in haſte the poets throng,
And gaze in ſilent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praiſe the pile and builder Van.
Thrice happy poet! who may'ſt trail
Thy houſe about thee like a ſnail:
Or, harneſs'd to a nag, at eaſe
Take journeys in it like a chaiſe;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canſt make it ſerve thee for a tilt!
Capacious houſe! 'tis own'd by all
Thou 'rt well contriv'd, though thou art ſmall:
For every wit in Britain's iſle
May lodge within thy ſpacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame;
But neither *bulk* nor *ſhape* the ſame:
As animals of largeſt ſize
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;

A type

A type of *modern* wit and ſtyle
The rubbiſh of an ancient pile.
So chemiſts boaſt they have a power
From the dead aſhes of a flower
Some faint reſemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taſte, or juice.
So modern rhymers wiſely blaſt
The poetry of ages paſt;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE*.

WHEN mother Clud had roſe from play
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van ſaw, but ſeem'd not to regard,
How *Miſs* pick'd every painted card,
And, buſy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a houſe two ſtories high.
Van's *genius*, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *architecture*:
He view'd the edifice, and ſmil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was ſo perfect in its kind,
He kept the *model* in his mind.

* Dr. Swift made Sir John Vanbrugh ample amends for the pointed raillery of this and the preceding poem, in the Preface to his Miſcellanies, 1727.

But, when he found the boys at play,
And ſaw them dabbling in their clay,
He ſtood behind a ſtall to lurk,
And mark the progreſs of their work;
With true delight obſerv'd them all
Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The *model* in his table-book;
Thought himſelf now exactly ſkill'd,
And ſo reſolv'd a *houſe* to build;
A *real houſe*, with *rooms*, and *ſtairs*,
Five times at leaſt as big as theirs;
Taller than *Miſs's* by two yards;
Not a ſham thing of clay or cards:
And ſo he did; for, in a while,
He built up ſuch a monſtrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it ſtands in view,
Juſt in the place where firſt it grew:
There all the little ſchool-boys run,
Envying to ſee themſelves out-done.
From ſuch deep rudiments as theſe,
Van is become by due degrees
For building fam'd, and juſtly reckon'd,
At court, Vitruvius the *ſecond*:
No wonder, ſince wiſe *authors* ſhow,
That *beſt foundations* muſt be *low*:
And now the Duke has wiſely ta'en him
To be his *architect* at Blenheim.

But, raillery forbonce apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his Grace were no more ſkill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to ſee next year
A *mouſe-trap*-man chief engineer!

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

On the ever-lamented Loſs of the Two YEW-TREE in the Pariſh of Chilthorne, Somerſet. 1708.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

IN ancient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often leave their cells,
And ſtroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, ſaints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in maſquerade,
Diſguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a ſmall village down in Kent;
Where, in the ſtrollers' canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a ſoul would let them in.
Our wandering ſaints, in woful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,

Having

Having through all the village paſt,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt!
Where dwelt a good old honeſt ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did theſe ſaints invite
In his poor hut to paſs the night;
And then the hoſpitable fire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A ſlitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fatteſt ſide
Cut off large ſlices to be fry'd;
Then ſcrap'd aſide to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And ſaw it faidly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And juſt began to cry, — What ar't!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *ſaints*, the hermits ſaid;
No hurt ſhall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churliſh boors,

Not fit to live on Chriſtian ground,
They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
And grow a church before your eyes.
They ſcarce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a ſteeple with a ſpire.
The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a joiſt,
But with the nuptide down, to ſhow
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a ſuperior force
Apply'd at bottom ſtops its courſe:
Doom'd ever in ſuſpence to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt by diſuſe the art to roaſt,
A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion flower.
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick, you ſcarce could ſee 't;
But, ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's ſide:

The chimney to a ſteeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd;
And ſtill its love to houſhold-cares,
By a ſhrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roaſt-meat, which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There ſtuck aloft in public view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.
The ſpits, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering ſhow,
To a leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads, paſted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and Engliſh Moll,
Fair Roſamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, deſcribe
The heraldry of every tribe *.
A bedſtead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;

* The tribes of Iſrael are ſometimes diſtinguiſhed in country churches by the enſigns given to them by Jacob.

Old Goodman Dobſon of the green
Remembers he the trees has ſeen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to ſhew the ſight:
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the pariſh there;
Points out the place of either *yew*;
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parſon of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubbed, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So the next parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

ELEGY.

On the ſuppoſed DEATH of PARTRIDGE, the Almanack-Maker. 1708.

WELL; 'tis as Bickerſtaff has gueſs'd:
Though we all took it for a jeſt:
Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd
Ere he could prove the good 'ſquire ly'd.
Strange, an aſtrologer ſhould die
Without one wonder in the ſky!
Not one of all his crony ſtars
To pay their duty at his hearſe!
No meteor, no eclipſe appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!

The

The sun has rose, and gone to bed,
Just as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a year he 'll cut th' *equator*,
As if there had been no such matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt * *cobling* and *astrology*;
How Partridge made his *optics* rise
From a *shoe-sole* to reach the skies.
A list the cobler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*
That princes wear derives from them:
And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *golden flars* and *rays*;
Which plainly shews the near alliance
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets science*.
Besides, that slow-pac'd sign Boötes,
As tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it † *boots*.
The *horned moon*, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *shoeing-horns*,

* Partridge was a cobler. † See his almanack.

Shews how the art of *cobling* bears
A near reſemblance to the *ſpheres*.
A ſcrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the ſtars, foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* elſe but *leather*?
Which an aſtrologer might uſe
Either for *almanacks* or *ſhoes*.
Thus Partridge by his wit and pains
At once did practiſe both theſe arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather,
The bat, becauſe her wings are *leather*)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling ſtar.
Beſides, he could confound the *ſpheres*,
And ſet the *planets* by the ears;
To ſhew his ſkill, he Mars could join
To Venus in *aſpect malign*;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
Great ſcholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip king of Greece was dead,
His *ſoul* and *ſpirit* did divide,
And each part took a different ſide:
One roſe a ſtar; the other fell
Beneath, and mended ſhoes in hell.

Thus

Thus Partridge ſtill ſhines in each art,
The *cobling* and *ſtar-gazing* part,
And is inſtall'd as good a ſtar
As any of the Cæſars are.
Triumphant ſtar! ſome pity ſhow
On *coblers militant* below,
Whom roguiſh boys in ſtormy nights
Torment by piſſing out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their ſmoke
Inclos'd *artificers* to choke.
Thou, high exalted in thy ſphere,
May'ſt follow ſtill thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his *hide*,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd:
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy ſides for *wax*:
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee *ends*;
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an *awl* by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
For want of room by Virgo's ſide,
She 'll ſtrain a point, and ſet aſtride,
To take thee kindly in *between*;
And then the *ſigns* will be *thirteen*.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back
A *cobler*, *ſtarmonger*, and *quack*;

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Thus Partridge ſtill ſhines in each art,
The *cobling* and *ſtar-gazing* part,
And is inſtall'd as good a ſtar
As any of the Cæſars are.
Triumphant ſtar! ſome pity ſhow
On *coblers militant* below,
Whom roguiſh boys in ſtormy nights
Torment by pilfing out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their ſmoke
Inclos'd *artificers* to choke.
Thou, high exalted in thy ſphere,
May'ſt follow ſtill thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his *hide*,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd:
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy ſides for *wax*:
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THE EPITAPH.

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A *cobler*, *ſtarmonger*, and *quack*;

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY-SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics. 1710.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you 'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You 'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of *spleen*.

Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not to clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,

And,

Reaums ſhall daunce honde in honde*,
And it ſhall be merye in old Inglonde,
Then old Inglonde ſhall be no more,
And no man ſhall be ſorie therefore.
Geryon† ſhall have three hedes agayne,
Till Hapſburge‡ makyth them but twayne.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING. 1709.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own:
The ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door
Had par'd the dirt, and ſprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.
The youth with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The ſmall-coal-man was heard with cadence deep
Till drown'd in thriller notes of chimney-ſweep:
Duns at his Lordſhip's gate began to meet;
And brick-duſt Moll had ſcream'd through half the ſtreet.
The turnkey now his flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a-nights to feed for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands,
And ſchool-boys lag with ſatchels in their hands.

* By the Union. † A king of Spain ſlain by Hercules.
‡ The Archduke Charles was of the Hapſburg family.

A DE-

Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the *conduit* prone to Holbourn bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

On the Little House by the Church-yard of Castlenock. 1710.

WHOEVER pleaseth to enquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow poet * Joe
The philosophic cause will shew.
Once on time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And tumbling topsy-turvy round
Light with its bottom on the ground.
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.

This

THE LITTLE HOUSE AT CASTLENOCK.

This is the little ſtruggling pile,
You ſee juſt by the church-yard ſtile.
The walls in crumbling gave a knock;
And thus the ſteeple got a ſhock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls,
The ſteeple, *Knock*; the vicar, *Walls*.
The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
There conns his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the ſmall ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did paſs,
Obſerv'd the roof behind the graſs;
On tiptoe ſtood, and rear'd his ſnout,
And ſaw the parſon creeping out;
Was much ſurpriz'd to ſee a crow
Venture to build his neſt ſo low.
A ſchool-boy ran unto't, and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who loſt his way by night,
Was forc'd for ſafety to alight,
And, ſtepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horſe had like to ſpoil his hoof.
Warburton † took it in his noddle,
This building was deſign'd a model
Or of a pigeon-houſe or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
Then Mrs Johnſon ‡ gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:

* Archdeacon Wall, a correſpondent of Swift's.
† Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor. ‡ Stella.

All

That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the ſoil has golden mines;
Where there are none, it ſtands erect,
Scorning to ſhew the leaſt reſpect;
As ready was the *wand of Sid*
To *bend* where *golden mines* were hid;
In Scottiſh hills found precious ore *,
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a *gentle bow* divin'd
How well a *cully's* purſe was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken *rake*
Stood without motion, like a ſtake.

The *rod* of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To ſleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
And drive departed ſouls to Styx.
That *rod* was juſt a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a Britiſh ſenate's lids
Could ſcatter *opium* full as well,
And drive as many *ſouls* to *hell*.

Sid's rod was ſlender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to *fiſh* withal;
A *plaice* was faſten'd to the hook,
And many ſcore of *gudgeons* took:
Yet ſtill ſo happy was his fate,
He caught his *fiſh*, and ſav'd his *bait*.

Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
A circle with their *rod* deſcribe,

* Suppoſed to allude to the Union.

Which

Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep *miſchievous ſpirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger ſtride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where *ſpirits* throng'd with hideous din,
And he ſtood there to *take them in:*
But, when th' inchanted *rod* was *broke,*
They vaniſh'd in a ſtinking ſmoke.
Achilles' ſceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near ſo good;
That down from anceſtors divine
Tranſmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long deſcent of kings,
Came an HEIR-LOOM, as Homer ſings.
Though this deſcription looks ſo big,
That *ſceptre* was a ſapleſs twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when firſt
It left the foreſt where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor bloſſom, bore.
Sid's ſceptre, full of juice, did ſhoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the *dragon* never ſleeping,
Guarded each fair Heſperian pippin.
No *hobby-horſe,* with gorgeous top,
The deareſt in Charles Mather's * ſhop,
Or glittering tinſel of May-fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.

* An eminent toyman in Fleet-ſtreet.

Dear Sid, then, why wert thou ſo mad
To break thy *rod* like naughty lad!
You ſhould have kiſs'd it in your diſtreſs,
And then return'd it to *your miſtreſs*;
Or made it a Newmarket * ſwitch,
And not a *rod* for thy own breech.
But ſince old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a *rod in piſs*.

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE.

TO THE

LORD TREASURER OXFORD. 1710.

ATLAS, we read in ancient ſong,
Was ſo exceeding tall and ſtrong,
He bore the ſkies upon his back,
Juſt as a pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overpreſs'd
Unloads upon a ſtall to reſt,
Or, when he can no longer ſtand,
Deſires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, leſt the ponderous ſpheres
Should ſink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might ſit and reſt a while.

* Lord Godolphin is ſatirized by Mr. Pope for a ſtrong attachment to the turf. See his Moral Eſſays.

Yet Hercules was not ſo ſtrong,'
Nor could have borne it half ſo long.
Great ſtateſmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A *premier* miniſter of ſtate;
Alcides one of ſecond rate.
Suppoſe then Atlas ne'er ſo wiſe;
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his ſingle ſhoulders,
Sink down he muſt, or find *upholders*.

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

Scene, THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

CORYDON.

NOW the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail deſcends, and froſts can pinch no more,
Whilſt other girls confeſs the genial ſpring,
And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties ſing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks diſplay,
And throw each uſeleſs chafing-diſh away;
Why ſits my Phillis diſcontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwell ſorrow and diſmay,
Where Loves were wont to ſport, and Smiles to play?

PHILLIS. Ah, Corydon! ſurvey the 'Change around,
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:
Alas! the day, when I, poor heedleſs maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's-Inn betray'd;
Then how you ſwore, how many vows you made!

Ye liſtening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the ſoft accents to the gods above.
Alas! the day; for (oh, eternal ſhame!)
I ſold you handkerchiefs, and loſt my fame.

COR. When I forget the favour you beſtow'd,
Red herrings ſhall be ſpawn'd in Tyburn Road.
Fleet-ſtreet transform'd become a flowery green,
And maſs be ſung where operas are ſeen.
The wealthy cit and the St. James's beau
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing this to Jonathan's ſhall come,
At the Groom Porter's that play off his plum.

PHIL. But what to me does all that love avail,
If, whilſt I doze at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My live-long hours in anxious cares are paſt,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waſte.
On templars ſpruce in vain I glances throw,
And with ſhrill voice invite them as they go.
Expos'd in vain my gloſſy ribbands ſhine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round; and, when my profit 's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

COR. Hard fate of virtue, thus to be diſtreſt,
Thou faireſt of thy trade, and far the beſt!
As fruitmens ſtalls the ſummer-market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as firſt in place
Plum-cake is ſeen o'er ſmaller paſtry ware,
And ice on that; ſo Phillis does appear
In play houſe and in park, above the reſt
Of belles mechanic, elegantly dreſt.

PHIL. And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amidſt her toys, affects a ſaucy air,
And views me hourly with a ſcornful eye.
COR. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.
PHIL. With this large petticoat I ſtrive in vain
To hide my folly paſt, and coming pain;
'Tis now no ſecret; ſhe, and fifty more,
Obſerve the ſymptoms I had once before:
A ſecond babe at Wapping muſt be plac'd,
When I ſcarce bear the charges of the laſt.
COR. What I could raiſe I ſent; a pound of plums,
Five ſhillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him ſomething more.
PHIL. I ſent a frock and pair of ſhoes before.
COR. However, you ſhall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in ſtore a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.
And now on either ſide, and all around,
The weighty ſhop-boards fall, and bars reſound;
Each ready ſemſtreſs ſlips her pattins on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

1711.

MIDAS, we are in ſtory told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to *gold*:
He *chip'd* his *bread*; the pieces round
Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground:

A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would ſtrait become a *golden* pippin:
He call'd for drink; you ſaw him ſup
Potable gold in *golden cup*:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He ſuck'd his victuals through a quill;
Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for *gold-finders*:
He cock'd his hat, you would have ſaid
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Where'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On *magazines* of *corn* or *hay*,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, inſtead
Of paltry *provender* and *bread*;
Hence by wiſe farmers we are told,
Old *hay* is *equal to old* gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our *gold* by *grains*.
This *fool* had got a *lucky hit*;
And people fancy'd he had wit.
Two gods their ſkill in muſick try'd,
And both choſe Midas to decide;
He againſt Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to ſhew his grudge,
Clapt *aſſes'* ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.
And now the virtue of his *hands*
Is loſt among Pactolus' ſands.

Againſt

Againſt whoſe torrent while he ſwims,
The *golden* ſcurf peels off his limbs:
Fame ſpreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather *golden* gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had loſt his *art*, and kept his *ears*.

THIS tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain *leader*;
To whom from Midas down, deſcends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What elſe by *perquiſites* are meant,
By *penſions*, *bribes*, and *three per cent.*
By *places* and *commiſſions* ſold,
And turning *dung* itſelf to *gold*?
By ſtarving in the midſt of ſtore,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas chuſe,
Subject or patron of his Muſe,
But found him thus their merit ſcan,
That Phœbus muſt give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praiſe,
Nor will exchange his *plumbs* for *bays*.
To Pan alone rich miſers call;
And there's the jeſt, for *Pan* is ALL.
Here Engliſh wits will be to ſeek,
Howe'er, *'tis all one in the Greek.*
Beſides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath *aſſes'* ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand lies;

Such

Such groſs deluſions could not paſs
Through any ears but of an *aſs*.
But *gold* defiles with frequent touch;
There 's nothing fouls the hand ſo much:
And ſcholars give it for the cauſe
Of Britiſh Midas' dirty paws;
Which while the *ſenate* ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the *chemic* power.
While he his utmoſt ſtrength apply'd,
To ſwim againſt this *popular tide*,
The *golden* ſpoils flew off apace;
Here fell a *penſion*, there a *place*;
The *torrent* mercileſs imbibes
Commiſſions, perquiſites, and bribes;
By their own weight ſunk to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected ſtands,
With *aſſes' ears*, and *dirty hands*.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG: 1711.

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF

A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE*.

AN Orator *diſmal* of *Nottinghamſhire*,
Who has forty years let out his conſcience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and *want of a place*,
Is come up, *vi & armis*, to *break the queen's peace*.

* The lord treaſurer having hinted a wiſh one evening that a ballad might be made on the earl of Nottingham; this ſong was written and printed the next morning.

He

He has vamp'd an old ſpeech, and the court, to their ſorrow,
Shall hear him harangue againſt Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins, he never will flinch,
But repeats the ſame note a whole day, like a Finch.
I have heard all the ſpeech repeated by Hoppy,
And, "Miſtakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy."

THE SPEECH.

WHEREAS, *notwithſtanding*, I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, *moſt noble Senators*, 'tis a great ſhame,
There ſhould be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game*.
The duke ſhew'd me all his fine houſe; and the dutcheſs
From her cloſet brought out a full purſe in her clutches,
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a ſtart,
His grace ſwore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
My *long old-faſhion'd pocket* was preſently cramm'd;
And ſooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
But ſome will cry *Turn-coat*, and rip up old ſtories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories:
I anſwer; the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my *relations* were put into *places*.
But ſtill I 'm in principle ever the ſame,
And will quit my beſt friends, while I'm *Not-in-game*.
When I and ſome others ſubſcribed our names
To a plot for expelling my maſter king James;
I withdrew

I withdrew my ſubſcription by help of a *blot*,
And ſo might diſcover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage and ſtood at defiance,
For Daniel was got from the den of the lions:
I *came in* without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than *hang*, I would be *Not-in-game*.

I ſwore to the Queen, that the prince of Hanover
During her ſacred life would never come over:
I made uſe of a *trope*; that "an heir to invite,
"Was like keeping her monument always in ſight."
But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
That her Majeſty ſtood in great need of a Tutor,
And muſt have an *old* or a *young* Coadjutor:
For why; I would fain have put all in a flame,
Becauſe, for ſome reaſons, I was *Not-in-game*.

Now my new *benefactors* have *brought me about*,
And I'll vote againſt Peace, *with* Spain, or *without*;
Though the Court gives my *nephews*, and *brothers*, and *couſins*,
And all my whole family, places by dozens;
Yet, ſince I know where a *full-purſe* may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound:
Since the Tories have thus diſappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my *figures* nor *tropes*;
I'll *ſpeech* againſt peace while Diſmal's my name,
And be a *true* Whig, while I am *Not-in-game*.

THE

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY*. 1711.

WHEN a holy black *Swede, the ſon of Bob* †,
With a *ſaint* ‡ at his chin, and a *ſeal* ‡ at his fob,
Shall not ſee one § New-year's-day in that year,
Then let old *England* make good chear:
Windſor ‖ and *Briſtow* ‖ then ſhall be
Joined together in the *Low-countree* ‖.
Then ſhall the tall black *Daventry Bird***
Speak againſt peace right many a word;

* It is ſaid, that Queen Anne had nominated Dr. Swift to an Engliſh biſhoprick; which was oppoſed by Dr. Sharp, archbiſhop of York, and the dutcheſs of Somerſet, who had prevailed on his grace to go with her to the queen to lay aſide the nomination, which her majeſty refuſed; but, the dutcheſs falling on her knees, and ſhewing the above propheey to her majeſty, the biſhoprick was given to another. See p. 93.

† Dr. John Robinſon, biſhop of Briſtol, one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht.

‡ He was dean of Windſor, and lord privy ſeal.

§ The New Style (which was not uſed in Great-Britain and Ireland till 1752) was then obſerved in moſt parts of Europe. The biſhop ſet out from England the latter end of December, O. S.; and, on his arrival at Utrecht, by the variation of the ſtyle, he found January ſomewhat advanced.

‖ Alluding to the deanry and biſhoprick being poſſeſſed by the ſame perſon, then at Utrecht.

** Earl of Nottingham.

And

And ſome ſhall admire his conying wit,
For many good *groats* his tongue ſhall flit.
But, ſpight of the *Harpy* that *crawls on all four*,
There ſhall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But *Englond* muſt cry alack and well-a-day,
If the *ſtick* be taken from the *dead ſea*.
And, dear *Englond*, if aught I underſtond,
Beware of *Carrots* * from *Northumberlond*.
Carrots ſown *Thynne* † a deep root may get,
If ſo be they are in *Somer ſet*:
Their ‡ *Conyngs mark* thou; for I have been told,
They *aſſaſſine* when young, and *poiſon* when old.
Roſt out theſe *Carrots*, O thou §, whoſe name
Is backwards and forwards always the ſame;
And keep cloſe to thee always that *name*,
Which backwards and forwards ‖ is almoſt the ſame.
And, *Englond*, wouldſt thou be happy ſtill,
Bury thoſe *Carrots* under a *Hill* **.

* The dutcheſs of Somerſet.

† Thomas Thynne of Longleate, eſq; a gentleman of very great eſtate, married the above lady after the death of her firſt huſband Henry Cavendiſh earl of Ogle, only ſon to Henry duke of Newcaſtle, to whom ſhe had been betrothed in her infancy.

‡ Count Koningſmark.

§ ANNA.

‖ MASHAM.

** Lady Maſham's maiden name was Hill.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM. 1712.

AS Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life:
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober advice —
But Tom is a perſon of honour ſo nice,
Too wiſe to take counſel, to proud to take warning,
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

CORINNA. 1712.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
Both ſoftly to the cradle creep;
Both ſtroke her hands, and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay faſt aſleep.

Then Cupid thus: This little maid
Of Love ſhall always ſpeak and write.
And I pronounce (the Satyr ſaid)
The world ſhall feel her ſcratch, and bite.

Her

Her talent for display'd [illegible],
For [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old the subtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song, how little miss
Was kiss'd and fiddler'd by a lad:
And how when master went to p—,
Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette;
Marries for love, half whore, half wife.
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
Turns authoress, and is Curll's for life.

TOLAND'S INVITATION to DISMAL,

To dine with the CALVES-HEAD CLUB*.

Imitated from HORACE, lib. I. epist. 5.

IF, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish, and tavern-wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calves-head with your trusty friends.

* This poem, and that which follows it, are two of the *penny papers* mentioned in Swift's Journal to Stella, *Aug. 7. 1712.* They are here printed from folio copies *in the Lambeth Library.*

Suspend

Suſpend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our *myſtic feaſt* prepare,
Where thou, our lateſt *proſelyte*, ſhalt ſhare:
When we, by proper ſigns and ſymbols, tell,
How, by *brave hands*, the *royal traitor* fell;
The meat ſhall repreſent the *tyrant's* head,
The wine his blood *our predeceſſors* ſhed;
Whilſt an *alluding* hymn ſome artiſt ſings,
We toaſt, "Confuſion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly ſhew our ſpight,
And talk *what fools call treaſon* all the night.

Who, by diſgraces or ill-fortune ſunk,
Feels not his ſoul enliven'd when he 's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine, ev'n Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not ſo grave;
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland ſenſe,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never loſe his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.

My province is, to ſee that all be right,
Glaſſes and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our *myſterious club* to keep out ſpies,
And Tories (dreſs'd like waiters) in diſguiſe.
You ſhall be coupled as you beſt approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's Grace,
Will come; and Hampden ſhall have Walpole's place.

Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink;
And honest Harry * is too apt to stink.
Let no pretence of business make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
If Guernsey calls, send word you 're gone abroad;
He 'll teaze you with King Charles and Bishop Laud,
Or make you fast, and carry you to prayers:
But, if he will break-in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

PEACE AND DUNKIRK;

Being an excellent new SONG upon the Surrender of DUNKIRK to General HILL. 1712.

To the Tune of, "The King shall enjoy his own again."

I.

SPIGHT of Dutch friends and English foes,
Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk 's ours, we 'll hold it fast.
We have got it in a string,
And the Whigs may all go swing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will or ought to end in ropes;
But the Queen shall enjoy her own again.

* *Right Hon.* Henry Boyle, mentioned twice before.

II. Sun-

II.

Sunderland 's run out of his wits,
And Diſmal double-Diſmal looks;
Wharton can only ſwear by fits,
And ſtrutting Hal is off the hooks,
Old Godolphin full of ſpleen
Made *falſe moves*, and loſt his *queen*;
Harry look'd fierce, and ſhook his ragged mane:
But a prince of high renown
Swore he 'd rather loſe a *crown*,
Than the Queen ſhould enjoy her own again.

III.

Our merchant-ſhips may cut the Line,
And not be ſnapt by privateers,
And commoners who love good wine
Will drink it now as well as peers:
Landed-men ſhall have their rent,
Yet our ſtocks riſe *cent. per cent.*
The Dutch from hence ſhall no more millions drain:
We 'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill Gazettes;
And the Queen ſhall enjoy her own again.

IV.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What ſignified the French to beat?
We ſpent our money and our blood,
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
But the lord of Oxford ſwears,
Dunkirk never ſhall be theirs.

The [illegible] Whigs may [illegible] and complain;
But [illegible] may fill
A good health to General Hill:
For the Queen [illegible] enjoys her [illegible] again.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

Addressed to the Earl of Oxford, 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possest,
All Europe's business in his breast),
Obtain'd a *parson* near Whitehall
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And shew'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My Lord (who, if a man may say 't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now dispos'd to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis * go in quest
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour),
In quest who might this *parson* be,
What was his name, of what degree;

* Erasmus Lewis esq. the treasurer's secretary.

If

If poſſible, to learn his ſtory,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter ſift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of ſpecial note
For ſhunning thoſe of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no ſort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, ſaid what he thought;
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In ſtate opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the *faction* many a wound,
And libel'd all the *junto* round:
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every ſtreet,
But ſeldom roſe above a ſheet:
Of late indeed the paper-ſtamp
Did very much his genius cramp:
And ſince he could not ſpend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I deſire to know
"From his own mouth if this be ſo;
"Step to the Doctor ſtrait, and ſay,
"I 'd have him dine with me to-day."

[illegible] to wonder what he meant,
[illegible] would believe my Lord had sent;
[illegible] never offer'd once to stir;
But boldly said, "Your servant, Sir"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cry'd;
"He does, with insolence and pride."
Some few days after Harley spies
The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beckoning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse —
"My Lord — the honour you design'd —
"Extremely proud — but I had din'd —
"I'm sure I never should neglect —
"No man alive has more respect —"
"Well, I shall think of that no more,
"If you'll be sure to come at four."
The Doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talent, sits till ten;
Next day invited comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
[illegible]ort, the gudgeon took the bait.

My

My Lord would carry on the jeſt,
And down to Windſor takes his gueſt.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a *canon* there;
In ſummer round the park to ride,
In winter, never to reſide.
A *canon!* that 's a place too mean;
No, Doctor, you ſhall be a *Dean*;
Two dozen *canons* round your ſtall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but croſs the *Iriſh ſeas*,
To live in plenty, power, and eaſe.
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worſe,
With borrow'd money in his purſe,
Travels at leaſt an hundred leagues,
And ſuffers numberleſs fatigues.
Suppoſe him now a *Dean* complete,
Demurely lolling in his ſeat;
The ſilver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cuſhion-ſide;
Suppoſe him gone through all vexations,
Patents, inſtalments, abjurations,
Firſt-fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats —
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now all the Doctor's money 's ſpent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, ſpitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes *in kind*:

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

I'VE often wiſh'd that I had clear,
For life, ſix hundred pounds a-year,
A handſome houſe to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land ſet out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore;
'But here a grievance ſeems to lie,
'All this is mine but till I die;
'I can't but think 'twould ſound more clever,
'To me and to my heirs for ever.
'If I ne'er got or loſt a groat,
'By any trick, or any fault;
'And if I pray by reaſon's rules,
'And not like forty other fools:
'As thus, "Vouchſafe, oh gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and t' other acre:
"Or, if it be thy will and pleaſure,
"Direct my plow to find a treaſure!"
'But only what my ſtation fits,
'And to be kept in my right wits,
'Preſerve, Almighty Providence!
'Juſt what you gave me, competence:
'And let me in theſe ſhades compoſe
'Something in verſe as true as proſe;
'Remov'd from all th' ambitious ſcene,
'Nor *puff'd by pride, nor ſunk* by ſpleen.'

In

" You

" Are

" But rudely preſs before a duke."
I own, I 'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to ſhow
What I deſire the world ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never ſaw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
This humbly offers me his caſe —
That begs my intereſt for a place —
A hundred other mens' affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my apppeal comes on;
" Without your help, the cauſe is gone —"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About ſome great affair at two —
" Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
" To get my warrant quickly ſign'd:
" Conſider, 'tis my firſt requeſt." —
Be ſatisfy'd, I 'll do my beſt:
Then preſently he falls to teaze,
" You may for certain, if you pleaſe;
" I doubt not, if his lordſhip knew —
" And, Mr. Dean, one word from you —"
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;

As

'Tis one to me — "Then tell us, pray,
"When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my country ſeat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book;
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town *.

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

[*A few of the firſt lines are wanting.*]

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

By an old ——— purſued
A crazy prelate †, and a royal prude ‡;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to riſe;
And, pauſing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God;

* See the reſt of this ſatire among Mr. Pope's poems.
† Dr. Sharp, archbiſhop of York.
‡ Q. Anne.

So clowns on ſcholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.
Swift had the ſin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he ſometimes dealt in rhyme:
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit;
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd, with too much grace;
Nor ſhew'd the *parſon* in his gait or face;
Deſpis'd luxurious wines and coſtly meat;
Yet ſtill was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; *ſaw thoſe that ſaw the Queen*;
At Child's * or Truby's * never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymens' gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver ſort,
Tobacco, cenſure, coffee, pride, and port.
But, after ſage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgements willing to ſubmit,
He turns to politicks his dangerous wit.
And now, the public intereſt to ſupport,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with miniſters of ſtate;
Admitted private, when ſuperiors wait:
And Harley, not aſham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to Windſor in his coach alone.
At Windſor Swift no ſooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whiſpers in his ear:

* Coffee-houſes much frequented by the Clergy.

The waiters ſtand in ranks; the yeomen cry,
Make room, as if a duke were paſſing by.
Now Finch * alarms the lords: he hears for certain
This dangerous prieſt is got behind the curtain.
Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a ſpring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aiſlabie †, to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons, that the ſecret 's out:
"A certain doctor is obſerv'd of late
"To haunt a certain miniſter of ſtate:
"From whence with half an eye we may diſcover
"The peace is made, and Perkin muſt come over."
York is from Lambeth ſent, to ſhew the Queen
A dangerous treatiſe ‡ writ againſt the ſpleen;
Which, by the ſtyle, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmleſs tool of others hate;
He ſues for pardon ‖, and repents too late.
Now, angry Somerſet § her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her * * * * *
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills;
And thence into the royal ear inſtills.
The Queen incens'd, his ſervices forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot ¶.

* The earl of Nottingham. See above, p. 76.
† They both ſpoke againſt him in the H. of C.
‡ Tale of a Tub.
‖ He ſent a meſſage, to aſk Swift's pardon.
§ See the Windſor Prophecy, p. 78.
¶ The duke of Argyll.

Now

Now through the realm a proclamation ſpread,
To fix a price on his devoted head *.
While innocent, he ſcorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preſerve him by a ſleight.
By Harley's favour once again he ſhines;
Is now careſs'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing ſcene:
Lord! how were they miſtaken in the Dean!
Now Delawarr † again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ear thruſts half his powder'd noſe.
The Scottiſh nation, whom he *durſt* offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend ‡.
By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while,
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendſhip, juſtice, truth, require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

THE FAGGOT.

Written when the Miniſtry were at Variance, 1713.

OBSERVE the dying father ſpeak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngeſt of the ſix
Take up a well-bound heap of ſticks.

* For writing "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

† Then lord treaſurer of the houſehold, who cautiouſly avoided Swift whilſt the proclamation was impending.

‡ He was viſited by the Scotch lords more than ever.

They

They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And ſtrove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too ſtrong for all their hands.
See, ſaid the fire, how ſoon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So ſtrong you 'll be, in friendſhip ty'd;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep cloſe then, boys, and never quarrel:
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This Tale may be apply'd in few words
To treaſurers, comptrollers, ſtewards;
And others who in ſolemn ſort
Appear with ſlender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But laſhing one another round:
While wiſe men think they ought to fight
With *quarter-ſtaffs*, inſtead of *white*;
Or conſtable with *ſtaff* of peace
Should come and make the clattering ceaſe;
Which now diſturbs the Queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble ſport.

In hiſtory we never found
The Conſuls' Faſces were unbound:
Thoſe Romans were too wiſe to think on 't,
Except to laſh ſome grand delinquent.
How would they bluſh to hear it ſaid,
The Prætor broke the Conſul's head!
Or Conſul, in his purple gown,
Came up, and knock'd the Prætor down!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] DE LESBIA.

L[illegible]

[illegible] Chancellor.

[illegible] Northey, Attorney General.

EPI-

EPIGRAM. From the FRENCH *.

WHO can believe with common ſenſe,
A bacon-ſlice gives God offence;
Or, how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to diſarm?
Wrapt up in Majeſty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

On a CURATE'S Complaint of HARD DUTY.

I MARCH'D three miles through ſcorching ſand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand:
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Uſing four legs, when two were weary:
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the cloſe bands of pleaſing Hymen:
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mother after.
Within an hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
Where thundering out, with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd ſo faſt, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious ſun,
Saw all theſe mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal elſe could e'er go through it!

* Written extempore by a gentleman who was reproved by ſome of his companions for eating eggs and bacon on a faſt-day.

I [illegible] the Goods
[illegible] LARACOR;
[illegible] MEATH,
[illegible]

A [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] grey;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] neck;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

CADENUS AND VANESSA*.

Written at Windſor, 1713.

THE ſhepherds and the nymphs were ſeen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counſel for the fair began,
Accuſing the falſe creature *man*.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has loſt his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer ſmokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine.
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aforeſaid *(with her leave)*
Were *(as he humbly did conceive)*
Againſt our ſovereign lady's peace,
Againſt the ſtatute in that caſe,
Againſt her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an anſwer, and ſat down.
The *nymphs* with ſcorn beheld their foes:
When the *defendant's* counſel roſe,

* Founded on an offer of marriage made by Miſs Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift, who was occaſionally her preceptor. The lady's unhappy ſtory is well known.

And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentleſt heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other ſex.
That modern love is no ſuch thing
As what thoſe ancient poets ſing;
A fire celeſtial, chaſte, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the ſame,
In different breaſts together burn,
Together both to aſhes turn.
But women now feel no ſuch fire,
And only know the groſs deſire.
Their paſſions move in lower ſpheres,
Where'er caprice or folly ſteers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or ſome worſe brute in human ſhape,
Ingroſs the fancies of the fair,
The few ſoft moments they can ſpare,
From viſits to receive and pay;
From ſcandal, politicks, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades;
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thouſand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inſide of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
In a dull ſtream, which moving ſlow,
You hardly ſee the current flow;

If

If a ſmall breeze obſtruct the courſe,
It whirls about, for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and ſtraws, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and ſtraws.
Hence we conclude, no womens hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of ſenſe to blame,
For breaſts incapable of flame:
The fault muſt on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown ſo corrupted in their taſte.
The pleader, having ſpoke his beſt,
Had witneſs ready to atteſt,
Who fairly could on oath depoſe,
When queſtions on the fact aroſe,
That every article was true;
Nor further thoſe deponents knew:—
Therefore he humbly would inſiſt,
The bill might be with coſts diſmiſs'd.
The cauſe appear'd of ſo much weight,
That Venus, from her judgement-ſeat,
Deſir'd them not to talk ſo loud,
Elſe ſhe muſt interpoſe a cloud:
For, if the heavenly folk ſhould know
Theſe pleadings *in the courts below*,
That mortals here diſdain to love,
She ne'er could ſhew her face above;

Or gods, their betters, are too wise
To vain, that which men despise.
And then, said she, my sire and I
Must troll in air, 'twixt land and sky;
Or else, thut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
There live, with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent.
But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by their King's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft' were seen to frown:
The Graces half-asham'd look down;
And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
Of ei her sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said, she must consult her books,
The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second;
She then referr'd them to a place
Virgil (*vide* Dido's case):

As

As for Tibullus's reports,
They never paſs'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was ſmaller.
  There was on both ſides much to ſay:
She 'd hear the cauſe another day.
And ſo ſhe did; and then a third
She heard it—there ſhe kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and anſwers ſtuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and eſſoign,
The parties ne'er could iſſue join:
For ſixteen years the cauſe was ſpun,
And then ſtood where it firſt begun.
  Now, gentle Clio, ſing or ſay,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddeſs, much perplex'd in mind
To ſee her empire thus declin'd,
When firſt this grand debate aroſe,
Above her wiſdom to compoſe,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it ſped,
Would ſhew the merits of the cauſe
Far better than conſulting laws.
  In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the ſhelf,
And thus debated with herſelf.

Since

Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Thoſe beauties in a female mind,
Which raiſe a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reaſon they complain,
This infant ſhall reſtore my reign.
I'll ſearch where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclufive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or ſages write;
Theſe I will gather and unite,
And repreſent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.
This ſaid, ſhe plucks in heaven's high bowers
A ſprig of *amaranthine* flowers,
In nectar thrice infuſes bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And ſprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender ſkin aſſumes
A ſweetneſs above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanlineſs remains,
Incapable of outward ſtains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careleſs thought intrudes,
Leſs modeſt than the ſpeech of prudes;
Where never bluſh was call'd in aid,
That ſpurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at ſecond-hand;
They bluſh, becauſe they underſtand.

The

The Graces next would act their part,
And ſhew'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty ſhone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inſpir'd
That gentle, ſoft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And ſaid, "Vaneſſa be the name
"By which thou ſhalt be known to fame;
"Vaneſſa, by the gods inroll'd:
"Her name on earth ſhall not be told."
But ſtill the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit,
Drawn by her doves, away ſhe flies,
And finds out Pallas in the ſkies.
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To ſee a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder iſle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You 'd ſwear it is Apollo's ſon:
But it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, a child
So hopeful has by me been ſpoil'd;
I have enough beſides to ſpare,
And give him wholly to your care.
Wiſdom 's above ſuſpecting wiles:
The Queen of Learning gravely ſmiles.
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Miſtakes Vaneſſa for a boy;

Then

Then ſows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly boſoms chiefly fit,
The ſeeds of knowledge, judgement, wit.
Her ſoul was ſuddenly endued
With juſtice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can ſtain,
Which malice muſt attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a ſtand;
She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praiſe;
That meat muſt be with money bought:
She therefore, upon ſecond thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by ſtealth,
Some ſmall regard for ſtate and wealth;
Of which, as ſhe grew up, there ſtaid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her eſtate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, leſt he ſhould neglect his ſtudies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddeſs
(For fear young maſter ſhould be ſpoil'd)
Would uſe him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to juſt five thouſand pound.
The Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud,
To ſee Vaneſſa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but ſuch a dame
Through every breaſt would dart a flame;

That

That every rich and lordly ſwain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That ſcholars would forſake their books,
To ſtudy bright Vaneſſa's looks;
As ſhe advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft' would hear
Vaneſſa's praiſe rung in their ear:
Miſs Betty, when ſhe does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or ſpills the ſalt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vaneſſa never did!"
Thus by the nymphs and ſwains ador'd,
My power ſhall be again reſtor'd,
And happy lovers bleſs my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For when in time the Martial Maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She ſhakes her helm, ſhe knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the ſetting ſun,
She 'd all undo that ſhe had done.
But in the poets we may find
A wholeſome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatſoe'er degree,
Reſume not what themſelves have given,
Or any brother-god in heaven;

Which

Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they muſt always be at odds:
And Pallas, if ſhe broke the laws,
Muſt yield her foe the ſtronger cauſe;
A ſhame to one ſo much ador'd
For wiſdom at Jove's council-board.
Beſides, ſhe fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though ſhe muſt with grief reflect,
To ſee a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breaſts, except her own:
Yet ſhe would act as beſt became
A goddeſs of unſpotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her deſign:
She ſtudy'd well the point, and found
Her foe's concluſions were not ſound,
From premiſſes erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction 's nought,
And muſt have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects.
In proper ſeaſon Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus ſhe greets
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celeſtial language ſcold):
Perfidious goddeſs! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.

Thou haſt, as thou ſhalt quickly ſee,
Deceiv'd thyſelf, inſtead of me:
For how can heavenly wiſdom prove
An inſtrument to earthly love?
Know'ſt thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries, for want of ſenſe?
Nor ſhall Vaneſſa be the theme,
To manage thy abortive ſcheme:
She 'll prove the greateſt of thy foes;
And yet I ſcorn to interpoſe,
But, uſing neither ſkill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural courſe.
The goddeſs thus pronounc'd her doom:
When lo! Vaneſſa in her bloom
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's ſtar,
But rarely ſeen, and ſeen from far:
In a new world with caution ſtept,
Watch'd all the company ſhe kept,
Well knowing, from the books ſhe read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread:
Would ſeldom at the Park appear,
Nor ſaw the play-houſe twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converſe of mankind.
Firſt iſſued from perfumers' ſhops,
A croud of faſhionable fops:
They aſk'd her, how ſhe lik'd the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought laſt night at two,
About a lady—you know who;

Mention'd

Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muſcovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Laſt night was ſo extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine;
Then, in ſoft voice and ſpeech abſurd,
With nonſenſe every ſecond word,
With fuſtian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praiſe;
Run o'er their cant of ſtupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
With ſilent ſcorn Vaneſſa ſat,
Scarce liſtening to their idle chat;
Further than ſometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At laſt ſhe ſpitefully was bent
To try their wiſdom's full extent;
And ſaid, ſhe valued nothing leſs
Than titles, figure, ſhape, and dreſs;
That merit ſhould be chiefly plac'd
In judgement, knowledge, wit, and taſte;
And theſe, ſhe offer'd to diſpute,
Alone diſtinguiſh'd man from brute:
That preſent times have no pretence
To *virtue*, in the noble ſenſe
By Greeks and Romans underſtood,
To periſh for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;

Then

Then ſpoke with cenſure or applauſe
Of foreign cuſtoms, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art ſhe rang'd,
And gracefully her ſubject chang'd;
In vain! her hearers had no ſhare
In all ſhe ſpoke, except to ſtare.
Their judgement was, upon the whole,
—That lady is the dulleſt ſoul!—
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who ſhould ſay—She wants it here!
She may be handſome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To ſee the girl in diſhabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up ſtairs;
At entrance loudeſt, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vaneſſa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilſt Mrs. Suſan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their uſual chat,
Diſcourſing with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Shew'd patterns juſt from India brought,
And gravely aſk'd her what ſhe thought,
Whether the red or green were beſt,
And what they coſt? Vaneſſa gueſs'd,

As came into her fancy firſt;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worſt.
To ſcandal next—What awkward thing
Was that laſt Sunday in the ring?
I'm ſorry Mopſa breaks ſo faſt;
I ſaid, her face would never laſt.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to ſpare:
Her fondneſs for a certain Earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,
I ſaw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight!
They railly'd next Vaneſſa's dreſs:
That gown was made for old queen Beſs.
Dear Madam, let me ſee your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not aſham'd to ſtoop!
With handſome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow ſees.
Fill'd with diſdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herſelf and ſex aſham'd,
The nymph ſtood ſilent out of ſpight,
Nor would vouchſafe to ſet them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their cenſures vent.
She 's not ſo handſome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!

She 's fair and clean, and that 's the moſt:
But why proclaim her for a toaſt?
A baby face; no life, no airs,
But what ſhe learn'd at country-fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I 'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy!
With all her wit, I would not aſk
Her judgement, how to buy a maſk.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as ſoon as ſhe is told.
I own, that out-of-faſhion ſtuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might paſs, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(*To know the world!* a modern phraſe
For viſits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual ſhame,
The Queen of Beauty loſt her aim;
Too late with grief ſhe underſtood,
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets diſdain.
Both ſexes, arm'd with guilt and ſpite,
Againſt Vaneſſa's power unite:
To copy her, few nymphs aſpir'd;
Her virtues fewer ſwains admir'd.

So ſtars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet ſome of either ſex, endow'd
With gifts ſuperior to the croud,
With virtue, knowledge, taſte, and wit,
She condeſcended to admit:
With pleaſing arts ſhe could reduce
Mens talents to their proper uſe;
And with addreſs each genius held
To that wherein it moſt excell'd;
Thus, making others' wiſdom known,
Could pleaſe them, and improve her own.
A modeſt youth ſaid ſomething new;
She plac'd it in the ſtrongeſt view.
All humble worth ſhe ſtrove to raiſe;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praiſe.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too ſhe would allow,
Nor quarrel'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' ſake,
A gownman of a different make;
Whom Pallas, once Vaneſſa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
But Cupid, full of miſchief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vaneſſa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's ſake.

Thoſe

Thoſe early ſeeds by Venus ſown,
In ſpite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd, they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made uſe of all his craft,
In vain diſcharging many a ſhaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing ſtill ſome book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals ſtruck, were ſpoil'd.
The Queen of Wiſdom could foreſee,
But not prevent, the Fates' decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vaneſſa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wiſdom's aid,
Was, in the very ſearch, betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were loſt,
Yet ſtill reſolv'd to ſpare no coſt:
He could not anſwer to his fame
The triumphs of that ſtubborn dame,
A nymph ſo hard to be ſubdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, ſaid he, ſhe wants a doctor,
Both to adore her, and inſtruct her:
I 'll give her what ſhe moſt admires,
Among thoſe venerable ſires.

Cadenus is a ſubject fit,
Grown old in politicks and wit,
Careſs'd by miniſters of ſtate,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her ſex, with univerſal voice,
Muſt laugh at her capricious choice.
Cadenus many things had writ:
Vaneſſa much eſteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in ſecret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private ſtand
Took aim, and ſhot with all his ſtrength
A dart of ſuch prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her boſom too.
Some lines, more moving than the reſt,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breaſt,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her ſmart.
Vaneſſa, not in years a ſcore,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almoſt blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies muſick in his tongue;
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.

What

What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ſhip decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A ſapling with a falling oak?
As years increaſe, ſhe brighter ſhines:
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he muſt fall a prey to time,
While ſhe continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every ſcene had kept his heart;
He ſigh'd and languiſh'd, vow'd and writ,
For paſtime, or to ſhew his wit.
But books, and time, and ſtate affairs,
Had ſpoil'd his faſhionable airs:
He now could praiſe, eſteem, approve,
But underſtood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him ſtyl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To ſee the virgin mind her book,
Was but the maſter's ſecret joy
In ſchool to hear the fineſt boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly preſs'd for ſomething new;
Ideas came into her mind
So faſt, his leſſons lagg'd behind;
She reaſon'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgement wrong.
But now a ſudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.

Cadenus was amaz'd, to find
Such marks of a diſtracted mind:
For, though ſhe ſeem'd to liſten more
To all he ſpoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would abſent range,
Yet gueſs'd not whence could ſpring the change.
And firſt he modeſtly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected ſtrain,
At laſt he ventur'd to complain;
Said, ſhe ſhould be no longer teas'd,
Might have her freedom when ſhe pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong
To hide her from the world ſo long,
And in dull ſtudies to engage
One of her tender ſex and age;
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How ſhe might ſhine in the *grande monde*;
And every ſhepherd was undone
To ſee her cloiſter'd like a nun.
This was a viſionary ſcheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his ſkill;
For nature muſt be nature ſtill.
If he were bolder than became
A ſcholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuſe a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters:

And, ſince his talk offenſive grew,
He came to take his laſt adieu.
  Vaneſſa, fill'd with juſt diſdain,
Would ſtill her dignity maintain,
Inſtructed from her early years
To ſcorn the art of female tears.
  Had he employ'd his time ſo long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yet could ſuch notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he muſt anſwer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her coſt,
That all his leſſons were not loſt.
Two maxims ſhe could ſtill produce,
And ſad experience taught their uſe;
That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear diſcloſe
Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes:
That common forms were not deſign'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, ſaid the nymph, to let you ſee
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms deſpiſe,
And have no ſecrets to diſguiſe:
I knew, by what you ſaid and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me againſt their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;

Your

Your leſſons found the weakeſt part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
Cadenus felt within him riſe
Shame, diſappointment, guilt, ſurprize.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her uſual ſtyle:
And yet her words were ſo expreſt,
He could not hope ſhe ſpoke in jeſt.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without diſtinguiſhing her face:
Much leſs could his declining age
Vaneſſa's earlieſt thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His perſon muſt contempt beget:
Or, grant her paſſion be ſincere,
How ſhall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all ſo ſtrong,
The world muſt think him in the wrong:
Would ſay, he made a treacherous uſe
Of wit, to flatter and ſeduce:
The town would ſwear, he had betray'd
By magic ſpells the harmleſs maid:
And every beau would have his jokes,
That ſcholars were like other folks;
And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!

So

So tender of the young and fair!
It ſhew'd a true paternal care —
Five thouſand guineas in her purſe!
The Doctor might have fancy'd worſe. —
  Hardly at length he ſilence broke,
And faulter'd every word he ſpoke;
Interpreting her complaiſance,
Juſt as a man *ſans conſequence*,
She raillied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was ſomething new;
And what ſhe ſpoke was in an air
As ſerious as a tragic player.
But thoſe who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon ſome certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jeſt,
Elſe he muſt enter his proteſt:
For, let a man be ne'er ſo wiſe,
He may be caught with ſober lies;
A ſcience which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis juſt what coxcombs call *a bite*.
  But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vaneſſa finiſh'd the diſpute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reaſon was her guide in love.
She thought he had himſelf deſcrib'd,
His doctrines when ſhe firſt imbib'd:
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues ſhe might call her own;

As

As he approves, as he diſlikes,
Love or contempt her fancy ſtrikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted faſt,
Attends us firſt, and leaves us laſt:
Why ſhe likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herſelf, and that 's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praiſe
The geniuſes of ancient days!
(Thoſe authors he ſo oft' had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wiſdom, fam'd)
Was ſtruck with love, eſteem, and awe,
For perſons whom he never ſaw.
Suppoſe Cadenus flouriſh'd then,
He muſt adore ſuch God-like men.
If one ſhort volume could compriſe
All that was witty, learn'd, and wiſe,
How would it be eſteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If ſuch an author were alive,
How all would for his friendſhip ſtrive,
And come in crouds to ſee his face!
And this ſhe takes to be her caſe.
Cadenus anſwers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmoſt her deſires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converſe is a ſyſtem fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While every paſſion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love

Love can with ſpeech inſpire a mute,
And taught Vaneſſa to diſpute.
This topick, never touch'd before,
Diſplay'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with ſuch pains acquir'd,
By this new paſſion grew inſpir'd;
Through this ſhe made all objects paſs
Which gave a tincture o'er the maſs;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the ſea their courſe incline;
Or, as philoſophers, who find
Some favourite ſyſtem to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to ſubmit.

Cadenus, who could ne'er ſuſpect
His leſſons would have ſuch effect
Or be ſo artfully apply'd,
Inſenſibly came on her ſide.
It was an unforeſeen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When Miſs delights in her ſpinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-ſchools may have his choice;
And oft' the dancing-maſter's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.

In

In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a miſtreſs by 't.
Cadenus, to his grief and ſhame,
Could ſcarce oppoſe Vaneſſa's flame;
And, though her arguments were ſtrong,
At leaſt could hardly wiſh them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But ſure ſhe never talk'd ſo well.
His pride began to interpoſe;
Preferr'd before a croud of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unſought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit muſt with her prevail!
He never knew her judgement fail!
She noted all ſhe ever read!
And had a moſt diſcerning head!
'Tis an old maxim in the ſchools,
That flattery 's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condeſcend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He choſe to juſtify, his pride;
Conſtruing the paſſion ſhe had ſhown,
Much to her praiſe, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a moſt judicious taſte.
Love, hitherto a tranſient gueſt,
Ne'er held poſſeſſion of his breaſt;
So long attending at the gate,
Diſdain'd to enter in ſo late.

Love

Love why do we one paſſion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where ſharp and ſweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleaſures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendſhip, in its greateſt height,
A conſtant, rational delight,
On virtue's baſis fix'd to laſt,
When love allurements long are paſt,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of paſſion will redeem
With gratitude, reſpect, eſteem;
With that devotion we beſtow,
When goddeſſes appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vaneſſa in exalted ſtrains,
The nymph in ſober words intreats
A truce with all ſublime conceits:
For why ſuch raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durſt not read romances?
In lofty ſtyle to make replies,
Which he had taught her to deſpiſe?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and reſpect,
He fairly abdicates the throne;
The government is now her own;

He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it ſtrange,
If both ſhould now their ſtations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though ſhe already can diſcern
Her ſcholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The ſcience ſhe deſigns to teach:
Wherein his genius was below
The ſkill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot ſpell, is wiſe
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what ſucceſs Vaneſſa met,
Is to the world a ſecret yet.
Whether the nymph, to pleaſe her ſwain,
Talks in a high romantic ſtrain;
Or whether he at laſt deſcends
To act with leſs ſeraphic ends;
Or, to compound the buſineſs, whether
They temper love and books together;
Muſt never to mankind be told,
Nor ſhall the conſcious Muſe unfold.
Meantime the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the ſkies,
Grown by Vaneſſa's conduct wiſe:

For,

For, though by one perverſe event
Pallas had croſs'd her firſt intent;
Though her deſign was not obtain'd;
Yet had ſhe much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly try'd,
Could better now the *cauſe* decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and ſave their bail.
All met; and, ſilence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each ſide was nam'd.
The judge diſcover'd in her face
Reſentments for her late diſgrace;
And, full of anger, ſhame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor ſpend their time to ſhew their reading;
She 'd have a ſummary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The ſum of what each lawyer ſaid,
Gave her own reaſons laſt, and then
Decreed the cauſe againſt the *men.*
But, in a weighty caſe like this,
To ſhew ſhe did not judge amiſs,
Which evil tongues might elſe report,
She made a ſpeech in open court;
Wherein ſhe grievouſly complains,
"How ſhe was cheated by the ſwains;"
On whoſe petition (humbly ſhewing,
That women were not worth the wooing,

And that, unleſs the ſex would mend,
The race of lovers ſoon muſt end) —
" She was at Lord knows what expence
" To form a nymph of wit and ſenſe,
" A model for her ſex deſign'd,
" Who never could one lover find.
" She ſaw her favour was miſplac'd;
" The fellows had a wretched taſte;
" She needs muſt tell them to their face,
" They were a ſtupid, ſenſeleſs race;
" And, were ſhe to begin again,
" She 'd ſtudy to reform the *men*;
" Or add ſome grains of folly more
" To *women*, than they had before,
" To put them on an equal foot;
" And this, or nothing elſe, would do 't.
" This might their mutual fancy ſtrike;
" Since every being loves its *like*.
" But now, repenting what was done,
" She left all buſineſs to her ſon;
" She puts the world in his poſſeſſion,
" And let him uſe it at diſcretion."
The cryer was order'd to diſmiſs
The court, ſo made his laſt *O yes!*
The goddeſs would no longer wait;
But, riſing from her chair of ſtate,
Left all below at ſix and ſeven,
Harneſs'd her doves, and flew to heaven.

TO

TO LOVE*.

IN all I wiſh, how happy ſhould I be,
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power deſpiſe,
And yet ſo ſtrong, thou triumph'ſt o'er the wiſe.
Thy traps are laid with ſuch peculiar art,
They catch the cautious; let the raſh depart.
Moſt nets are fill'd by want of thought and care:
But too much thinking brings us to thy ſnare;
Where, held by thee, in ſlavery we ſtay,
And throw the pleaſing part of life away.
But, what does moſt my indignation move,
Diſcretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat thoſe arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering God is at his play,
Thou ſteal'ſt his golden-pointed darts away;
Thoſe darts which never fail; and in their ſtead
Convey'ſt malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedleſs God, ſuſpecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her ſhepherd can find no return,
Laments, and rages at the power divine,
When, curſt Diſcretion! all the fault was thine;

* Found in Miſs Vanhomrigh's deſk, after her death, in the hand-writing of Dr. Swift.

Cupid and Hymen thou haſt ſet at odds,
And bred ſuch feuds between thoſe kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her ſons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former ſcales, wherein he us'd to poiſe
Love againſt love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches, ſtill ſubſide.
Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
And tell him, how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And ſtrike Diſcretion to the ſhades below.

ODE TO SPRING.

BY A LADY*.

HAIL, bluſhing goddeſs, beauteous Spring,
Who, in thy jocund train, doſt bring
Loves and Graces, ſmiling Hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers;
Come, with tints of roſeate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.
Yet why ſhould I thy preſence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with ſweets; no more the roſe
With ſuch tranſcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadenus bleſt the ſcene,
And ſhar'd with me thoſe joys ſerene;
When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
Of friendſhip kindled new deſire:

* This and the next ode have been aſcribed to Vaneſſa.

Still

Still liſtening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths, which angels might have ſung,
Divine, impreſt their gentle ſway,
And ſweetly ſtole my ſoul away.
My guide, inſtructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names!) in one idea blend;
Oh! ſtill conjoin'd, your incenſe riſe,
And waft ſweet odours to the ſkies!

ODE TO WISDOM.

BY THE SAME.

OH, Pallas! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchſafe to hear a wretched maid,
By tender love depreſt;
'Tis juſt that thou ſhould'ſt heal the ſmart
Inflicted by thy ſubtle art,
And calm my troubled breaſt.

No random-ſhot from Cupid's bow,
But by thy guidance, ſoft and ſlow,
It ſunk within my heart;
Thus, Love being arm'd with Wiſdom's force,
In vain I try to ſtop its courſe,
In vain repel the dart.

O goddeſs! break the fatal league,
Let Love, with Folly and Intrigue,
More fit aſſociates find!
And thou alone within my breaſt,
O! deign to ſoothe my griefs to reſt,
And heal my tortur'd mind.

A REBUS. By VANESSA.

CUT the name of the man * who his miſtreſs deny'd,
And let the firſt of it be only apply'd
To join with the prophet † who David did chide;
Then ſay what a horſe is that runs very faſt ‡;
And that which deſerves to be firſt put the laſt;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The Name and the Virtues of him I deſign'd.
Like the Patriarch in Egypt, he 's vers'd in the ſtate;
Like the Prophet in Jewry, he 's free with the great;
Like a racer he flies, to ſuccour with ſpeed,
When his friends want his aid, or deſert is in need.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus ſhe will venture profuſely to throw
On ſo mean a *deſign*, and a *ſubject* ſo low.
For mean 's her *deſign*, and her *ſubject* as mean,
The firſt but a Rebus, the laſt but a Dean.
A Dean 's but a parſon: and what is a Rebus?
A thing never known to the Muſes or Phœbus.
The corruption of verſe; for, when all is done,
It is but a *paraphraſe* made on a *pun*.
But a genius like her's no ſubject can ſtifle,
It ſhews and diſcovers itſelf through a trifle.

* *Joſeph.* † *Nathan.* ‡ *Swift.*

By

By reading this *trifle*, I quickly began
To find her a great *wit*, but the *dean* a ſmall man.
Rich ladies will furniſh their garrets with ſtuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
So the *wit* that is laviſhly thrown away here
Might furniſh a ſecond-rate *poet* a year.
Thus much for the *verſe*, we proceed to the next,
Where the Nymph has entirely forſaken her *text*;
Her fine panegyricks are quite out of ſeaſon,
And what *ſhe* deſcribes to be *merit* is *treaſon*:
The changes, which faction has made in the ſtate,
Have put the *dean's* politicks quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And, ſhould he write *pamphlets*, no great man would read 'em;
And ſhould *want* or *deſert* ſtand in need of his aid,
This *racer* would prove but a dull-founder'd *jade*.

HORACE, B. II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED.

Addreſſed to RICHARD STEELE, Eſq. 1714.

"En qui promittit cives, urbem ſibi curæ,
"Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra deorum."
HOR. 1 Sat. vi. 34.

DICK, thou 't reſolv'd, as I am told,
Some ſtrange *arcana* to unfold,
And, with the help of Buckley's pen,
To vamp the good old cauſe again,
Which thou (ſuch Burnet's ſhrewd advice is)
Muſt furbiſh up, and nickname Criſis.

Thou pompouſly wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er ſince Sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the Commons' chair)
That we a German Prince muſt own
When Anne for heaven reſigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout
With—who is *in*—and who is *out*,
Thou 'lt rail devoutly at the *peace*,
And all its ſecret *cauſes* trace,
The *bucket-play* 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty ſtories
Of *tricks* the lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our Plenipoes.
Thou 'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our ſtate;
And of that dreadful *coup d'eclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The Queen, forſooth *(deſpotic)* gave
Twelve *coronets* without *thy* leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have *yet* aton'd!
Believe me, what thou'ſt undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edg'd tools.
But, ſince thou 'rt got into the fire,
And canſt not eaſily retire,
Thou muſt no longer deal in *farce*,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verſe;

Until

Until thou ſhalt have eas'd thy conſcience,
Of ſpleen, of politicks, and nonſenſe;
And, when thou 'ſt bid adieu to cares,
And ſettled Europe's *grand* affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury-Lane to ſhape thy ſtyle:
" To make a pair of jolly fellows,
" The ſon and father, join to tell us,
" How ſons may ſafely diſobey,
" And fathers never ſhould ſay nay,
" By which wiſe conduct they grow friends
" At laſt—and ſo the ſtory ends *."
When firſt I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for ſkill in Fauſtus' art †,
Which made thy cloſet much frequented
By buxom laſſes—ſome repented
Their luckleſs choice of huſbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Receiv'd from thee profound directions
How beſt to ſettle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the diſtreſs'd,
Didſt in thy calling do thy beſt.
But now the Senate (if things *bit*
And thou at Stockbridge wert not *bit*)

* This is ſaid to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town. SWIFT.—In ſome particulars it would apply to " The Conſcious " Lovers."

† There were ſome tolerable grounds for this reflection. Mr. Steele had actually a laboratory at Poplar.

Muſt

Muſt feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy ſchemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with *immortal honours* crown,
Whilſt, *Patriot-like*, thou 'lt ſtrut and frown.
What though by enemies 'tis ſaid,
The *laurel*, which adorns thy head,
Muſt one day come in competition
By virtue of ſome ſly *petition*:
Yet *mum* for that; hope ſtill the beſt,
Nor let ſuch cares diſturb thy reſt.
Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe ſhrill, or oyſter-ſtrumpet;
Methinks I ſee thee, ſpruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly ſhine,
And dazzle all the *idol-faces*
As through the *hall* thy worſhip paces;
(Though this I ſpeak but at a venture,
Suppoſing thou haſt *tick* with Hunter)
Methinks I ſee a *black-guard rout*
Attend thy coach, and hear them ſhout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their ſtyle) is *purely hung*,
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to anſwer one ſyl—lable,
Except the matchleſs hero Abel *.
What though her highneſs and her ſpouſe
In Antwerp † keep a frugal houſe,

* Abel Roper.

† Where the duke of Marlborough then reſided.

Yet,

Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They 'll ſoon enable thee to ſpend,
If to Macartney * thou wilt toaſt,
And to his *pious patron's ghoſt.*
Now manfully thou 'lt run a tilt
" On *popes*, for all the blood they 've ſpilt,
" For maſſacres, and racks, and flames,
" For lands enrich'd by crimſon ſtreams,
" For inquiſitions taught by Spain,
" Of which the Chriſtian world complain."
Dick, we agree—all 's true thou 'ſt ſaid,
As that my Muſe is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy *genius* has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for *ſtate-affairs* as fit
As mine for politicks and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wiſe,
Nor higher than our talents riſe;
To ſome ſnug cellar let 's repair
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honeſt ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port,
With which inſpir'd, we 'll club each night
Some tender ſonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Philips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jenneys.

* General Macartney, who killed duke Hamilton.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS the ſheltering Poet's INVITATION to RICHARD STEELE, the ſecluded Party-writer, and Member; to come and live with him in THE MINT; 1714*.

Fit to be bound up with THE CRISIS.

IF thou canſt lay aſide a ſpendthrift's air,
And condeſcend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we Minters, with ragouts unſtor'd,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Chriſtmas-box,
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks;
Since printing by ſubſcription now is grown
The ſtaleſt, idleſt cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a Papiſt bred,
Has an *alarm* againſt that worſhip ſpread,
Is practiſing thoſe beaten paths of cruiſing,
And for new levies on Propoſals muſing.
'Tis true, that Bloomſbury Square 's a noble place:
But what are lofty buildings in thy caſe?
What 's a fine houſe embelliſh'd to profuſion,
Where ſhoulder-dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant ſeldom ſallies,
But apprehenſive of inſulting bailiffs?

* This and the preceding poem are printed from copies in the Lambeth Library, K. 1. 2. 29, 30. 4to.

This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And ceaſe to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the proſpects that delude thy ſight,
From Highgate's ſteep aſcent and Hampſtead's height,
With verdant ſcenes, that, from St. George's field,
More durable and ſafe enjoyments yield.
Here I, ev'n I, that ne'er till now could find
Eaſe to my troubled and ſuſpicious mind,
But ever was with jealouſies poſſeſs'd,
Am in a ſtate of indolence and reſt;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in diſguiſe,
Nor looking upon ſtrangers as on ſpies,
But quite diveſted of my former ſpleen,
Am unprovok'd without, and calm within:
And here I 'll wait thy coming, till the ſun
Shall its diurnal courſe completely run.
Think not that thou of ſturdy butt ſhalt fail,
My landlord's cellar's ſtock'd with beer and ale,
With every ſort of malt that is in uſe,
And every county's generous produce.
The *ready* (for here Chriſtian faith is ſick,
Which makes us ſeldom treſpaſs upon tick)
Inſtantly brings the choiceſt liquors out,
Whether we aſk for home-brew'd or for ſtout,
For mead or cyder, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flaſk or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to ſwear
Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, ſo popularly known
For oppoſition to the church and crown,

Might

Might make the Luſitanian grape to paſs,
And almoſt give a ſanction to the glaſs;
Eſpecially with thee, whoſe haſty zeal
Againſt the late rejected *commerce-bill*
Made thee *riſe up*, like an audacious elf,
To do the ſpeaker honour, not thyſelf.
But, if thou ſoar'ſt above the common prices,
By virtue of ſubſcription to thy Criſis,
And nothing can go down with thee, but wines
Preſs'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as thou lov'ſt a wench;
Elſe thou muſt humble thy expenſive taſte,
And, with us, hold contentment for a feaſt.
The fire's already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had ſtruck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this *act of grace*, which by your leave
Suſan would not have done on Eaſter Eve,
Had ſhe not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for th' ingenious Author of The Lover.
Ceaſe therefore to beguile thyſelf with hopes,
Which is no more than making ſandy ropes,
And quit the vain purſuit of loud applauſe,
That muſt bewilder thee in faction's cauſe.
Pry'thee what is 't to thee who guides the ſtate?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is ſo late?
Or why her majeſty thinks fit to ceaſe
The din of war, and huſh the world to peace?

The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to chuſe, and on what topicks dwell;
And, uninſtructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celeſtial happineſs to reach.
Rather let ſuch poor ſouls as you and I
Say that the holydays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's ſun begins the week,
Which will abound with ſtore of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.
Then I, who have within theſe precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-ſweeper's ſtept,
Will take a looſe, and venture to be ſeen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phraſe ſublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little ſatire,
Explode the wits on t'other ſide o'th' water.
Why has my lord Godolphin's ſpecial grace
Inveſted me with a queen's-waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of feſtival delights,
Am not allow'd to ſpend the perquiſites?
He 's but a ſhort remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is ſad,
And, like a griping uſurer, does ſpare
His money to be ſquander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And waſhy ſorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;

And, though I can't put off a woeful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulneſs within:
As, in deſpight of a cenſorious race,
I moſt incontinently ſuck my face.
What mighty projects does not he deſign,
Whoſe ſtomach flows, and brain turns round with wine?
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And faſhion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even S**** to diſcloſe his art,
By racking every ſecret from his heart,
As he flings off the ſtateſman's fly diſguiſe,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it ſtead of tea,
Fancies himſelf in Canterbury's ſee,
And S****** when he carouſing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the ſeals:
W******, by virtue of its juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commiſſioners make light.
Wine gives lord William aptitude of parts,
And ſwells him with his family's deſerts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of ſpeech?
Whom in extremeſt poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half-ſeas-o'er, by its inſpiring bounties,
Can qualify himſelf in ſeveral counties.
What I have promis'd, thou mayſt reſt aſſur'd,
Shall faithfully and gladly be procur'd.
Nay, I 'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:

And,

And, leſt thou at their ſight ſhouldſt make wry faces,
The girl has ſcower'd the pots, and waſh'd the glaſſes,
Ta'en care ſo excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou mayſt ſee thine own dear picture in 'em.
Moreover, due proviſion has been made,
That converſation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To ſit with the moſt flagrant Whig at ſupper.
There 's not a man among them but muſt pleaſe,
Since they 're as like each other as are peas.
Toland and Hare have jointly ſent me word,
They 'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he 'as no other invitation,
From men of greater quality and ſtation.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left;
But their diſcourſes ſmell too much of theft:
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two ſuch ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this truſty bearer write,
If I ſhould any other ſcabs invite;
Though if I may my ſerious judgement give,
I 'm wholly for King Charles's number five:
That was the ſtint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noiſineſs perplex'd:
And that, if thou 'lt agree to think it beſt,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other gueſt.
I 've nothing more, now this is ſaid, to ſay,
But to requeſt thou 'lt inſtantly away,
And leave the duties of thy preſent poſt,
To ſome well-ſkill'd retainer to a hoſt;

Doubtleſs he 'll carefully thy place ſupply,
And o'er his grace's horſes have an eye.
While thou, who 'ſt ſlunk through poſtern more than once,
Doſt by that means avoid a croud of duns,
And, croſſing o'er The Thames at Temple-ſtairs,
Leav'ſt Philips with good words to cheat their ears.

To LORD HARLEY, on his MARRIAGE, 1713.

AMONG the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendſhip dictates more than wit.
Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent obſervations taught)
A ſpirit ſo inform'd as yours
Could never proſper in amours.
The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and natural parts,
Whoſe harp could ſavage beaſts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The Nymph had ſoon been brought to yield:
Or, had embroider'd Mars purſued,
The Nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thouſand footſteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew:
For ſuch is all the ſex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light:

They

They fly, and none can overtake
But ſome gay coxcomb, or a rake.
How then, dear Harley, could I gueſs
That you ſhould meet, in love, ſucceſs?
For, if thoſe antient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you:
Yet Daphne never ſlack'd her pace,
For wit and learning ſpoil'd his face.
And, ſince the ſame reſemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancy'd every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's ſon.
Then where, ſaid I, ſhall Harley find
A virgin of ſuperior mind,
With wit and virtue to diſcover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character ſhall Ca'endiſh claim,
Born to retrieve her ſex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are inſolent and vain),
Madly aſpir'd to wear her chain:
But Pallas, guardian of the Maid,
Deſcending to her charge's aid,
Held out Meduſa's ſnaky locks,
Which ſtupify'd them all to ſtocks.
The Nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noiſy, and the lewd:
For Pallas, with celeſtial light,
Had purify'd her mortal ſight;

Shew'd her the virtues all combin'd,
Freſh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terreſtrial nymphs, by former arts,
Diſplay their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method ſet,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting ſkill and power to chuſe,
Their only pride is to refuſe.
But, when a goddeſs would beſtow
Her love on ſome bright youth below,
Round all the earth ſhe caſts her eyes;
And then, deſcending from the ſkies,
Makes choice of him ſhe fancies beſt,
And bids the raviſh'd youth be bleſs'd.
Thus the bright Empreſs of the Morn
Choſe, for her ſpouſe, a mortal born:
The Goddeſs made advances firſt;
Elſe what aſpiring hero durſt?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She bluſhes when by mortals ſeen;
Still bluſhes, and with ſpeed retires,
When Sol purſues her with his fires.
Diana thus, Heaven's chaſteſt queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her ſilver chariot came,
And to the Shepherd own'd her flame.
Thus Ca'endiſh, as Aurora bright,
And chaſter than the Queen of Night,
Deſcended from her ſphere to find
A mortal of ſuperior kind.

IN

IN SICKNESS.

Written in IRELAND, October 1714.

'TIS true — then why ſhould I repine
To ſee my life ſo faſt decline?
But why obſcurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My ſtate of health none care to learn;
My life is here no ſoul's concern:
And thoſe with whom I now converſe
Without a tear will tend my hearſe.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal viſits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which thoſe who tend the ſick for pay
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the ſick,
In your laſt offices be quick;
And ſpare my abſent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to day, intomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will ſave a double-ſorrow.

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

Written in the Year 1715.

On an ATTEMPT to repeal the TEST ACT.

A BITCH that was full pregnant grown,
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here and there, and every where,
To find an eaſy place to lay-her.
At length to Muſick's houſe * ſhe came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," ſaid ſhe,
"You ſee 'tis mere neceſſity,
"Hath ſent me to your houſe to whelp;
"I 'll die, if you deny your help."
With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful ſigh and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty † did ſo far prevail,
That Muſick gave her leave to litter;
But mark what follow'd — faith! ſhe bit her.
Whole baſkets full of bits and ſcraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;

* The church of England.

† A Scotch name for a bitch; alluding to the kirk.

For,

For, well ſhe knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would ſuck her blood.
But when ſhe thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone;
In civil terms, — "My friend," ſays ſhe,
"My houſe you 've had on courteſy;
"And now I earneſtly deſire,
"That you would with your cubs retire:
"For, ſhould you ſtay but one week longer,
"I ſhall be ſtarv'd with cold and hunger."
The gueſt reply'd — "My friend, your leave
"I muſt a little longer crave;
"Stay till my tender cubs can find
"Their way — for now, you ſee, they 're blind;
"But, when we 've gather'd ſtrength, I ſwear,
"We 'll to our barn again repair."
The time paſs'd on; and Muſick came,
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, loſt to ſhame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd — "A bite! a bite!"

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horſe
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No ſooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium 's loſt, and Priam falls.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD TREASURER.

Sent to him when in the TOWER, 1716.

HOW bleſt is he, who for his country dies,
Since death purſues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back;
Though fear ſhould lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet ſwifter fate will ſeize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine;
But ſhall with unattainted honour ſhine;
Nor ſtoops to take the *ſtaff**, nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the ſky;
Where Jove a ſeat among the gods will give
To thoſe who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful Silence hath a ſure reward;
Within our breaſt be every ſecret barr'd!
He, who betrays his friend, ſhall never be
Under one roof, or in one ſhip, with me.
For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt,
Leſt, with the wicked, heaven involve the juſt?
And, though the villain 'ſcape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

* The enſign of the lord treaſurer's office.

PHYLLIS

PHYLLIS;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE. 1716.

DESPONDING Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and ſhe turn'd her ear;
If o'er againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your waiſt:
She 'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her head:
In church you hear her, through the croud,
Repeat the *abſolution* loud:
In church, ſecure behind her fan,
She durſt behold that monſter *man*;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her boſom unaware,
For neighbouring beaux to ſee it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppoſe all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring beſpoke:
Gueſs, how could ſuch a match be broke?

See then what mortals place their bliſs in!
Next morn betimes the bride was miſſing:
The mother ſcream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had ſkulk'd for ſhame;
Becauſe her father us'd to ſay,
The girl *had ſuch a baſhful way!*
Now John the butler muſt be ſent
To learn the road that Phyllis went.
The groom was wiſh'd to ſaddle Crop;
For John muſt neither light nor ſtop,
But find her, whereſoe'er ſhe fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was miſſing too:
The horſe and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it ſeems, was fled with John.
Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet ſees,
To my much-honour'd father — theſe —
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)
Fill'd with the choiceſt common-places,
By others us'd in the like caſes.
" That long ago a *fortune-teller*
" Exactly ſaid what now befel her;
" And in a *glaſs* had made her ſee
" A *ſerving-man of low degree.*

" It

" It was *her fate*, muſt be forgiven;
" For *marriages were made in heaven*:
" His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
" She 'd *do 't, if 'twere to do again*:
" Thank'd God, 'twas *neither ſhame nor ſin*;
" For John was come of *honeſt kin*.
" Love never thinks of rich and poor:
" *She 'd beg with John from door to door*.
" Forgive her, if it be a crime;
" She 'll never do 't *another time*.
" She ne'er before in all her life
" Once diſobey'd him, *maid nor wife*.
" One argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The *thing was done, and paſt recalling*;
" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His favour, when his *paſſion 's over*.
" She valued not what others thought her,
" And was — his *moſt obedient daughter*."

Fair maidens, all attend the Muſe,
Who now the wandering pair purſues:
Away they rode in homely ſort,
Their journey long, their money ſhort;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horſe and both the riders tir'd:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worſe;
Phyl cry'd! and John began to curſe:
Phyl wiſh'd, that ſhe had ſtrain'd a limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him;
John wiſh'd, that he had broke a leg,
When firſt for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more befel them,
The Muſe hath now no time to tell them,
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft' ſhe broke her marriage vows
In kindneſs to maintain her ſpouſe,
Till ſwains unwholeſome ſpoil'd the trade;
For now the ſurgeons muſt be paid,
To whom thoſe perquiſites are gone,
In Chriſtian juſtice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew ſcarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic juſtice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hoſteſs;
They keep, at Staines, the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM THOMAM SHERIDAN. 1717.

DELICIÆ Sheridan Muſarum, dulcis amice,
Si tibi propitius Permeſſi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, ſeu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocoſque ſales ſpargis, ſeu ludere verſu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quiſnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi naſcenti ad cunabula Pallas
Aſtitit;

Aſtitit; & dixit, mentis præſaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! noſtro ſub ſidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris ſine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram ſuperabis, voce cicadam:
Muſca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore ſed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes ſupplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, ſurget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas inſtructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, *ſalutifer* orbi.
Aſt, illi cauſas orant; his infula viſa eſt
Divinam capiti nodo conſtringere mitram.
Natalis te horæ non fallunt ſigna, ſed uſque
Conſcius, expedias puero ſeu lætus Apollo
Naſcenti arriſit; ſive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut ſeptem inflavere triones.
Quin tu altè penituſque latentia ſemina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim ſub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu ſæpè puella
Sub cinere heſterno ſopitos ſuſcitat ignes.
Te dominum agnoſcit quocunque ſub aëre natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium cuſtodia matris
Peſſundat: nam ſæpè vides in ſtipite matrem.
Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ ſedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
Sæpè puer tua quem tetigit ſemel aurea virga
Cœlumque terraſque videt, noctemque profundam.

HORACE,

ODE IX.

1718.

To Mr. DELANY, Nov. 10, 1718.

TO you, whoſe virtues, I muſt own
With ſhame, I have too lately known;
To you, by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have ſought,
Had not ill Fate, perverſe and blind,
Plac'd you in life too far behind;
Or, what I ſhould repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before:
To you the Muſe this verſe beſtows,
Which might as well have been in proſe;
No thought, no fancy, no ſublime,
But ſimple topicks told in rhyme.
Talents for converſation fit,
Are humour, breeding, ſenſe, and wit:
The laſt, as boundleſs as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd:
For, ſure, by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logick-mongers can deſcribe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite;
That gives ſurprize, and this delight.
Humour is odd, groteſque, and wild,
Only by affectation ſpoil'd:

'Tis

'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
Our converſation to refine,
Humour and wit muſt both combine:
From both we learn to railly well,
Wherein ſometimes the French excel.
Voiture, in various lights, diſplays
That irony which turns to praiſe:
His genius firſt found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A ſatire, where he moſt commends.
But, as a poor pretending beau,
Becauſe he fain would make a ſhow,
Nor can arrive at ſilver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the difference lay abſtruſe
'Twixt raillery and groſs abuſe;
To ſhew their parts, will ſcold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boiſterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe;
Who firſt run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;

Skill'd

Skill'd in the horſe-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence *The Club*.
I mean your Butler, Dawſon, Car,
All ſpecial friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious ſteed
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh
As rudeneſs is to repartee.
If what you ſaid I wiſh unſpoke,
'Twill not ſuffice it was a joke:
Reproach not, though in jeſt, a friend
For thoſe defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, ſhape, or ſenſe,
If nam'd with ſcorn, gives juſt offence.
What uſe in life to make men fret,
Part in worſe humour than they met?
Thus all ſociety is loſt,
Men laugh at one another's coſt;
And half the company is teaz'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For all buffoons have moſt in view
To pleaſe themſelves by vexing you.
You wonder now to ſee me write
So gravely on a ſubject light;
Some part of what I here deſign
Regards a friend * of your's and mine;
Who, neither void of ſenſe nor wit,
Yet ſeldom judges what is fit,

* Dr. Sheridan.

But ſallies oft' beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeaſurable rounds.
When jeſts are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for ſhame,
Yet ſtill you think your friend to blame:
For, though men cry they love a jeſt,
'Tis but when others ſtand the teſt;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jeſt that is their own.
You muſt, although the point be nice,
Beſtow your friend ſome good advice:
One hint from you will ſet him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, obſerve with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to ſpare;
Nor indiſtinctly to ſuppoſe
All ſubjects like Dan Jackſon's noſe *.
To ſtudy the obliging jeſt,
By reading thoſe who teach it beſt;
For proſe I recommend Voiture's,
For verſe (I ſpeak my judgement) yours.
He 'll find the ſecret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more ſhall then accuſe
The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muſe.
If he be guilty, you muſt mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

* Which was afterwards the ſubject of ſeveral poems by Dr. Swift and others.

A LEFT-

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN*. 1718.

SIR,

DELANY reports it, and he has a ſhrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and cow-dung;
We lye cramming ourſelves, and are ready to burſt,
Yet ſtill are no wiſer than we were at firſt.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely muſt tell ye,
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.
Though Delany advis'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor.
I muſt now, at one ſitting, pay off my old ſcore;
How many to anſwer? One, two, three, four.
But, becauſe the three former are long ago paſt,
I ſhall, for method ſake, begin with the laſt.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the riſing b'ow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield.
So the French, when our Generals ſoundly did pay them:
Went triumphant to church, and ſang ſtoutly *Te Deum*.
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run aground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round.
In every vile pamphlet you 'll read the ſame fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our further advances.

* The humour of this poem is partly loſt, by the impoſſibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.

My offers of peace you ill underſtood:
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in modeſter language your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye:
As a good quiet ſoul, who no miſchief intends,
To a quarrelſome fellow, cries, Let us be friends.
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write;
And I 'll uſe you as he did that overgrown clown,
I 'll firſt take you up, and then take you down:
And, 'tis your own caſe, for you never can wound
The worſt dunce in your ſchool, till he 's heav'd from the ground.

I beg your pardon for uſing my left-hand, but I was in great haſte, and the other hand was employed at the ſame time in writing ſome letters of buſineſs. — I will ſend you the reſt when I have leiſure: but pray come to dinner with the company you met here laſt.

A MOTTO for Mr. JASON HASARD,

WOOLLEN-DRAPER in DUBLIN;

Whoſe Sign was the GOLDEN-FLEECE.

JASON, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece:
We comb the wool, refine the ſtuff,
For modern Jaſon, that 's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon *watchful** Dragon,
Old Jaſon would have leſs to brag on.

* England.

TO

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718.

WHATE'ER your predeceſſors taught us,
I have a great eſteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence.
But as to comic Ariſtophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too prophane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand *, juſt where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can
(You will not find it in the Vatican).
He and Cratinus us'd, as Horace ſays,
To take his greateſt grandees for aſſes.
Poets, in thoſe days, us'd to venture high;
But theſe are loſt full many a century.
Thus you may ſee, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgement of the old Comedians.
Proceed to Tragicks: firſt, Euripides
(An author where I ſometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly cenſur'd by the Stagirite,
Who ſays, his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author deſpiſes
So much, he ſwears the very beſt piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Theſpis's;
And that a woman, in theſe tragedies,
Commonly ſpeaking, but a ſad jade is.

* The fact may be true; but the rhyme coſt me ſome trouble. SWIFT.

At leaſt, I 'm well aſſur'd, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Æſchylus,
Whoſe moving touches, when they pleaſe, kill us.
And now I find my Muſe but ill able,
To hold out longer in Triſſyllable.
I choſe thoſe rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

MARCH 13, 1718-19.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We ſha' n't diſpute a year or more):
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy ſize and years are doubled,
Since firſt I ſaw thee at ſixteen,
The brighteſt virgin on the green:
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up ſo largely in thy mind.
Oh, would it pleaſe the gods to *ſplit*
Thy beauty, ſize, and years, and wit!
No age could furniſh out a pair
Of nymphs ſo graceful, wiſe, and fair;
With half the luſtre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and ſize.
And then, before it grew too late,
How ſhould I beg of gentle Fate
(That either nymph might have her ſwain)
To ſplit my worſhip too in twain!

DR.

3.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1719.

DEAR Dean, ſince in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a ſieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, Sir, a-toſſing and turning.
You 'll find, if you read but a few of your hiſtories,
All women as Eve, all women are myſteries.
To find out this riddle I know you 'll be eager,
And make every one of the ſex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them:
I ſwear without jeſt I an honour intend them.
In a ſieve, Sir, their antient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before: do you know what I mean, Sir?
"Not I, by my troth, Sir." — Then read it again, Sir.
The reaſon I ſend you theſe lines of rhymes double
Is purely through pity, to ſave you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did laſt;
When your Pegaſus canter'd it triple, and rid faſt.
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnaſſus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his aſſes,
He goes ſlow and ſure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery ſteed is whipp'd, ſpurr'd, baſtinaded.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you miſtaken in matter of fact.

A woman 's no ſieve (for with that you begin),
Becauſe ſhe lets out more than e'er ſhe takes in.
And that ſhe 's a riddle, can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is *light*.
But, grant her a ſieve, I can ſay ſomething archer:
Pray what is a man? he 's a fine linen *ſearcher*.

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a * maid, was the firſt man's damnation?
If your worſhip will pleaſe to explain me this *rebus*,
I ſwear from henceforward you ſhall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11,
1719, paſt 12 at noon.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travelers at firſt incline
Where-e'er they ſee the faireſt ſign;
And, if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The houſe will never loſe its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapſter Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
In hopes that ſtrangers may miſtake it,

* *Vir Gin*, Man-trap.

We

We think it both a ſhame and ſin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.
Now this is Stella's caſe in fact,
An *angel's* face a little crack'd
(Could poets or could painters fix
How *angels* look at thirty-ſix):
This drew us in at firſt to find
In ſuch a form an *angel's* mind;
And every virtue now ſupplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crouding ſwains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and ſenſe;
And puts them but to ſmall expence;
Their mind ſo plentifully fills,
And makes ſuch reaſonable bills,
So little gets for what ſhe gives
We really wonder how ſhe lives!
And, had her ſtock been leſs, no doubt
She muſt have long ago run out.
Then who can think we 'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or ſtop and light at Cloe's head,
With ſcraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Cloe, ſtill go on to prate
Of thirty-ſix, and thirty-eight;
Purſue your trade of ſcandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:

And

And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your ſoul ſhould grieve;
That, ſhould you live to ſee the day
When Stella's locks muſt all be grey,
When age muſt print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your ſenſeleſs tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of ſenſe will paſs your door,
And croud to Stella's at fourſcore.

TO STELLA.

Who collected and tranſcribed his POEMS. 1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the ſtones:
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So, if this pile of ſcatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after-times;
If it both pleaſes and endures,
The merit and the praiſe are yours.
Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp was ſtrung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:

With

With Friendſhip and Eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted Love a gueſt.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,
Variety we ſtill purſue,
In pleaſure ſeek for ſomething new;
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take comfort, that our own is beſt;
The beſt we value by the worſt
(As tradeſmen ſhew their traſh at firſt):
But his purſuits were at an end,
Whom Stella chuſes for a *friend*.
A Poet ſtarving in a garret,
Conning all topicks like a parrot,
Invokes his Miſtreſs and his Muſe,
And ſtays at home for want of ſhoes:
Should but his Muſe deſcending drop
A ſlice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprize him with a pint of ſtout;
Or patch his broken ſtocking-ſoals,
Or ſend him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the ſtars behind:
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
Or, ſhould a porter make enquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phyllis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and ſign,
The bowers that hold thoſe nymphs divine;

Fair

Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her ſhoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phyllis mending ragged ſmocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.
Theſe are the goddeſſes enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whoſe ſcoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they ſhould meet them in a poem.
True poets can depreſs and raiſe,
Are lords of infamy and praiſe;
They are not ſcurrilous in ſatire,
Nor will in panegyrick flatter.
Unjuſtly poets we aſperſe;
Truth ſhines the brighter clad in verſe,
And all the fictions they purſue,
Do but inſinuate what is true.
Now, ſhould my praiſes owe their truth
To beauty, dreſs, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call *without our power*,
They could not be inſur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual ſtock,
That muſt our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant ſhoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verſes bring,
Perhaps you 're quite another thing.
So Mævius, when he drain'd his ſkull
To celebrate ſome ſuburb trull,

His

His ſimilies in order ſet,
And every crambo he could get,
Had gone through all the common-places,
Worn out, by wits, who rhyme on faces:
Before he could his poem cloſe,
The lovely nymph had loſt her noſe.
Your virtues ſafely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not ſay the poet lyes.
Stella, when you theſe lines tranſcribe,
Leſt you ſhould take them for a bribe,
Reſolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expoſe your weaker ſide.
Your ſpirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lighteſt touch of blame;
And, when a friend in kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole defence;
Truth, judgement, wit, give place to ſpight,
Regardleſs both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all ſuſpended wait,
Till time hath open'd reaſon's gate;
And, what is worſe, your paſſion bends
Its force againſt your neareſt friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for ſee, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;

And

And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;
The heat, that makes the ſummit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Thoſe who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they ſuffer pain,
Muſt own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a ſhade.
Yet, when I find your paſſions riſe,
And anger ſparkling in your eyes,
I grieve thoſe ſpirits ſhould be ſpent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One paſſion with a different turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the ſun's heat with different powers
Ripens the grape, the liquors ſours:
Thus Ajax, when with rage poſſeſt
By Pallas breath'd into his breaſt,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by reſentment, ſeeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
You think this turbulence of blood
From ſtagnating preſerves the flood,
Which thus fermenting by degrees
Exalts the ſpirits, ſinks the lees.
Stella, for once you reaſon wrong;
For, ſhould this ferment laſt too long,

By time ſubſiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From paſſion you may then be freed,
When peeviſhneſs and ſpleen ſucceed.
Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep ſtrictly to the text?
Dare you let theſe reproaches ſtand,
And to your failing ſet your hand?
Or, if theſe lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baſer flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they muſt,
They 'll prove my accuſation juſt.

TO STELLA,

Viſiting me in my Sickneſs, 1720*.

PALLAS, obſerving Stella's wit
Was more than for her ſex was fit,
And that her beauty, ſoon or late,
Might breed confuſion in the ſtate,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fix'd *honour* in her infant mind.
But (not in wranglings to engage
With ſuch a ſtupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It anſwers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, ſcholars teach, the ſoul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the ſpirit of the ſoul.

* See the Verſes on her Birth-day, 1723-4.

Thoſe numerous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moraliſts deſcribe,
And by ſuch various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule ſupreme,
Choler preſide, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the caſe,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
But, leſt we ſhould for honour take,
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it ſeated in a ſcar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We loſe with ſharpers at picquet;
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an aſſignation;
Or that on which his lordſhip ſwears,
When vulgar knaves would loſe their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A leſſon ſhe alone can teach.
In points of honour to be try'd,
All paſſions muſt be laid aſide:
Aſk no advice, but think alone;
Suppoſe the queſtion not your own.
How ſhall I act? is not the caſe;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In ſuch a caſe would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
Drive all objections from your mind,
Elſe you relapſe to human-kind:

Ambition

Ambition, avarice, and luſt,
And factious rage, and breach of truſt,
And flattery tipt with nauſeous fleer
And guilty ſhame, and ſervile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preſide.
Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were inroll'd
Among their brethren in the ſkies,
To which (though late) ſhall Stella riſe.
Ten thouſand oaths upon record
Are not ſo ſacred as her word:
The world ſhall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour ſeated in her breaſt
She ſtill determines what is beſt:
What indignation in her mind
Againſt inſlavers of mankind!
Baſe kings, and miniſters of ſtate,
Eternal objects of her hate!
She thinks that nature ne'er deſign'd
Courage to man alone confin'd.
Can cowardice her ſex adorn,
Which moſt expoſes ours to ſcorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to ſcream and ſtart;
Nor calls up all the houſe at night,
And ſwears ſhe ſaw a thing in white.

Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Becauſe ſhe heard a ſudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and ſenſe;
Which, though her modeſty would ſhroud,
Breaks like the ſun behind a cloud;
While gracefulneſs its art conceals,
And yet through every motion ſteals.
Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, miſtook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he ſtole
The fire that forms a manly ſoul;
Then, to compleat it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would ingratitude delight,
And how would cenſure glut her ſpight,
If I ſhould Stella's kindneſs hide
In ſilence, or forget with pride!
When on my ſickly couch I lay
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly ſtrains,
Call'd every power to eaſe my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief
With chearful face and inward grief;
And, though by Heaven's ſevere decree
She ſuffers hourly more than me,

No cruel maſter could require,
From ſlaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendſhip warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My ſinking ſpirits now ſupplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now with a ſoft and ſilent tread
Unheard ſhe moves about my bed.
I ſee her taſte each nauſeous draught;
And ſo obligingly am caught,
I bleſs the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare diſtort my face for ſhame.
Beſt pattern of true friends! beware:
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderneſs ſecures
My life it muſt endanger yours;
For ſuch a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for an houſe decay'd.

AN ELEGY

On the DEATH of DEMAR, the USURER;

Who died the ſixth of July, 1720.

KNOW all men by theſe preſents, Death the tamer
By *mortgage* hath ſecur'd the *corpſe* of Demar:
Nor can *four hundred thouſand ſterling pound*
Redeem him from his *priſon* under ground.

His heirs might well, of all his wealth poſſeſs'd,
Beſtow to bury him one iron cheſt.
Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
His faithful ſteward in the ſhades below.
He walk'd the ſtreets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and ſupp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himſelf.

Where'er he went, he never ſaw his *betters*;
Lords, *knights*, and *ſquires*, were all his humble debtors;
And under *hand* and *ſeal* the Iriſh nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not ſave,
Nor all his *intereſt* keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Becauſe we wiſh the earth upon him light.

Oh London tavern *! thou haſt loſt a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing ſpend:
He *touch'd* the *pence*, when others *touch'd* the *pot*;
The hand that ſign'd the mortgage paid the ſhot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known diſeaſe
On him could ever boaſt a power to ſeize;
" † But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in ſpight
" Caſt in his dart, which made three moidores light;

* A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.

† Theſe four lines were written by Stella.

" And, as he ſaw his darling *money* fail,
" Blew his laſt breath, to ſink the lighter ſcale."
He who ſo long was *current*, 'twould be ſtrange
If he ſhould now be *cry'd down* ſince his *change*.
The *ſexton* ſhall green ſods on thee beſtow;
Alas, the *ſexton* is thy *banker* now!
A diſmal *banker* muſt that *banker* be,
Who gives no *bills* but of *mortality*.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

BENEATH this verdant *hillock* lies
Demar, the *wealthy* and the *wiſe*.
His *heirs*, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his *carcaſe* in a *cheſt*;
The very *cheſt*, in which, they ſay,
His *other ſelf*, his *money*, lay.
And, if his *heirs* continue kind
To that dear *ſelf* he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his *better half* alive.

TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BORMOUNT.

Upon praiſing her Huſband to Dr. SWIFT.

YOU always are making a God of your Spouſe;
But this neither Reaſon nor Conſcience allows:
Perhaps you will ſay, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, becauſe he adores you.
Your argument 's weak, and ſo you will find;
For you, by this rule, muſt adore all mankind.

VERSES, WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, At the DEANRY HOUSE, ST. PATRICK'S.

ARE the guests of this house still doom'd to be cheated? [treated.
Sure, the fates have decreed they by halves should be
In the days of good * John, if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good
In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat, [wine.
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat.
Oh, Jove! then how fully might all sides be blest,
Would'st thou but agree to this humble request?
Put both deans in one; or, if that 's too much trouble,
Instead of the deans, make the deanry double.

ON ANOTHER WINDOW †.

A BARD, on whom Phœbus his spirit bestow'd,
Resolving t' acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new method at once of confessing,
And making the most of so mighty a blessing:
To the God he 'd be grateful; but mortals he 'd chouse,
By making his patron preside in his house;
And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
That the God would in honour beat most of th' expence:
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to treat
With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat.
Hence they, that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with sheer wit and sheer wine.

* Dean Sterne was distinguished for his hospitality.
† By Dr. Delany, in conjunction with Stella.

APOLLO.

APOLLO to the DEAN. 1720.

RIGHT truſty, and ſo forth—we let you to know
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
For, firſt, I have often by chemiſts been told,
Though I know nothing on 't, it is I that make gold,
Which when you have got, you ſo carefully hide it,
That, ſince I was born, I hardly have ſpy'd it.
Then it muſt be allow'd, that, whenever I ſhine,
I forward the graſs, and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither *claret* nor *beef*:
Yet their wine and their victuals theſe curmudgeon lubbards
Lock up from my ſight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye, they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and ſour all their drink.
But, thirdly and laſtly, it muſt be allow'd,
I alone can inſpire the poetical crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inſpire, it is not to my knowledge.
This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgement or wit.
Theſe gentlemen uſe me with kindneſs and freedom,
And as for their works, when I pleaſe I may read 'em:
They lie open on purpoſe on counters and ſtalls,
And the titles I view, when I ſhine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your ſake love better than any,

And, of *my mere motion and ſpecial good grace,*
Intended in time to ſucceed in your place,
On Tueſday the tenth ſeditiouſly came
With a certain falſe traitreſs, one Stella by name,
To the *deanry* houſe, and on the north glaſs,
Where for fear of the cold I never can paſs,
Then and there, *vi & armis*, with a certain utenſil,
Of value five ſhillings, in Engliſh a pencil,
Did maliciouſly, falſely, and traiterouſly write,
Whilſt Stella aforeſaid ſtood by with a light.
My ſiſter had lately depos'd upon oath,
That ſhe ſtopt in her courſe to look at them both:
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And ſtill, as he writ, ſtood ſmiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myſelf at noon-day,
But her graceful black locks were all mingled with grey;
And by the deſcription I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted ſome ten years ago;
Whom when I with the beſt of my talents endued
On her promiſe of yielding, ſhe acted the prude:
That ſome verſes were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the *north*, where I never yet went:
That the letters appeared revers'd through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right again;
Wherein ſhe diſtinctly could read every line,
And preſently gueſs'd that the fancy was mine.
She can ſwear to the perſon, whom oft' ſhe has ſeen
At night between Cavan Street and College Green.
Now you ſee why his verſes ſo ſeldom are ſhewn;
The reaſon is plain, they are none of his own;

And

And obſerve while you live, that no man is ſhy
To diſcover the goods he came honeſtly by.
If I light on a thought, he will certainly ſteal it,
And, when he has got it, find ways to conceal it:
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's ſcarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be ſeen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear that they're all ſtolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your ſaſh,
I think I have now got him under my laſh;
My ſiſter tranſcrib'd it laſt night to his ſorrow,
And the publick ſhall ſee't, if I live till to-morrow.
Through the *zodiac* around, it ſhall quickly be ſpread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refuſal,
When he aſk'd for my aid in the forms that are uſual:
But the ſecret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verſes on you, as my friend:
I ſtudied a fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And reſolv'd the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at ſhorteſt) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnaſſus;
When that ſubtle companion, in hopes to ſurpaſs us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conſcience he deals with Old Nick)
And, from my own ſtock provided with topicks,
He gets a window beyond both the tropicks;
There out of my ſight, juſt againſt the *north* zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own;

And

And you, like a booby, the bubble can ſwallow:
Now who but Delany can write like Apollo?
High treaſon by ſtatute! yet here you object,
He only ſtole hints, but the verſe is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely expreſs'd;
So a thief ſteals my horſe, and has him well dreſs'd.
Now, whereas the ſad criminal ſeems paſt repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to his ſentence.
Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire,
To climb to our region, and thence to ſteal fire;
We order a vulture, in ſhape of the ſpleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be ſeen.
And we order our ſubjects of every degree
To believe all his verſes were written by me:
And, under the pain of our higheſt diſpleaſure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the meaſure.
And laſtly, for Stella, juſt out of her prime,
I 'm too much revenged already by time.
In return to her ſcorn, I ſend her diſeaſes,
But will now be her friend whenever ſhe pleaſes:
And the gifts I beſtow'd her will find her a lover,
Though ſhe lives to be grey as a badger all over.

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

BY DR. DELANY.

PARNASSUS, February the twenty-ſeventh.
The Poets aſſembled here on the eleventh,
Convok'd by Apollo, who gave them to know,
He 'd have a vicegerent in his empire below;

But

But declar'd that no Bard ſhould this honour inherit,
Till the reſt had agreed he ſurpaſs'd them in merit.
Now this, you 'll allow, was a difficult caſt,
For each Bard believ'd he 'd a right to the place;
So, finding th' aſſembly grow warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his Phaëton's fate:
'Twas urg'd to no purpoſe; diſputes higher roſe,
Scarce Phœbus himſelf could their quarrels compoſe;
Till at length he determin'd that every Bard
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.

Firſt, one who believ'd he excell'd in tranſlation,
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's tranſmigration:
"Since the ſoul of great Milton was given to me,
"I hope the convention will quickly agree."
"Agree!" quoth Apollo: "from whence is this fool?
"Is he juſt come from reading Pythagoras at ſchool?
"Be gone! Sir, you 've got your ſubſcriptions in time,
"And given in return neither reaſon nor rhyme."

To the next, ſays the God, "Though now I won't
"chuſe you,
"I 'll tell you the reaſon for which I refuſe you:
"Love's goddeſs has oft' to her parents complain'd
"Of my favouring a Bard who her empire diſdain'd;
"That, at my inſtigation, a poem you writ,
"Which to beauty and youth preferr'd judgement and
"wit;
"That, to make you a Laureat, I gave the firſt voice,
"Inſpiring the Britons t'approve of my choice.
"Jove ſent her to me, her power to try;
"The Goddeſs of Beauty what God can deny?

"She

" She forbids your preferment; I grant her desire.
" Appease the fair Goddess: you then may rise higher."
The next that appear'd had good hopes of succeeding,
For he merited much for his wit and his breeding.
'Twas wise in the Britons no favour to show him,
He else might expect they should pay what they owe him.
And therefore they prudently chose to discard
The Patriot, whose merits they would not reward.
The God, with a smile, bad his favourite advance,
" You were sent by Astræa her Envoy to France:
" You bent your ambition to rise in the state;
" I refuse you, because you could stoop to be great."
Then a Bard who had been a successful Translator.
" The Convention allows me a Versificator."
Says Apollo, " You mention the least of your merit;
" By your works it appears you have much of my
" spirit.
" I esteem you so well, that, to tell you the truth,
" The greatest objection against you 's your youth:
" Then be not concern'd you are now laid aside;
" If you live, you shall certainly one day preside."
Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,
" 'Twas I taught your subjects to walk through the
" streets."
" You taught them to *walk!* why, they knew it before:
" But give me the Bard that can teach them to *soar.*
" Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I 'll confess,
" Who lately attempted my style with success;
" Who writes like Apollo has most of his spirit,
" And therefore 'tis just I distinguish his merit;

" Who

" Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
" His judgement alone can ſet bounds to his wit;
" Like Virgil correct, with his own native eaſe,
" But excels even Virgil in elegant praiſe;
" Who admires the ancients, and knows 'tis their due,
" Yet writes in a manner entirely new;
" Though none with more eaſe their depths can explore,
" Yet whatever he wants he takes from my ſtore;
" Though I 'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can ſee,
" In ſcorning to borrow from any but me;
" It is owing to this, that, like Cynthia, his lays
" Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays."
This ſaid, the whole audience ſoon found out his drift:
The convention was ſummon'd in favour of Swift.

The RUN upon the BANKERS. 1720.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one general ſweep,
Turns all again to barren ſtrand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are ſaid to repreſent the ſeas;
Which, breaking *bankers* and the *banks*,
Reſume *their own* whene'er they pleaſe.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and ſtagnates in the veins,
Unleſs a proper *circulation*
Its motion and its heat maintains.

Becauſe

Becauſe 'tis *hardly* not to pay,
Quakers and *aldermen* in ſtate
Like *peers* have *levees* every day
Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker 's ruin'd if he pays:
They ſeem to act an ancient tale;
The *birds* are met to ſtrip the *jays*.

Riches, the wiſeſt monarch ſings,
"Make pinions for themſelves to fly:"
They fly like bats on *parchment wings*,
And geeſe their *ſilver* plumes ſupply.

No money left for ſquandering heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wiſh of Nero now is theirs,
"That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit ſqueezing *images of wax*.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their *magic* ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty cheſts in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of *gold* and *hell*,
Unable to endure the ſight,
He hides within his darkeſt cell.

As when a conjurer takes a leaſe
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant 's in a diſmal caſe,
Whene'er the *bloody bond* appears.

A *baited* banker thus deſponds,
From his own hand foreſees his fall;
They have his *ſoul*, who have his *bonds*;
'Tis like the *writing on the wall*.

How will the caitiff wretch be ſcar'd,
When firſt he finds himſelf awake
At the laſt trumpet unprepar'd,
And all his *grand account* to make!

For in that univerſal *call*
Few bankers will to Heaven be mounters;
They 'll cry, "Ye ſhops, upon us fall!
"Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When *other* hands the *ſcales* ſhall hold,
And they in *men and angels' ſight*
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
"Weigh'd in the balance, and found light!"

The DESCRIPTION of an IRISH FEAST,
Tranſlated almoſt literally out of the Original Iriſh. 1720.

OROURK'S noble fare will ne'er be forgot,
By thoſe who were there, or thoſe who were not.
His revels to keep, we ſup and we dine
On ſeven ſcore ſheep, fat bullocks, and ſwine.
Uſquebaugh to our feaſt in pails was brought up,
An hundred at leaſt, and a madder * our cup.
O there is the ſport! we riſe with the light
In diſorderly ſort from ſnoaring all night.
O how was I trick'd! my pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd, I loſt my new cloak.
I 'm rifled, quoth Nell, of mantle and kercher †:
Why then fare them well, the de'el take the ſearcher.
Come, harper, ſtrike up; but, firſt, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup: ah! this has ſome ſavour.
Orourk's jolly boys ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till, rous'd by the noiſe and muſical clatter,
They bounce from their neſt, no longer will tarry,
They riſe ready dreſt, without one *ave-mary*.
They dance in a round, cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground did not burſt with their ſtamping.
The floor is all wet with leaps and with jumps,
While the water and ſweat ſpliſh-ſplaſh in their pumps.
Bleſs you late and early, Laughlin O Enagin!
By my hand ‡, you dance rarely, Margery Grinagin.
Bring ſtraw for our bed, ſhake it down to the feet,
Then over us ſpread the winnowing ſheet:

* A wooden veſſel. † Handkerchief. ‡ An Iriſh oath.

To

To ſhew I don't flinch, fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch of your ſneezing, *a yean* *.
Good Lord! what a fight, after all their good cheer,
For people to fight in the midſt of their beer!
They riſe from their feaſt, and hot are their brains,
A cubit at leaſt the length of their ſkeans †.
What ſtabs and what cuts, what clattering of ſticks;
What ſtrokes on the guts, what baſtings and kicks!
With cudgels of oak well harden'd in flame,
An hundred heads broke, an hundred ſtruck lame.
You churl, I 'll maintain my father built Luſk,
The caſtle of Slain, and Carrick Drumruſk:
The earl of Kildare and Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are, I was nurſt by their mother.
Aſk that of old *madam*; ſhe 'll tell you who 's who
As far up as Adam, ſhe knows it is true.
Come down with that beam, if cudgels are ſcarce,
A blow on the weam, or a kick on the a—ſe.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

On a SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET ‡, 1720.

To the tune of, "Packington's Pound."

BROCADOS and damaſks, and tabbies, and gawſes,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law ſays,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the king's lover.

* Iriſh for a woman. † Daggers or ſhort-ſwords.

‡ Propoſal for the univerſal uſe of Iriſh manufactures, for which Waters the printer was ſeverely proſecuted.

Though a printer and dean
Seditiouſly mean
Our true Iriſh hearts from old England to wean;
We 'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry fye on;
To be cloath'd like a carcaſe, would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow ſullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor ſhop-keepers muſt our horns pull in.
Then we 'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conſpire;
Becauſe Iriſh linen will ſoon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greaſy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore I aſſure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they ſaw the dean's book, they were in a great fury:
They would buy Engliſh ſilks for their wives and their daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is ſinning,
And before *corum nobus* ſo oft' has been call'd,
Henceforward ſhall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if ſwearing can do't, ſhall be ſwingingly mawl'd:

And as for the dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he 'll ſcarce come off clean.
Then we 'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

1720.

WHEN firſt Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and ſteams her look diſgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the ſky,
Her ſpots are gone, her viſage clears.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run:
If Celia ſhould appear too ſoon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To ſee her from her pillow riſe,
All reeking in a cloudy ſteam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon! how would he blaſpheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different ſcite,
They form a frightful hideous face:

For inſtance, when the ſily ſkipe
Into the precincts of the roſe,
And takes poſſeſſion of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the noſe:

So Celia went intire to bed,
All her complexion ſafe and ſound;
But, when ſhe roſe, white, black, and red,
Though ſtill in ſight, had chang'd their ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior ſtation ſeeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with eaſe reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and bruſh,
Each colour to its place and uſe,
And teach her cheeks again to bluſh.

She knows her *early* ſelf no more,
But fill'd with admiration ſtands;
As other painters oft' adore
The workmanſhip of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her ſex:
Say, which among the heavenly powers
Could cauſe ſuch marvelous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wiſh,
When firſt ſhe taught them where to find
White-lead and Luſitanian * diſh.

* Portugal.

Love with white-lead cements his wings:
  White-lead was ſent us to repair
Two brighteſt, brittleſt, earthly things,
  A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the ſaſh;
  The window is her proper ſphere:
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too raſh,
  Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your *ſiſter* ſtar:
  Delude at once and bleſs our ſight;
When you are ſeen, be ſeen from far,
  And chiefly chuſe to ſhine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
  When the materials all are gone;
The beſt mechanic hand muſt fail,
  Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wiſe logicians ſay,
  Cannot without a *form* ſubſiſt;
And *form*, ſay I as well as they,
  Muſt fail, if *matter* brings no griſt.

And this is fair Diana's caſe;
  For all aſtrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
  When mortals ſay ſhe 's in her wane:

While Partridge* wiſely ſhews the cauſe
  Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poiſonous claws
  Attacks her in the *milky way*:

* Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.

But Gadbury, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to ſhew,
That ſwain Endymion * is not found,
Or elſe that Mercury's her foe.

But, let the cauſe be what it will,
In half a month ſhe looks ſo thin,
That Flamſteed † can, with all his ſkill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as ſhe waſtes, ſhe grows diſcreet,
Till midnight never ſhews her head:
So rotting Celia ſtrolls the ſtreet,
When ſober folks are all a-bed:

For ſure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

When Mercury her treſſes mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain;
No painting can reſtore a *noſe*,
Nor will her *teeth* return again.

Ye powers, who over love preſide!
Since mortal beauties drop ſo ſoon,
If ye would have us well ſupply'd,
Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon!

* A young ſhepherd, of whom Diana was feigned to be enamoured.

† John Flamſteed, the celebrated aſtronomer royal.

THE

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's gooſe, who in the ſtubble
Has fed without reſtraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and ſitting ſtill,
Can ſcarce get o'er the barn-door ſill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool;
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling ſhews the gooſe is poor.
But, when ſhe muſt be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common ſtrays,
Hard exerciſe and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and ſpare:
Her body light, ſhe tries her wings,
And ſcorns the ground, and upward ſprings;
While all the pariſh, as ſhe flies,
Hear ſounds harmonious from the ſkies.
Such is the poet freſh in pay
(The third night's profits of his play);
His morning-draughts till noon can ſwill
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roaſt beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep ſunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, ſtuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could ſing a note?
Nor Pegaſus could bear the load
Along the high celeſtial road;

The ſteed, oppreſs'd, would break his girth,
To raiſe the lumper from the earth.
But view him in another ſcene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money ſpent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheeſe and ale;
His two-years coat ſo ſmooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His fleſh brought down to flying caſe:
Now his exalted ſpirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
And up he riſes, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He ſinging flies, and flying ſings,
While from below all Grubſtreet rings.

THE SOUTH SEA PROJECT. 1721.

" Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto,
" Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas."
VIRG.

YE wiſe philoſophers, explain
What magick makes our money riſe,
When dropt into the Southern main;
Or do theſe jugglers cheat our eyes?
Put in your money fairly told;
Preſto! be gone — 'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here 's every piece as big as ten.

Thus

Thus in a baſon drop a ſhilling,
Then fill the veſſel to the brim;
You ſhall obſerve, as you are filling,
The ponderous metal ſeems to ſwim:

It riſes both in bulk and height,
Behold it ſwelling like a ſop;
The liquid medium cheats your ſight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

In ſtock three hundred thouſand pounds;
I have in view a lord's eſtate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and ſix, and ſerv'd in plate!

Thus, the deluded bankrupt raves;
Puts all upon a deſperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears — in debt.

So, by a calenture miſled,
The mariner with rapture ſees,
On the ſmooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamel'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haſte he longs to rove
In that fantaſtic ſcene, and thinks
It muſt be ſome enchanted grove;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he ſinks.

Five hundred chariots, juſt beſpoke,
Are ſunk in theſe devouring waves,
The horſes drown'd, the harneſs broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like

Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led;
They with their *ſpoils* went ſafe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay ſhatter'd on the *Red-Sea* ſhore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aſpiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and ſtate aſſumes,
And ſcorns the middle-way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight,
With *wax* the *father* bound them faſt;
The *wax* is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is caſt.

A moraliſt might here explain
The raſhneſs of the Cretan youth;
Deſcribe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent*,
He melts the *wax* at every flame;
His credit ſunk, his money ſpent,
In Southern *Seas he leaves his name.*

Inform us, you that beſt can tell,
Why in yon' dangerous gulph profound,
Where hundreds and where thouſands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wiſe* are drown'd?

So have I ſeen from Severn's brink
A flock of *geeſe* jump down together:
Swim, where the bird of Jove would ſink,
And, ſwimming, never wet a feather.

But,

But, I affirm, 'tis falſe in fact,
Directors better knew their tools;
We ſee the nation's credit crackt,
Each knave hath made a thouſand fools.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money ſtor'd;
But, if a *ſharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and ſweeps the board.

As fiſhes on each other prey,
The great ones ſwallowing up the ſmall;
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale *directors* eat up all.

When *ſtock* is high, they come between,
Making by ſecond-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unſeen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moon-ſhine night
An aſs was drinking at a ſtream;
A cloud aroſe, and ſtopt the light,
By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgement will be ſoon
(Cries out a ſage among the croud);
An aſs hath ſwallow'd up the moon!
(The moon lay ſafe behind the cloud).

Each poor *ſubſcriber* to the ſea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to riſe.

So

So fiſhes, riſing from the main,
Can ſoar with moiſten'd wings on high;
The moiſture dry'd, they ſink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their loſſes to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in ſpacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a ſieve.

Thus Venus to the ſea deſcends,
As poets feign; but where 's the moral?
It ſhews the Queen of Love intends
To ſearch the deep for pearl and coral.

The ſea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly underſtand;
For by the ſea ſhe meant the *South*.

Thus by *directors* we are told,
"Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
Look round, and ſee how thick it lies:

We, Gentlemen, are your aſſiſters,
We 'll come, and hold you by the chin. —"
Alas! all is not gold that gliſters,
Ten thouſand ſink by leaping in.

Oh! would thoſe patriots be ſo kind,
Here in the deep to *waſh their hands*,
Then, like Pactolus, we ſhould find
The ſea indeed had *golden ſands*.

A ſhil-

A ſhilling in the *bath* you fling,
The ſilver takes a nobler hue,
By magic virtue in the ſpring,
And ſeems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not paſs
At market for a farthing more,
Shewn through a multiplying-glaſs,
Than what it always did before:

So caſt it in the *Southern* ſeas,
Or view it through a *jobber's* bill;
Put on what ſpectacles you pleaſe,
Your guinea 's but a guinea ſtill.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The *golden ſtars* for guineas took,
And *ſilver* Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leaps into the flood:
There ſprawl'd a while, and ſcarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with ſlime and mud.

"Upon the water caſt thy bread,
"And after many days thou 'lt find it;"
But gold upon this ocean ſpread
Shall ſink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulph, where thouſands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow ſound, though deep as hell;
'Change-Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the ſurface lies,
Without a pilot ſeldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill riſe.

Subſcribers here by thouſands float,
And joſtle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold, and drown.

"* Now bury'd in the depth below,
"Now mounted up to Heaven again,
"They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
"At their wits end, like drunken men."

Mean time, ſecure on Garraway † cliffs,
A ſavage race by ſhipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd ſkiffs,
And ſtrip the bodies of the dead.

But theſe, you ſay, are factious lyes,
From ſome malicious Tory's brain;
For, where *Directors* get a prize,
The Swiſs and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is ply'd,
Some cully often wins a bet;
By venturing on the cheating ſide,
Though not into the ſecret let.

While ſome build caſtles in the air,
Directors build them in the ſeas;
Subſcribers plainly ſee them there,
For fools will ſee as wiſe men pleaſe.

* Pſalm cvii. † A coffee-houſe in Change-Alley.

Thus

Thus oft' by mariners are ſhown
(Unleſs the men of Kent are lyars)
Earl Godwin's caſtles overflown,
And palace-roofs, and ſteeple-ſpires.

Mark where the fly *Directors* creep,
Nor to the ſhore approach too nigh!
The monſters neſtle in the deep,
To ſeize you in your paſſing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wiſe,
Who, taught by inſtinct how to ſhun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover ſtrength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And ſent him *up in air* to *hell*.

Directors, thrown into the ſea,
Recover ſtrength and vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
Suſpended for a while in *air*.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found
What planet rul'd when you were born;
We ſee you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For, if the ſea ſhould ſink ſo low
To leave you dry upon the beach,

You 'll

You 'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpless on the sand.

Thus, when a whale hath lost the tide,
The coasters crowd to seize the spoil;
The monster into parts divide,
And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may some *western* tempest sweep
These *locusts* whom our fruits have fed,
That plague *directors* to the deep,
Driv'n from the *South-Sea* to the *Red*.

May he, whom Nature's laws obey,
Who *lifts* the poor, and *sinks* the proud,
"Quiet the raging of the *sea*,
"And still the madness of the crowd!"

But never shall our isle have rest,
Till those devouring *swine* run down,
(The devils leaving the possest,)
And headlong in the *waters* drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors promises but wind,
South-Sea at best a mighty *bubble*.

THE

THE DOG AND SHADOW.

ORE cibum portans catulus dum ſpectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum ſpecioſa diu damna adminiatur, et alte
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non ſimulachrum corripit una.
Decuſſit ille avibus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit ſpecies, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

TO A FRIEND,

Who had been much abuſed in many different LIBELS.

THE greateſt Monarch may be ſtabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murderer in his flight;
The vileſt ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet ſafe from injur'd innocence eſcape;
And Calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greateſt merit wound.
What's to be done? Shall Wit and Learning chuſe
To live obſcure, and have no fame to loſe?
By Cenſure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to uſe the gifts by Heaven beſtow'd?
Or fearleſs enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy diſtinction at the deareſt rate?

BILLET to the COMPANY of PLAYERS.

THE incloſed Prologue is formed upon the ſtory of the Secretary's not ſuffering you to act, unleſs you would pay him 300*l. per annum*; upon which you got a licence from the Lord Mayor to act as ſtrollers.

The Prologue ſuppoſes, that, upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country-ſtrollers came and hired the Play-houſe, and your cloaths, &c. to act in.

THE PROLOGUE.

OUR ſet of ſtrollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the houſe was empty, came to town;
And, with a licence from our good Lord Mayor,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player;
Him we perſuaded with a moderate bribe,
To ſpeak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company ſupply their places,
And hire us out their ſcenes, and cloaths, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look ſharp among our crew,
There 's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were ſervants to the king;
We, humble ſtrollers, always on the wing.

Now,

Now, for my part, I think upon the whole,
Rather than ſtarve, a better man would ſtroll.
Stay, let me ſee—Three hundred pounds a year,
For leave to act in town? 'Tis plaguy dear.
Now, here 's a warrant; Gallants, pleaſe to mark,
For three thirteens and ſix pence to the clerk,
Three hundred pounds! were I the price to fix,
The publick ſhould beſtow the actors ſix.
A ſcore of guineas, given under-hand,
For a good word or ſo, we underſtand.
To help an honeſt lad that 's out of place,
May coſt a crown or ſo; a common caſe:
And, in a crew, 'tis no injuſtice thought
To ſhip a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
But in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of ſervants paying wages?
I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part!
I told him what it was to be a ſtroller:
How free we acted, and had no comptroller:
In every town we wait on Mr. Mayor,
Firſt get a licence, then produce our ware;
We find a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
Huzza! (the ſchool-boys roar) the players are come!
And then we cry, to ſpur the bumpkins on,
Gallants, by Tueſday next we muſt be gone.
I told him, in the ſmootheſt way I could,
All this and more, yet it would do no good.
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has ſhone with Betterton and Wilks,

To whom our country has been always dear,
Who choſe to leave his deareſt pledges here,
Owns all your favours, here intends to ſtay,
And, as a ſtroller, act in every play:
And the whole crew this reſolution takes,
To live and die all ſtrollers for your ſakes:
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your diſpleaſure is their only ſhame.
A pox on Elrington's majeſtic tone!
Now to a word of buſineſs in our own.
Gallants, next Thurſday night will be our laſt;
Then, without fail, we pack up for Belfaſt.
Loſe not your time, nor our diverſions miſs,
The next we act ſhall be as good as this.

EPIGRAM.

GREAT folks are of a finer mold;
Lord! how politely they can ſcold!
While a coarſe Engliſh tongue will itch,
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

PROLOGUE to a PLAY for the Benefit of the DISTRESSED WEAVERS. By Dr. SHERIDAN.

Spoken by Mr. ELRINGTON. 1721.

GREAT cry and little wool—is now become
The plague and proverb of the Weaver's loom:
No wool to work on, neither weft nor warp;
Their pockets empty, and their ſtomachs ſharp.
Provok'd,

Provok'd, in loud complaints to you they cry:
Ladies, relieve the weavers; or they die!
Forſake your ſilks for ſtuffs; nor think it ſtrange,
To change your cloaths, ſince you delight in change.
One thing with freedom I'll preſume to tell—
The men will like you every bit as well.
See I am dreſs'd from top to toe in ſtuff;
And, by my troth, I think I 'm fine enough:
My wife admires me more, and ſwears ſhe never,
In any dreſs, beheld me look ſo clever.
And, if a man be better in ſuch ware,
What great advantage muſt it give the fair!
Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds:
Silks come from maggots, callicoes from weeds:
Hence 'tis by ſad experience that we find
Ladies in ſilks to vapours much inclin'd—
And what are they but maggots in the mind?
For which I think it reaſon to conclude
That cloaths may change our temper like our food.
Chintzes are gawdy, and engage our eyes
Too much about the party-colour'd dyes:
Although the fire is from you begun,
We ſee the rainbow, and neglect the ſun.
How ſweet and innocent 's the country maid,
With ſmall expence in native wool array'd;
Who copies from the fields her homely green,
While by her ſhepherd with delight ſhe 's ſeen!
Should our fair ladies dreſs like her in wool,
How much more lovely, and how beautiful,

Without their Indian drapery, they 'd prove,
Whilſt wool would help to warm us into love!
Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
We 'd all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

EPILOGUE, BY THE DEAN.

Spoken by Mr. GRIFFITH.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the ſtage?
When actors, who, at beſt, are hardly ſavers,
Will give a night of benefit to Weavers?
Stay—let me ſee, how finely will it ſound?
Imprimis, From his Grace * an hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors.
Item, The actors freely gave a day—
The Poet had no more who made the Play.
But whence this wondrous charity in Players?
They learnt it not at Sermons, or at Prayers:
Under the roſe, ſince here are none but friends,
(To own the truth) we have ſome private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
We 'll dreſs in *manufactures* made at home;
Equip our *kings* and *generals* at The Comb †.

* Abp. King.

† A ſtreet famous for Woollen Manufactures.

We

We'll rig from Meath-ſtreet Ægypt's haughty queen,
And Antony ſhall court her in *ratteen*.
In *blue ſhalloon* ſhall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Iriſh *purple plaid*.
In *frugget* dreſt, of thirteen pence a yard,
See Philip's ſon amidſt his Perſian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of *crape* ſhall ſweep the ſtage.
In ſhort, our kings and princeſſes within
Are all reſolv'd this project to begin;
And you, our ſubjects, when you here reſort,
Muſt imitate the faſhion of the Court.
Oh! could I ſee this audience clad in *ſtuff*,
Though money 's ſcarce, we ſhould have trade enough!
But *chintze*, *brocades*, and *lace*, take all away,
And ſcarce a crown is left to ſee a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendſhip ſprings
Between the Weavers and us Play-houſe Kings;
But Wit and Weaving had the ſame beginning;
Pallas firſt taught us Poetry and Spinning:
And, next, obſerve how this alliance fits,
For Weavers now are juſt as poor as Wits:
Their brother quill-men, workers for the ſtage,
For ſorry *ſtuff* can get a crown a page;
But Weavers will be kinder to the Players,
And ſell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often leſs in
The Poet's wit, than in the Player's dreſſing.

A POEM, BY DR. DELANY,

On the preceding PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.

"Fœmineo generi tribuantur."

THE Muſes, whom the richeſt ſilks array,
Refuſe to fling their ſhining gowns away:
The pencil cloaths the Nine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictur'd maids;
Far above mortal-dreſs the ſiſters ſhine,
Pride in their Indian robes, and muſt be fine.
And ſhall two Bards in concert rhyme and huff,
And fret theſe Muſes with their Play-houſe ſtuff?
The Player in mimic piety may ſtorm,
Deplore the Comb, and bid her Heroes arm:
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curſe the Belles and Chintzes of the age:
Yet ſtill the Artiſt Worm her Silk ſhall ſhare,
And ſpin her thread of life in ſervice of the fair.
The Cotton-plant, whom ſatire cannot blaſt,
Shall bloom the favourite of theſe realms, and laſt;
Like yours, ye Fair, her fame from cenſure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes:
Your injur'd plant ſhall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.
Some Bard, perhaps, whoſe landlord was a Weaver,
Penn'd the low Prologue, to return a favour:
Some neighbour Wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his friend, and wove the Epilogue.

Who

Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
For ſuch Wool-gathering Sonnetteers as theſe?
Hence then, ye *homeſpun* Witlings, that perſuade
Miſs Cloe to the faſhion of her maid.
Shall the *wide* Hoop, that ſtandard of the town,
Thus act ſubſervient to a Poplin Gown?
Who 'd ſmell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
The under-petticoat be made of ſtuff.
Lord! to be wrapt in flannel juſt in May,
When the fields dreſs'd in flowers appears ſo gay!
And ſhall not Miſs be *flower'd* as well as they?

In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
Work'd to a quilt, or ſtudded in a chair!
The ſkin, that vies with ſilk, would fret with ſtuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing ſo rough?
Ye knowing Fair, how eminent that bed,
Where the Chintze diamonds with the Silken Thread,
Where ruſtling curtains call the curious eye,
And boaſt the ſtreaks and paintings of the ſky!
Of flocks they 'd have your milky ticking full;
And all this for the benefit of wool!

"But where," ſay they, "ſhall we beſtow theſe
"Weavers,
"That ſpread our ſtreets, and are ſuch piteous cravers?"
The Silk-worms (brittle beings! prone to fate,
Demand their care to make their webs complete:
Theſe may they tend, their promiſes receive;
We cannot pay *too much* for what *they* give!

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE.
BY DR. DELANY*.

'TIS so old, and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
You 're sometimes in pleasure, though often in pain in 't.
'Tis so large you may lodge a few friends with ease in 't,
You may turn and stretch at your length if you please in 't;
'Tis so little, the family live in a press in 't,
And poor lady Betty † has scarce room to dress in 't;
'Tis so cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in 't,
And so hot in the summer, you 're ready to fry in 't;
'Tis so brittle 'twould scarce bear the weight of a tun,
Yet so staunch, that it keeps out a great deal of sun;
'Tis so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite through it,
And you 're forc'd every year in some part to renew it,
'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little,
'Tis so staunch, and so crazy, so strong, and so brittle,
'Tis at one time so hot, and another so cold,
It is part of the new, and part of the old;
It is just half a blessing, and just half a curse—
I wish then, dear George, it were better or worse.

* The seat of George Rochfort, esq. (father to the earl of Belvidere); where Dr. Swift and an agreeable sett of friends spent part of the summer of 1721.

† Daughter to the earl of Drogheda, and the wife of Mr. Rochfort.

THE

THE COUNTRY-LIFE.

Part of a Summer spent at GAULSTOWN-HOUSE.

THALIA, tell in [illegible]ys,
How George *, Nim †, Dan ‡, Deah §, pass their days;
And, should our Gaulstown's art gr[illegible]llow,
Yet *Negotiis carmina Gallo?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muse. First from our bowers
We sally forth at different hours;
At seven the Dean, in night-gown dress't,
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
Go to the Dean, to read Lucretius;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Halls him, and scolds us down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar,
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,

* Mr. Rochfort.

† His brother, Mr. John Rochfort; who was called Nimrod, from his great attachment to the chace.

‡ Rev. Daniel Jackson. § Dr. Swift.

But,

But, by peculiar whimſies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for ſpawn;
O'erſees the work, or Dragon * rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hoſe,
Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return
From the four elements aſſembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all round come trembling:
From airy garrets ſome deſcend,
Some from the lake's remoteſt end:
My Lord † and Dean the fire forſake,
Dan leaves the earthly ſpade and rake;
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
And lady Betty ſoundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done:
With "Church and King" the lady's gone:
(Not reckoning half an hour we paſs
In talking after a moderate glaſs).
Dan, growing drowſy, like a thief
Steals off to doſe away his beef;
And this muſt paſs for reading Hammond—
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean, ſet out at four,
And then again, boys, to the oar.
But when the ſun goes to the deep
(Not to diſturb him in his ſleep,

* A ſmall boat ſo called.

† Mr. Rochfort's father was lord chief baron of the exchequer in Ireland.

Or

Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood when he goes in it.
Now flatted in the shortening day,
We go to prayers, and then to play,
Till supper comes; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late—the old and younger pair
By Adam * lighted, walk up stairs,
The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.
I might have mention'd several facts,
Like episodes between the acts;
And tell who loses and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overset.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon;
How steady in the storm he sat,
And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat:
Now Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch them:

* The butler.

How

How ſkilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he ſets:
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon their ſex?
I might have told how oft' dean Percivale
Diſplays his pedantry unmerciful,
How haughtily he cocks his noſe,
To tell what every ſchool-boy knows;
And with his finger and his thumb,
Explaining, ſtrikes oppoſers dumb:
But now there needs no more be ſaid on't,
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shews all her ſecrets of houſe-keeping;
For candles how ſhe trucks her dripping;
Was forc'd to ſend three miles for yeaſt,
To brew her ale, and raiſe her paſte;
Tells every thing that you can think of,
How ſhe cur'd Charly of the chin-cough;
What gave her brats and pigs the meaſles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weaſels;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.

But now, ſince I have gone ſo far on,
A word or two of lord chief baron;
And tell how little weight he ſets
On all Whig papers and Gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,
Thinks every ſyllable is true.
And ſince he owns the king of Sweden
Is dead at laſt, without evading,

Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
" Why, Muſcovy is not ſo far:
" Down the Black Sea, and up The Streights,
" And in a month he's at your gates;
" Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
" By Chriſtmas we ſhall ſee ſtrange things."
Why ſhould I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of ſparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choak the girls, and to conſume a rabble?
But you, who are a ſcholar, know
How tranſient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Laſt night arriv'd Clem * and his wife—
This grand event hath broke our meaſures,
Their reign began with cruel ſeizures:
The Dean muſt with his quilt ſupply
The bed in which thoſe tyrants lie:
Nim loſt his wig-block, Dan his jordan
(My lady ſays, ſhe can't afford one);
George is half-ſcar'd out of his wits,
For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different ſurvey,
This houſe will ſoon turn topſy-turvey:
They talk of further alterations,
Which cauſes many ſpeculations.

* Mr. Clement Barry.

THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK,
TO GEORGE RIDDAN-DEAN, ESQ.

I [illegible] George [illegible] Dean, and
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER.

DEAR Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulſtown lads (for ſuch they are),
Beſides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the ſmoothneſs of thy lines.
Smooth as our baſon's ſilver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegaſus' old ſhoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we ſet our a—s
Is not ſo ſmooth as are thy verſes,
Compar'd with which (and that 's enough)
A ſmoothing-iron itſelf is rough.
Nor praiſe I leſs that circumciſion,
By modern poets call'd eliſion,
With which, in proper ſtation plac'd,
Thy poliſh'd lines are firmly brac'd.
Thus a wiſe taylor is not pinching,
But turns at every ſeam an inch in;
Or elſe, be ſure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be ſmooth, nor hold their ſtitches.
Thy verſe, like bricks, defy the weather,
When ſmooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words ſo cloſely wedg'd and ſhort are
Like walls, more laſting without mortar;
By leaving out the uſeleſs vowels,
You ſave the charge of lime and trowels.

One letter ſtill another locks,
Each groov'd and dove-tail'd like a box;
Thy Muſe is tuckt-up and ſuccinct;
In chains thy ſyllables are linkt;
Thy words together ty'd in ſmall hanks,
Cloſe as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fierceſt foes could break by no means.
The critick to his grief will find,
How firmly theſe indentures bind.
So, in the kindred painter's art,
The ſhortening is the niceſt part.
Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or elſe, to ſhew their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
Where they need not loſe a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work compleatly fine,
Number and weight and meaſure join;
Then all muſt grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All muſt allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourſcore;
Nor can we think your meaſure ſhort,
Where leſs than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the cloſe,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long noſe.

GEORGE

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulſtown, Aug. 2d, 1721.

DEAR Tom, this verſe, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the *end 's good metre*,
Is ſent to deſire that, when your Auguſt vacation comes,
your *friends you 'd meet here.*
For why ſhould you ſtay in that filthy hole, I mean the *city ſo ſmoaky*,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at leaſt not one that 's *witty, to joke w'ye?*
For, as for honeſt John *, though I am not ſure on 't,
yet I 'll be *hang'd, left he*
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that great peer the lord *Angleſey.*
Oh! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may have one come to town, but I don't know whether he be friend or *foe, Delany:*
But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and you ſhall go back in a fortnight, for I know there 's *no delaying ye.*
Oh! I forgot too; I believe there may be one more, I mean that great fat joker, *friend Helſham, he*
That wrote the prologue †, and if you ſtay with him, depend on 't, in the *end, he 'll ſham ye.*

Bring

* Suppoſed to mean Dr. Walmſley.

† One ſpoken by young Putland, in 1720, before Hippolytus; in which Dr. Sheridan (who had written

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, Esq.

Upon his incomparable VERSES, &c.

By Dr. DELANY, in SHERIDAN's Name*.

HAIL, human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as Wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon!
O may your vastness deign t'excuse
The praises of a puny Muse,
Unable, in her utmost flight,
To reach thy huge Colossian height.
T'attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.
Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
Thy vast, thy bold Cambysian vein,
Pour'd out t' enrich thy native isle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
Oh, how I joy to see thee wander,
In many a winding loose mæander,
In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall!
Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majesty combine;

* These were all written in circles.

Where every line, as huge as steeples,
If stretch'd in length, would reach to Heaven:
Here all comparing would be slandering,
The least is more than Alexandrine.

Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
He whets his envious scythe in vain;
For, though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.

Thou hast alone the skill to feast
With Roman elegance of taste,
Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
As Pompey's caterer of courses.

Oh thou, of all the Nine inspir'd
My languid soul, with teaching tir'd,
How is it raptur'd, when it thinks
On thy harmonious sett of clinks;
Each answering each in various rhymes,
Like Echo to St. Patrick's chimes!

Thy Muse, majestic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the stage;
And scarcely can one page sustain
The length of such a flowing train:
Her train, of variegated die,
Shews like Thaumantia's in the sky;
Alike they glow, alike they please,
Alike imprest by Phœbus' rays.

Thy verse — (Ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what shall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft' heard spoke on,
— a famous statue of Laocoon.

'Tis

'Tis like, — O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long, long ſtring, with which you fly kite.
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo * in good-humour;
And every couplet thou haſt writ
Conclude like *Rattab-whittab-whit* †.

To Mr. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

Upon his Verſes written in Circles. By Dr. SWIFT.

IT never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions, were ſent to their betters:
And, as to the ſubject, our judgement, *meherc'le*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verſes; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The ſegment ſo large 'twixt your reaſon and rhyme is,
That we walk all about, like a horſe in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your meaſures of line by a quadrant.
But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd metre,
In each ſingle verſe, took up a diameter.
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre ‡?
'Twill appear, to your coſt, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand.

* At Gaulſtown, there is a remarkably famous echo.
† An alluſion to the ſound produced by the echo.
‡ Their figures were in the centre of the verſes.

The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegasus, fixt in a tether,
As her betters are us'd, shall be lash'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the string.
Will Hancock declares, you are out of your compass,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombasts;
And has taken just now a firm resolution
To answer your style without circumlocution.
Lady Betty * presents you her service most humble,
And is not afraid your worship will grumble,
That she makes of your verses a hoop for Miss Tam †,
Which is all at present; and so I remain —

On Dr. SHERIDAN'S Circular Verses.

By Mr. GEORGE ROCHFORT.

WITH muſick and poetry equally bleſt,
A bard thus Apollo moſt humbly addreſt:
"Great author of harmony, verſes, and light!
"Aſſiſted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
"Yet unheeded I ſcrape, or I ſcribble all day,
"My verſe is neglected, my tunes thrown away.
"Thy ſubſtitute here, Vice-Apollo ‡, diſdains
"To vouch for my numbers, or liſt to my ſtrains;

* The lady of George Rochford, eſq.
\+ Thomaſon, lady Betty's daughter.
‡ "Apollo to the Dean," p. 183.

Thy

" Thy manual ſignet refuſes to put
" To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
" Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus; and grant
" Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
" Though the Dean and Delany tranſcendently ſhine,
" O brighten one ſolo or ſonnet of mine.
" With them I'm content thou ſhouldſt make thy abode:
" But viſit thy ſervant in jig or in ode.
" Make one work immortal: 'tis all I requeſt."
Apollo look'd pleas'd; and, reſolving to jeſt,
Reply'd, " Honeſt friend, I 've conſider'd thy caſe:
" Nor diſlike thy well-meaning and humourous face.
" Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great;
" Thy works ſhall continue: and here 's the receipt.
" On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-ſtrings ſpend:
" Write verſes in circles: they never ſhall end."

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE, CUT IN SILK AND PAPER.

TO fair Lady Betty, Dan ſat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him ſo oft' as he *piqu'd* her.
He knew ſhe 'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might ſafely defy her.
Come ſit, ſays my Lady; then whips up her ſciſſar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in ſilk in a trice, Sir.
Dan ſat with attention, and ſaw with ſurprize
How ſhe lengthen'd his chin, how ſhe hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himſelf with a ſecret conceit,
That his thin lantern jaws all her art would defeat.

Lady

Lady Betty obſerv'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the ſtuff to his grin;
And, to make roaſted ſilk to reſemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exacteſt proportion he roſe,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his noſe.
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had out-done the original.
Well, that 's but my out-ſide, ſays Dan with a vapour.
Say you ſo, ſays my Lady; I 've lin'd it with paper.

PATR. DELANY *ſculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

CLARISSA draws her ſciſſars from the caſe
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackſon's face.
One ſloping cut made forehead, noſe, and chin,
A nick produc'd a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in taylors' meaſure you have ſeen.
But ſtill were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which grey worſted-ſtocking paint ſupplies.
Th' unravel'd thread through needle's eye convey'd
Transferr'd itſelf into his paſte-board head.
How came the ſciſſars to be thus out-done?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan —
You 'll ſwear the paſte-board was the better man.
" The devil! ſays he, the head is not ſo full!"
Indeed it is — behold the paper ſkull.

THO. SHERIDAN *ſculp.*

O N

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

DAN'S evil genius in a trice
Had ſtripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Cloe, obſerving this diſgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G—, ſay Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. ROCHFORT *ſculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a deſcription graphic
Of Dan's large noſe in modern Sapphic;

I ſpend my time in making Sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in Engliſh, French, and Scotch for 't,
At laſt I 'm fairly forc'd to botch for 't.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of ſuch a ſpectre.

I muſt confeſs, that as to me, Sirs,
Though I ne'er ſaw her hold the ſciſſars,
I now could ſafely ſwear it is hers.

'Tis

'Tis true, no noſe could come in better;
'Tis a vaſt ſubject ſtuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly ſhows,
That not the wiſeſt mortal knows
What fortune may befall his noſe.

Shew me the brighteſt Iriſh toaſt,
Who from her lover e'er could boaſt
Above a ſong or two at moſt;

For thee three poets now are drudging all
To praiſe the cheeks, chin, noſe, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy noſe's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries, who ſhall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they riſe,
Shall read with envy and ſurprize
Thy noſe outſhining Cælia's eyes.

JON. SWIFT.

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

"My verſe little better you 'll find than my face is,
"A word to the wiſe — *ut pictura poëſis.*"

THREE merry lads, with envy ſtung,
Becauſe Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verſe to rhyme it down,
And in its place ſet up their own;

As if they 'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cauſe their ſpite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is moſt true,
They were inſpir'd by what they drew.
Let then ſuch criticks know, my face
Gives them their comelineſs and grace:
Whilſt every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they ſing.
But yet, methinks, though with diſgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I ſhould name them who do rehearſe
The ſtory of the picture-farce;
The Squire, in French as hard as ſtone,
Or ſtrong as rock, that 's all as one,
On face on cards is very briſk, Sirs,
Becauſe on them you play at whiſk, Sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envy'd be by De-el-any:
And yet much more, that half-name ſake
Should join a party in the freak.
For ſure I am it was not ſafe
Thus to abuſe his better half,
As I ſhall prove you, Dan, to be,
Diviſim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan?
This is the caſe whene'er you ſee
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;

Or ſhould Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane;
'Tis hard then he ſhould be decry'd
By Dan with Sherry by his ſide.
But, if the caſe muſt be ſo hard,
That faces ſuffer by a card,
Let criticks cenſure, what care I?
Back-biters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY.

YOU ſay your face is better hung
Than ours — by what? by noſe or tongue?
In not explaining, you are wrong
to us, Sir.

Becauſe we thus muſt ſtate the caſe,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end 's a damn'd diſgrace
of nooſe, Sir.

But yet be not caſt down: I ſee
A weaver will your hangman be;
You 'll only hang in tapeſtry
with many.

And then the ladies, I ſuppoſe,
Will praiſe your longitude of noſe,
For latent charms within your cloaths,
dear Danny.

Thus

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worſhip thy noſe with pious rage
of love, Sir.

All their religion will be ſpent
About thy woven monument,
And not one oriſon be ſent
to Jove, Sir.

You the fam'd idol will become,
As gardens grac'd in ancient Rome,
By matrons worſhip'd in the gloom
of night.

O happy Dan! thrice happy ſure!
Thy fame for ever ſhall endure,
Who after death can love ſecure
at ſight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boaſted beauty;
Now I 'll proceed a word or two t'ye
in anſwer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and ſtone
In your opinion are all one.
How can, Sir,

A man of reaſoning ſo profound
So ſtupidly be run aground,
As things ſo differently to confound
t' our ſenſes?

Except

Except you judg'd them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block:
Such an experimental ſtroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reaſon,
A proper judge on this occaſion;
'Gainſt feeling there 's no diſputation,
is granted.

Therefore to thy ſuperior wit,
Who made the trial, we ſubmit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one aſſertion you 're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry 's made the ſame,
Endeavouring to have your name
refin'd, Sir.

You 'll ſee moſt groſsly you miſtook,
If you conſult your ſpelling-book,
(The better half you ſay you took)
you 'll find, Sir,

S, H, E, *ſhe* — and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*,
D, A, N, *Dan* — makes up the three
ſyllables.

Dan is but one, and *Sherri* two,
Then, Sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I 've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

D R.

DR. DELANY'S REPLY.

ASSIST me, my Muſe, whilſt I labour to limn him:
Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ perſimilem.
You look and you write with ſo different a grace,
That I envy your verſe, though I did not your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there 's reaſon enough,
Cauſe one is as ſmooth as the other is rough.
But much I 'm amaz'd you ſhould think my deſign
Was to rhyme down your noſe, or your harlequin grin,
Which you yourſelf wonder the de'el ſhould malign.
And if 'tis ſo ſtrange, that your monſterſhip's crany
Should be envy'd by him, much leſs by Delany.
Though I own to you, when I conſider it ſtricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And juſtly ſhe 's envy'd, ſince a fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.
Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inſpir'd by the ſubject we drew.
Inſpir'd we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your noſe, but the fair-one that drew it:
Had your noſe been the Muſe, we had ne'er been inſpir'd,
Though perhaps it might juſtly 've been ſaid we were fir'd.
As to the diviſion of words in your ſtaves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with 't, but preſume to make merry,
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now if Dan 's a half, as you call 't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that Sherry 's two more.

For pray give me leave to ſay, Sir, for all you,
That Sherry 's at leaſt of double the value.
But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the verſe:
So crouds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when ſcrapers are ſcarce.
But be that as 'twill, you 'll know more anon, Sir,
When Sheridan ſends to Merry Dan anſwer.

SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

THREE merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care,
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, Sir.
For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus ſoft and fine,
We ſhould not in the leaſt repine,
or grieve, Sir.
Then know from us, moſt beauteous Dan,
That roughneſs beſt becomes a man;
'Tis women ſhould be pale and wan,
and taper.
And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows and ſleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-ſhops,
meer vapour.
We know your morning-hours you paſs
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glaſs?
Forbear it.
Thoſe

Thoſe loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but ſpoil it,
It looks as if you did par-boil it:
Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by ſleeking, are ſo lean,
That they 're like Cynthia in the wane,
Or breaſt of gooſe when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet.

See what by drinking you have done:
You 've made your phiz a ſkeleton,
From the long diſtance of your crown,
t' your gullet!

A REJOINDER,

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

WEARIED with ſaying grace and prayer,
I haſten'd down to country air,
To read your anſwer, and prepare
reply to't.

But your fair lines ſo groſsly flatter,
Pray do they praiſe me, or beſpatter?
I muſt ſuſpect you mean the latter—
Ah! fly-boot!

It muſt be ſo! what elſe, alas
Can mean by culling of a face,
And all that ſtuff of toilet, glaſs,
and box-comb?

But be 't as 'twill, this you muſt grant,
That you 're a dawb, whilſt I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of nooſe,
Your gibes, and all your foul abuſe,
More than the dirt beneath my ſhoes,
nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou ſorry ſcare-crow of ſkin and bone;
To be call'd lean by a ſkeleton,
who 'd bear it?

'Tis true indeed, to curry friends,
Your ſeem to praiſe, to make amends,
And yet, before your ſtanza ends,
you flout me

'Bout latent charms beneath my cloaths;
For every one that knows me knows
That I have nothing like my noſe
about me.

paſs now where you ſneer and laugh,
'Cauſe I call Dan my better half!
Oh there you think your have me ſafe!
But hold, Sir.

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my moſt profound
and bold Sir.
Dan's

Dan 's noble mettle, Sherry baſe;
So Dan's the better, though the leſs,
An ounce of gold 's worth ten of braſs,
dull pedant!

As to your ſpelling, let me ſee,
If SHE makes *ſher*, and RI makes *ry*,
Good ſpelling-maſter! your crany
has lead on 't.

ANOTHER REJOINDER,
BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for anſwer I have waited,
I thought an ace you 'd ne'er have bated,
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
poetaſter?

Henceforth acknowledge, that a noſe
Of thy dimenſion's fit for proſe,
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy maſter.

Bluſh for ill-ſpelling, for ill-lines,
And fly with hurry to *ramines*;
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaſter.

I hear with ſome concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the ſcore
By clapping billets on your door
and poſts, Sir.

Thy [illegible], Tom, I never [illegible],
I'm [illegible] to hear your banishment,
But [illegible] to find you [illegible]

[illegible]

I [illegible] you, when you [illegible] to [illegible],
But now I'll [illegible] keep your [illegible]:
For know, [illegible] is enough

[illegible]

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

BY THE DEAN.

"Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens præmia [illegible].
"Si risca est, ubi tu pulsas ego vapulo [illegible]."

POOR Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Presents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

TO you victorious and brave,
Your now-subdued and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon;
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I vanish'd fled the town,
Pursued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd I cry *peccavi*,
And prostrate supplicate *pour ma vie*,
Your mercy I rely on;
For you, my conqueror and my king,
pardoning, as in punishing,
Will shew yourself a lion.

Alas!

Alas! Sir, I had no deſign,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For ſpite I ne'er had any;
'Twas the damn'd ſquire with the hard name;
The de'el too that ow'd me a ſhame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t' attack your highneſs,
And then, with wonted wile and ſlyneſs,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I 've nothing left to vent my ſpleen
But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield ſmall relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every ſtroke goes to my heart,
And at each laſh I feel the ſmart
Of laſh laid on by you.

To the Rev. DANIEL JACKSON;

To be humbly preſented by Mr. SHERIDAN in Perſon, with Reſpect, Care, and Speed.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my truſt, not aſk,
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my taſk,
Pray ſend me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty mass.
As Hercules the sky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back.
Let me be slander-free.

Nor all the witty things you speak
In compass of a day,
Nor half the puns you make a week,
Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worse,
I never could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Just as he did before;
And, when he's lash'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on school-boys bums,
The more they frisk and skip:
The school-boy's top but louder hums,
The more they ply the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
(A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye,
For, soon as he gets up again,
He'll strut, and cry, *Victoria!*

At every ſtroke of mine, he fell,
'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd;
But his impenetrable ſhell
Could feel no harm beſide.

The tortoiſe thus, with motion ſlow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, ſenſeleſs to the hardeſt blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why ſhould you, or I,
Attack his peaſecrany?
And, ſince it is in vain to try,
We 'll ſend him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I ſaw him, laſt week, on his horſe awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to ſtone with his ſorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, that, in ſpight of what our foe ſays,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoſis.
For omitting the firſt (where I make a compariſon,
With a ſort of alluſion to Putland * or Harriſon)
Yet, by my deſcription, you 'll find he in ſhort is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoiſe.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will aſk, can I maul
This teazing, conceited, rude, inſolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I ſhould be glad then of it.

* Alluding to the Prologue, mentioned above, p. 227.

TO

POEMS

OF

R. B. SHERIDAN,

INCLUDING "THE ART OF PUNNING."

[illegible]

No [illegible]

Infection.

And in flames.

To set the

[illegible]

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT.

On his Birth-day, Nov. 30, 1721.

ST. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the reſt attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female ſtrains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Deſcend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to deſpiſe
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shew'd where my judgement was miſplac'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taſte.
Behold that beauty juſt decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid:
Forſook by her admiring train,
She ſpreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the ſtage;
Went ſmoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, ſhe wanted art,
As the ſcene chang'd, to change her part:
She, whom no lover could reſiſt,
Before the ſecond act was hiſs'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.

Stella

Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That ſhe has ne'er reſembled thoſe;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her courſe of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring ſupplies
Of luſtre to my fading eyes;
How ſoon a beauteous mind repairs
The loſs of chang'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a ſmoothneſs o'er the ſkin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can pleaſe at thirty-ſix.
The ſight of Cloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives not me the ſpleen;
The idol now of every fool
Till time ſhall make their paſſions cool;
Then tumbling down time's ſteepy hill,
While Stella holds her ſtation ſtill.
Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cauſe,
Retrieve loſt empire to our ſex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendſhip, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you caſt a ſhred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my ſorrow,
One day *alone, then die to-morrow.*

TO STELLA,
ON HER BIRTH-DAY, 1721-2.

WHILE, Stella, to your laſting praiſe
The Muſe her annual tribute pays,
While I aſſign myſelf a taſk
Which you expect, but ſcorn to aſk;
If I perform this taſk with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow leſs equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter ſhines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will ſoon in vain be ſtrung,
And all your virtues left unſung:
For none among the upſtart race
Of Poets dare aſſume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They muſt have Stella's of their own;
And thus, my ſtock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unleſs Delany, as my heir,
Will anſwer for the whole arrear.

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.
BY DR. DELANY.

AMPHORA, quæ mœſtum linquis, lætumque reviſes
Arentem dominum, ſit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depoſitum ſerves, neve opprime, marmor;
Amphora non meruit tam pretioſa mori.

EPITAPH,

EPITAPH, BY THE SAME.

HOC tumulata jacet proles Lenæa ſepulchro,
Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet;
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo;
Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY;

A great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that Day dug up. 1722-3.

RESOLV'D my annual verſe to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furniſh'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely ſat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and ſcratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than uſual pain,
A thought came ſlowly from my brain,
It coſt me lord knows how much time
To ſhape it into ſenſe and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curſe,
Long thinking made my fancy worſe.
Forſaken by th' inſpiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's ſhrine:
I told him what the world would ſay,
If Stella were unſung to-day;

How

How I ſhould hide my head for ſhame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sheridan the rogue would ſneer,
And ſwear it does not always follow,
That *ſemel 'n anno ridet Apollo.*
I have aſſur'd them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inſpir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me ſo dull and dry ſince,
They 'll call it all poetic licence;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think Euſden's right as good as mine.
Nor do I aſk for Stella's ſake;
'Tis my own credit lies at ſtake:
And Stella will be ſung, while I
Can only be a ſtander-by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this anſwer to a tittle.
Though you ſhould live like old Methuſalem,
I furniſh hints, and you ſhall uſe all 'em,
You yearly ſing as ſhe grows old,
You 'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to ſay truth, ſuch dulneſs reigns,
Through the whole ſet of Iriſh deans,
I 'm daily ſtunn'd with ſuch a medley,
Dean W—, Dean D—, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what Dean ſoever come,
My orders are, I 'm not at home;

And,

And, if your voice had not been loud,
You muſt have paſs'd among the croud.
But now, your danger to prevent,
You muſt apply to Mrs. Brent;
For ſhe, as prieſteſs, knows the rites
Wherein the god of *earth* delights.
Firſt, nine ways looking, let her ſtand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her deſcribe a circle round
In Saunders' cellar on the ground:
A ſpade let prudent Archy hold,
And with diſcretion dig the mould.
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.
Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated towards the ſkies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conſpire;
And Bacchus for the poet's uſe
Pour'd in a ſtrong inſpiring juice.
See! as you raiſe it from its tomb,
It drags behind a ſpacious womb,
And in the ſpacious womb contains
A ſovereign medicine for the brains.
You 'll find it ſoon, if fate conſents;
If not, a thouſand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thouſand Archys arm'd with ſpades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's ſhades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuſe,
And boldly then invoke the Muſe

(But

(But firſt let Robert, on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees):
The Muſe will at your call appear,
With Stella's praiſe to crown the year.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY
ON THE DEATH OF
A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

HIS Grace! impoſſible! what dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And ſo inglorious, after all!
Well, ſince he's gone, no matter how,
The laſt loud trump muſt wake him now:
And, truſt me, as the noiſe grows ſtronger,
He 'd wiſh to ſleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed ſo old
As by the news-papers we 're told?
Threeſcore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conſcience he ſhould die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the ſnuff;
And that 's the reaſon, ſome folks think,
He left behind *ſo great a ſ—k.*
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's ſighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at ſuch times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progreſs of his hearſe.

But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.
True to his prince and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate.
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a Duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

"Non domus aut fundus—" HOR.

IT was, my lord, the dextrous shift
Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift,
But now St. Patrick's saucy dean,
With silver verge and surplice clean,
Of Oxford, or of Ormond's grace,
In loofer rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclept *a stall*,
And eke a thousand pounds withal;
And, were he a less witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble sys, my thanks to offer,

Approach

Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verſe both void of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave:
Rejoicing that, in *better times*,
Grafton requires my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewiſe to the patriot write!
Proud! that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muſes' friend!
Endear'd to Britain; and to thee
(Diſjoin'd, Hibernia, by the ſea),
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wiſdom, and by ſkill;
For he has ſav'd thee 'gainſt thy will.
But where ſhall Smedley make his neſt,
And lay his wandering head to reſt?
Where ſhall he find a decent houſe,
To treat his friends, and chear his ſpouſe?
Oh! *taek*, my lord, ſome pretty cure;
In wholeſome ſoil, and æther pure;
The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
In either angle ſhady bowers.
No gay parterre, with coſtly green,
Within the ambient hedge be ſeen:
Let Nature freely take her courſe,
Nor fear from me ungrateful force;
No ſheers ſhall check her ſprouting vigour,
Nor ſhape the yews to antic figure:

A limpid brook ſhall trout ſupply,
In May, to take the mimic fly;
Round a ſmall orchard may it run,
Whoſe apples redden to the ſun.
Let all be ſnug, and warm, and neat;
For fifty turn'd a ſafe retreat.
A little Euſton may it be,
Euſton I 'll carve on every tree.
But then, to keep it in repair,
My lord—*twice fifty pounds* a year
Will barely do; but if your grace
Could make them *hundreds*—charming place!
Thou then wouldſt ſhew another face.

Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
Midſt ſnowy hills, inclement ſkies;
One ſhivers with the Arctic wind,
One hears the *polar axis* grind.
Good John * indeed, with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm that one may bear it.
He has a purſe to keep a table,
And eke a ſoul as hoſpitable.
My heart is good; but affets fail,
To fight with ſtorms of ſnow and hail.
Beſides, the country 's thin of people,
Who ſeldom meet but at the ſteeple:
The ſtrapping dean, that 's gone to Down,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown,
When, much fatigued with ſermon-ſtudy,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;

* Bp. Sterne.

No

No fit companion could be found,
To puſh the lazy bottle round;
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, *his clerk* was *orthodox*.
Ah! how unlike to Gerard-ſtreet,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And joſtle as they trowl along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-ſeed does in plenty grow;
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at ſeven, "Hot mutton-pies!"
There lady Luna in her ſphere
Once ſhone, when Paunceforth was not near;
But now ſhe wanes, and, as 'tis ſaid,
Keeps ſober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endleſs to write down
All the amuſements of the town;
And ſpouſe will think herſelf quite undone,
To trudge to Connor * from ſweet London;
And care we muſt our wives to pleaſe,
Or elſe—we ſhall be ill at eaſe.
You ſee, my lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only ſome convenient *tack*,
Some parſonage-houſe, with garden ſweet,
To be my late, my laſt retreat;
A decent church cloſe by its ſide,
There, preaching, praying, to reſide;

* The biſhoprick of Connor is united to that of Down; but there are two deans.

And, as my time ſecurely rolls,
To ſave my own and other ſouls.

THE DUKE'S ANSWER.
BY DR. SWIFT.

DEAR Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory ſhines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope, to make you yet as clean
As that ſame Viz, St. Patrick's dean.
I 'll give thee *ſurplice*, *verge*, and *ſtall*,
And may be ſomething elſe withal;
And, were you not ſo good a writer,
I ſhould preſent you with a mitre.
Write worſe then, *if you can*—Be wiſe—
Believe me, 'tis *the way to riſe*.
Talk not of *making of thy neſt*:
Ah! never lay thy head to reſt!
That head ſo well with wiſdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!
While others rack their buſy brains,
You are not in the leaſt at pains.
Down to your deanry now repair,
And build *a caſtle in the air*.
I 'm ſure a man of your fine ſenſe
Can do it with a ſmall expence.
There your *dear ſpouſe* and you together
May breathe your bellies full of *æther*.

When

When lady Luna is your neighbour,
She 'll help your *wife* when ſhe 's in labour;
Well ſkill'd in midwife artifices,
For ſhe herſelf oft' *falls in pieces.*
There you ſhall ſee a *raree-ſhew*
Will make you ſcorn this *world below,*
When you behold the milky way,
As white as ſnow, as bright as day;
The glittering conſtellations roll
About the grinding Arctic pole;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the muſick of the ſpheres—
Your ſpouſe ſhall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor ſhall ſhe think that ſhe is *undone*
For quitting her beloved London.
When ſhe 's exalted in the ſkies,
She 'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you 're advanc'd above *dean* Viz,
You 'll never think of goody Griz.
But ever, ever, live at eaſe,
And ſtrive, and ſtrive, *your wife to pleaſe*;
In her you 'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thouſand *girls* and *boys*:
Ten thouſand girls and boys you 'll get,
And they like ſtars ſhall *riſe* and *ſet.*
While *you and ſpouſe*, transform'd, ſhall ſoon
Be a *new ſun* and a *new moon*:
Nor ſhall you ſtrive your horns to hide,
For then your horns ſhall be your pride.

VERSES BY STELLA.

IF it be true, celeſtial Powers,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vaineſt hours,
My mind has been my care:
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind,
What envious Time takes from my face,
Beſtow upon my mind!

JEALOUSY. BY THE SAME.

O Shield me from his rage, celeſtial Powers;
This tyrant, that embitters all my hours!
Ah, Love! you've poorly play'd the hero's part:
You conquer'd, but you can't defend, my heart.
When firſt I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monſter baniſh'd from your train:
But you would raiſe him to ſupport your throne;
And now he claims your empire as his own.
Or tell me, tyrants! have you both agreed,
That where one reigns, the other ſhall ſucceed?

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

WOULD you that Delville I deſcribe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not gibe:
For who would be ſatirical
Upon a thing ſo very ſmall?

* On the publication of "Cadenus and Vaneſſa."

You

You ſcarce upon the borders enter,
Before you 're at the very centre.
A ſingle crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm ſhe takes her flight:
Yet, in this narrow compaſs, we
Obſerve a vaſt variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and ſtairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and graſs, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought ſo cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to ſay 't I 'm loth,
Would ſhave you and your meadows both.
Though ſmall 's the farm, yet here 's a houſe
Full large to entertain a mouſe;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than ſavage Caledonian boar;
For, if it 's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little rivulet ſeems to ſteal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your ſweet *meander*,
Which might be ſuck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To ſcoop the channel of the rill.
For ſure you 'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouſe would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a taylor's chalk;
Thus I compare what ſpace is in it,
A ſnail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a ſhift to ſqueeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And, once a year, a ſingle roſe
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow, for want of room.
In ſhort, in all your boaſted ſeat,
There 's nothing but yourſelf that 's GREAT.

On one of the Windows at DELVILLE.

A Bard, grown deſirous of ſaving his pelf,
Built a houſe he was ſure would hold none but himſelf.
This enrag'd god Apollo, who Mercury ſent,
And bid him go aſk what his votary meant.
"Some foe to my empire has been his adviſer:
"'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miſer!
"Tell him, Hermes, from me, tell that ſubject of mine,
"I have ſworn by The Styx, to defeat his deſign;
"For wherever he lives, the Muſes ſhall reign;
"And the Muſes, he knows, have a numerous train."

CARBERIÆ

CARBERIÆ RUPES,
IN COMITATU CORGAGENSI. 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmen ſcopuli, quod vertice ſummo
Deſuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique & undique ſaxa
Horriſono ſtridore tonant, & ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque ſuis Neptunus in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aſpergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, ſpecus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam ſumma cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, & verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejeciſſe Tonantem
Montibus impoſitos montes, & Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâſſe gigantum.
Sæpe etiam ſpelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exeſa è ſcopulis, & utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura ſupernè.
Fornice ſublimi nidos poſuere palumbes,
Inque imo ſtagni poſuere cubilia phocæ.
Sed, cum ſævit hyems, & venti, carcere rupto,
Immenſos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis;
Non obſeſſæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Miſſa Jovis, quoties inimicas ſævit in urbes,
Exæquant ſonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,

Gens

Gens aſſueta mari, & pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, & longè fugit, arva relinquens.
Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi ſalientis aquæ de ſummo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo ſub gurgite linquunt.
Piſcator terrâ non audet vellere funem;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, & æra ſudum
Haud ſperans, Nereum precibus votiſque fatigat.

CARBERY ROCKS,

TRANSLATED BY DR. DUNKIN.

LO! from the top of yonder cliff, that ſhrouds
Its airy head amidſt the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; deſtitute of props,
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops;
With hoarſe rebuff the ſwelling ſeas rebound,
From ſhore to ſhore the rocks return the ſound:
The dreadful murmur heaven's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune ſhrinks beneath his ſubject waves:
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had ſcoop'd a vault into its nether ſides.
Now yields the baſe, the ſummits nod, now urge
Their headlong courſe, and laſh the ſounding ſurge.
Not louder noiſe could ſhake the guilty world,
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To cruſh Earth's rebel-ſons beneath the load.

Oft'

Oft' too with hideous yawn the cavern wide
Preſents an orifice on either ſide,
A diſmal orifice, from ſea to ſea
Extended, pervious to the God of Day:
Uncouthly join'd, the rocks ſtupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future ſtorm:
High on the cliff their neſts the Woodqueſts make,
And Sea-calves ſtable in the oozy lake.
But when bleak Winter with his ſullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;
When o'er the craggy ſteep without control,
Big with the blaſt, the raging billows roll;
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from Heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft' as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blaſts their gilded towers,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves ruſh o'er waves, rebellows ſhore to ſhore.
The neighbouring race, though wont to brave the ſhock
Of angry ſeas, and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor truſt their native homes.
The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Waſh'd down the precipice with ſudden ſweep,
Leave their ſweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
The frighted fiſher, with deſponding eyes,
Though ſafe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the ſkies ſerene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

UPON THE HORRID PLOT DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN, The Biſhop of ROCHESTER's French Dog *.

In a Dialogue between a WHIG and a TORY. 1723.

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He anſwer'd, that a *dog* of late:
Inform'd a miniſter of ſtate.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers ſo?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We ſtyle him by no other phraſe;
And ſo a perjur'd *dog* denotes
Porter, and Prendergaſt, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
WHIG. But, you muſt know, this dog was lame.
TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your *evidence* was *lame*: — proceed:
Come, help your *lame dog o'er the ſtyle*.
WHIG. Sir, you miſtake me all this while;
I mean a *dog* (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark; but never ſpoke.
TORY. I 'm ſtill to ſeek, which *dog* you mean;
Whether cur Plunkett, or whelp Skean,
An Engliſh or an Iriſh hound;
Or t' other puppy, that was drown'd;

* See the "State Trials," Vol. VI.

On

Or Maſon, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every ſtander-by was marking
That all the noiſe they made was *barking*.
You pay them well; the *dogs* have got
Their dogs-heads in a porridge pot:
And 'twas but juſt; for wiſe men ſay,
That *every dog muſt have his day*.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of *nog* on 't,
He 'd either *make a bog or dog on 't*;
And look'd, ſince he has got his wiſh,
As if he had *thrown down a diſh*.
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He 'll ſoon *return to his own vomit*.

WHIG. Beſides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.

TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach *dead dogs* to bite.

WHIG. I prov'd my propoſition full:
But *jacobites* are ſtrangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witneſs is a real *cur*,
A dog of ſpirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is *Harlequin*, I wot,
And that 's a name in every *plot*:
Reſolv'd to ſave the Britiſh nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correſpondence plainly dated
Was all decypher'd and *tranſlated*:

His anſwers were exceeding pretty
Before the ſecret wiſe committee:
Confeſt as plain as he could bark:
Then with his fore-foot ſet his *mark*.

TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled
I thought it was a *dog* in *doublet*:
The matter now no longer ſticks;
For ſtateſmen never want *dog-tricks*.
But ſince it was a real cur,
And not a *dog* in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he 's to have a place at court.

WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turn-ſpit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occaſion for a plot:
And, when we found the *dog* begin it,
We gueſs'd the biſhop's foot was in it.

TORY. I own, it was a dangerous project;
And you have prov'd it by *dog-logick*.
Sure ſuch intelligence between
A *dog* and biſhop ne'er was ſeen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your biſhops all are *dogs* indeed!

STELLA

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,

A Houſe of CHARLES FORD, Eſq.; near DUBLIN.

1723.

" — Cuicumque nocere volebat,
" Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa."

DON Carlos, in a merry ſpight,
Did Stella to his houſe invite:
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and coſtly chear.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That ſhe might o'er the ſervants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the higheſt price:
Now at the table-head ſhe ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt bits:
She look'd on partridges with ſcorn,
Except they taſted of the corn:
A haunch of veniſon made her ſweat,
Unleſs it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earneſtly would beg,
Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light ſhe view'd the wine,
To ſee that every glaſs was fine.
At laſt, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,

Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he deſign'd.
The winter-ſky began to frown;
Poor Stella muſt pack off to town:
From purling ſtreams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffy's ſtinking tide at Dublin:
From wholeſome exerciſe and air,
To ſoſſing in an eaſy chair:
From ſtomach ſharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the houſhold ſingly,
To be directed here by Dingley *:
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and *God be thanked:*
From every meal Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call,
To viſits of — — —
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean:
From growing richer with good chear,
To running-out by ſtarving here.
But now arrives the diſmal day;
She muſt return to Ormond Quay †.
The coachman ſtopt; ſhe look'd, and ſwore
The raſcal had miſtook the door:
At coming in, you ſaw her ſtoop;
The entry bruſh'd againſt her hoop:

* The conſtant companion of Stella.

† Where the two ladies lodged.

Each

Each moment riſing in her airs,
She curſt the narrow winding ſtairs:
Began a thouſand faults to ſpy;
The ceiling hardly ſix feet high;
The ſmutty wainſcot full of cracks;
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter 's out at Lady-day;
She vows ſhe will no longer ſtay
In lodgings like a poor Grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.
Howe'er, to keep her ſpirits up,
She ſent for company to ſup:
When all the while you might remark,
She ſtrove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her ſtore;
The cupboard could contain but four):
A ſupper worthy of herſelf,
Five nothings in five plates of *delf*.
Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country-ſavings gone,
She fell into her former ſcene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
Thus far in jeſt: though now, I fear,
You think my jeſting too ſevere;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether falſe or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the leaſt pretence;
Nor can be more ſecurely plac'd
Than on a nymph of Stella's taſte.

I muſt confeſs, your wine and victle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine;
And, though in miniature, you ſhine:
Yet, when you ſigh to leave Wood-park,
The ſcene, the welcome, and the ſpark,
To languiſh in this odious town,
And pull your haughty ſtomach down;
We think you quite miſtake the caſe,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For, though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

COPY OF THE BIRTH-DAY VERSES ON MR. FORD.

COME, be content, ſince out it muſt,
For Stella has betray'd her truſt;
And, whiſpering, charg'd me not to ſay
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or, if at laſt I needs muſt blab it,
According to my uſual habit,
She bid me, with a ſerious face,
Be ſure conceal the time and place;
And not my compliment to ſpoil,
By calling this your native ſoil;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew
That you are turning forty-two:
But, if theſe topicks ſhall appear
ng arguments to keep you here,

I think,

I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good-manners muſt give place to profit.
The nymphs with whom you firſt began
Are each become a *barridan*;
And Montague ſo far decay'd,
Her lovers now muſt all be paid;
And every belle that ſince aroſe
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once ſo bright,
With whom you toaſted half the night,
Of rheumatiſm and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign.
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile or The Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your perſon and your cauſe,
If once they get you on the ſpot,
You muſt be guilty of the plot:
For, true or falſe, they 'll ne'er enquire,
But uſe you ten times worſe than Prior *.
In London! what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear
(Nay, would it not your paſſion raiſe
Worſe than a pun, or Iriſh phraſe?)
To ſee a ſcoundrel ſtrut and hector,
A foot-boy to ſome rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?

* The celebrated poet.

Obſerve where bloody * * * * * ſtands
With torturing engines in his hands,
Hear him blaſpheme, and ſwear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail:
If this you think a pleaſing ſcene,
To London ſtrait return again;
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are ſwarms of bugs and preſbyterians.
I thought my very ſpleen would burſt,
When Fortune hither drove me firſt;
Was full as hard to pleaſe as you,
Nor perſons names nor places knew:
But now I act as other folk,
Like priſoners when their jail is broke.
If you have London ſtill at heart,
We 'll make a ſmall one here by art;
The difference is not much between
St. James's-Park and Stephen's-Green;
And Dawſon-ſtreet will ſerve as well
To lead you thither as Pall-Mall.
Nor want a paſſage through the palace,
To choque your ſight, and raiſe your malice:
The Deanry-houſe may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Thatcht *.
Nor ſhall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for ſtum.
Then, for a middle-aged charmer,
Stella may vye with your Monthermer;

* A famous tavern in St. James's-ſtreet.

She 's now as handſome every bit,
And has a thouſand times her wit.
The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half ſupply a Gay and Pope.
Corbet *, though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt, will prove a good Arbuthnot.
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favourite clan,
Robin †, and Jack, and Jack and Dan;
Fellows of modeſt worth and parts,
With chearful looks and honeſt hearts?
Can you on Dublin look with ſcorn?
Yet here were you and Ormond born.
Oh! were but you and I ſo wiſe,
To ſee with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that ſpot of earth,
That literal ſpot which gave him birth;
And ſwears, "Belcamp ‡ is, to his taſte,
"As fine as Hampton-court at leaſt."
When to your friends you would enhance
The praiſe of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you, and ſubmit:
But then, to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that ſide of a gutter,

* Dr. Corbet, afterwards dean of St. Patrick's.
† R. and J. Grattan, and J. and D. Jackſon.
‡ In Fingall, about five miles from Dublin.

To live in this or t' other iſle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiſs,
The difference but amounts to this,
We bury on our ſide the channel
In linen; and on your's in flannel*.
You for the news are ne'er to ſeek;
While we, perhaps, may wait a week:
You happy folks are ſure to meet
An hundred whores in every ſtreet;
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a ſcore.
You ſee my arguments are ſtrong;
I wonder you held out ſo long:
But, ſince you are convinc'd at laſt,
We 'll pardon you for what is paſt.
So — let us now for whiſt prepare;
Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned 's a bully;
Will cudgels Beſs, yet Will 's a cully.
Die Ned and Beſs; give Will to Joan,
She dares not ſay her life 's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Beſs to Ned,
And every day ſhe *combs his head.*

* The law for burying in woolen was extended to Ireland in 1733.

A QUIBBLING ELEGY,
ON JUDGE BOAT. 1723.

TO mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath *ſunk* our juſtice *Boat.*
Why ſhould he *ſink*, where nothing ſeem'd to preſs,
His *lading* little, and his *ballaſt* leſs?
Toſt in the *waves* of this *tempeſtuous* world,
At length, his *anchor* fixt and *canvas* furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end * he *ſounders* in the *port.*
With *water* † fill'd, he could no longer *float*,
The common death of many a ſtronger *boat.*
A poſt ſo fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on *boats* are plac'd, not *boats* on *benches.*
And yet our *Boat* (how ſhall I reconcile it?)
Was both a *Boat*, and in one ſenſe a *pilot.*
With every *wind* he *ſail'd*, and well could *tack*:
Had many *pendents*, but abhorr'd a *Jack* ‡.
He 's gone, although his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a *rope.*
Behold the awful *bench*, on which he ſat!
He was as *hard* and ponderous *wood* as that:
Yet, when his *ſand* was out, we find at laſt,
That death has *overſet* him with a *blaſt.*

* Two villages near the ſea.
† It was ſaid he died of a dropſy.
‡ A cant word for a Jacobite.

Our

Our *Boat* is now *fail'd* to the Stygian ferry,
There to ſupply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry ſouls to hell;
A trade our *Boat* * hath practis'd here ſo well:
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both *pitch* and *brimſtone*, to fill up his *flaws*.
Yet, ſpite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place *Boat* in his old *poſt* again.
The way is thus; and well deſerves your thanks:
Take the three ſtrongeſt of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conſpicuous to be ſeen,
Form'd like the triple-tree near Stephen's-green †;
And, when we view it thus with thief at end on 't,
We 'll cry; look, here 's our *Boat*, and there 's the *pendant*.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies judge *Boat* within a coffin;
Pray, gentle-folks, forbear your ſcoffing.
A *Boat* a judge! yes; where 's the blunder?
A *wooden* judge is no ſuch wonder.
And in his robes, you muſt agree,
No *Boat* was better *deckt* than he.
'Tis needleſs to deſcribe him fuller;
In ſhort, he was an able *ſculler*.

* In condemning malefactors, as a judge.
† Where the Dublin gallows ſtands.

PETHOX* THE GREAT. 1723.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty ſhows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the ſkilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Diſcovers Vulcan for thy ſire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin ſing'd the ſoil,
(From whence, philoſophers agree,
An equal power deſcends to thee);
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high deſcent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, ſhew numerous ſcars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Thoſe honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and *all before*,
And ſtill the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul deſcend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberleſs thy votaries croud;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Veſputio's name
(For ſo conjecturers would obtrude;
And from thy painted ſkin conclude);

* This name is plainly an *anagram*.

Whether,

Whether, as Epicurus ſhows,
The world from juſtling ſeeds aroſe,
Which, mingling with prolific ſtrife
In chaos, kindled into life:
So your production was the ſame,
And from contending atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with ſparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent ſteps the road
Is all with precious jewels ſtrow'd.
The bird of Pallas knows his poſt,
Thee to attend, where'er thou goeſt.

Byzantians boaſt, that on the clod
Where once their Sultan's horſe hath trod,
Grows neither graſs, nor ſhrub, nor tree:
The ſame thy ſubjects boaſt of thee.

The greateſt lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours ſeen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.

With half a word, when you require,
The man of buſineſs muſt retire.

The haughty miniſter of ſtate
With trembling muſt thy leiſure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The buſineſs of the nation ſtands.

Thou dar'ſt the greateſt prince attack,
Canſt hourly ſet him on the rack;
And, as an inſtance of thy power,
Incloſe him in a wooden tower,

With

With pungent pains on every ſide:
So Regulus in torments dy'd.
From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to diſcern;
And well thy ſcholars are endued
With temperance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills ſupports;
And ſecreſy, the art of courts.
The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or ſpell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, ſhape, and mien,
Are to the life diſtinctly ſeen!
The Britons, once a ſavage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Deſcendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robuſt, and voice that ſtuns:
But you have moulded them afreſh,
Remov'd the tough ſuperfluous fleſh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And ſpeak without the help of lungs.
Proteus on you beſtow'd the boon
To change your viſage like the moon;
You ſometimes half a face produce,
Keep t' other half for private uſe.
How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, ſon of Pleias bright!

Out-

Out-number'd, half encompaſs'd round,
You ſtrove for every inch of ground;
Then, by a ſoldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial ſeat.
The victor, when your ſteps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waſte:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chaſm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol ſecur'd,
A ſiege as long as Troy endur'd.

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

WELL, if ever I ſaw ſuch another man ſince my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I 'm ſure ſuch words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give ſuch language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my maſter a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a ſhame
For a parſon, who ſhould know better things, to come out with ſuch a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a ſhame and a ſin;
And the Dean my maſter is an honeſter man than you and all your kin:

He

He has more goodneſs in his little finger, than you have in your whole body:
My maſter is a parſonable man, and not a ſpindle-ſhank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuſe,
Becauſe my maſter one day, in anger, call'd you gooſe;
Which, and I am ſure I have been his ſervant four years ſince October,
And he never call'd me worſe than ſweet-heart, drunk or ſober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out ſo late in your college.
You ſay you will eat graſs on his grave: a chriſtian eat graſs!
Whereby you now confeſs yourſelf to be a gooſe or an aſs:
But that 's as much as to ſay, that my maſter ſhould die before ye;
Well, well, that 's as God pleaſes; and I don't believe that 's a true ſtory:
And ſo ſay I told you ſo, and you may go tell my maſter; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and ſhame the devil;
I am but a poor ſervant; but I think gentlefolks ſhould be civil.

Beſides,

Beſides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tueſday of all days in the year.
And Saunders the man ſays you are always jeſting and mocking:
Mary, ſaid he, (one day as I was mending my maſter's ſtocking;)
My maſter is ſo fond of that miniſter that keeps the ſchool —
I thought my maſter a wiſe man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, ſaid I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a diſh-clout to his tail.
And now I muſt go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a ſad ſcrawl; but my ſiſter Marget, ſhe writes better.
Well, but I muſt run and make the bed, before my maſter comes from prayers;
And ſee now, it ſtrikes ten, and I hear him coming up ſtairs;
Whereof I could ſay more to your verſes, if I could write written hand:
And ſo I remain, in a civil way, your ſervant to command,

MARY.

A NEW

A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT FOR BEC*. 1723-4.

RETURNING Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new ſupply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
Who thus diſplays the New-year's-gift.
Firſt, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertneſs, Robin's leaſings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on every ſide
With Stella's magiſterial pride.
Behold a cage with ſparrows fill'd,
Firſt to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With ſix imagin'd cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus ſends
Concerns by thouſands for your friends:
And here 's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Leſt you the town may have leſs trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca's† cares to Dublin,
For which he ſends this empty ſack;
And ſo take all upon your back.

* Mrs. Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.
† A country-houſe of Dr. Sheridan.

DINGLEY AND BRENT*.

A SONG.

To the tune of, "Ye Commons and Peers."

DINGLEY and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was ſpoken;
Whatever was ſaid,
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own ſilly joking.

Should Solomon wiſe
In majeſty riſe,
And ſhew them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jeſt,
And pleaſe all the reſt;
Comes Dingley, and aſks you, What was it?
And, curious to know,
Away ſhe will go
To ſeek an old rag in the cloſet.

* Dr. Swift's houſe-keeper.

TO

TO STELLA. 1723-4.

Written on the DAY of her BIRTH, but not on the SUBJECT, when I was ſick in Bed.

TORMENTED with inceſſant pains,
Can I deviſe poetic ſtrains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verſe on Stella's native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve ſhe ever ſaw the light.
Ungrateful! ſince to her I owe
That I theſe pains can undergo.
She tends me, like an humble ſlave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutiſh paſſions break,
With gall in every word I ſpeak,
She, with ſoft ſpeech, my anguiſh chears,
Or melts my paſſions down with tears:
Although 'tis eaſy to deſcry
She wants aſſiſtance more than I;
Yet ſeems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own.
When, among ſcholars, can we find
So ſoft, and yet ſo firm a mind?
All accidents of life conſpire
To raiſe up Stella's virtue higher;
Or elſe to introduce the reſt
Which had been latent in her breaſt.

Her firmneſs who could e'er have known,
Had ſhe not evils of her own?
Her kindneſs who could ever gueſs,
Had not her friends been in diſtreſs?
Whatever baſe returns you find
From me, dear Stella, ſtill be kind.
In your own heart you 'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue ſtill a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promiſe to be good again:
Meantime, your other juſter friends
Shall for my follies make amends:
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

"Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris," &c.

THOSE dreams, that on the ſilent night intrude,
And with falſe flitting ſhades our minds delude,
Jove never ſends us downward from the ſkies;
Nor can they from infernal manſions riſe;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools conſult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we reſt our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd ſports in various whims;
The buſy head with mimic art runs o'er
The ſcenes and actions of the day before.

The

The drowſy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes ſome patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he ſpilt.

The ſoldier ſmiling hears the widow's cries,
And ſtabs the ſon before the mother's eyes.
With like remorſe his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The ſtateſman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treaſon got.
Nor leſs Tom-t—d-man, of true ſtateſman mold,
Collects the city filth in ſearch of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer ſees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purſe, watching for a job,
Fancies his finger 's in the cully's fob.

The kind phyſician grants the huſband's prayers,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The ſleeping hangman ties the fatal nooſe,
Nor unſucceſsful waits for dead mens ſhoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the ſly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling ſenator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with naufeous praiſe:
And Dick the ſcavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in * * * * * 's face.

WHITSHED'S * MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724.

LIBERTAS et natale ſolum:
Fine words! I wonder where you ſtole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words tranſlate:
Natale ſolum, my eſtate;
My dear eſtate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it.
They ſwear I am ſo kind and good,
I hug them, till I ſqueeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
Firſt, how to ſwagger in a court;
And, ſecondly, to ſhew my fury
Againſt an un-complying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my penſion;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great ſeal, and turn out Broderick;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)
To humble that vexatious Dean;
And, ſixthly, for my ſoul, to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret †.

* The chief juſtice who proſecuted the Drapier.
† Lord lieutenant of Ireland.

Now,

Now, ſince your motto thus you conſtrue,
I muſt confeſs you 've ſpoken once true.
Libertas et natale ſolum:
You had good reaſon, when you ſtole 'em.

Sent by Dr. DELANY to Dr. SWIFT, In order to be admitted to ſpeak to him, when he was DEAF, 1724.

DEAR ſir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors ſhould both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Muſt I not ſee, 'cauſe you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night ſhould cheer you,
A friend that loves to ſee and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no lofer by 't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That, if you heard, you 'd be no gainer?
For ſure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern.
Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
Your buſineſs, ſir, is to be heard.

THE ANSWER.

THE wiſe pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loſs to loſe an ear.
Why are we then ſo fond of two,
When by experience one would do?

'Tis true, ſay they, cut off the head,
And there 's an end; the man is dead;
Becauſe, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loſs of one is no ſuch trouble,
Since t'other will in ſtrength be double.
The limb ſurviving, you may ſwear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you ſhall find, by this device
The other will be ſtronger twice;
For every day you ſhall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has loſt its brother,
You ſee the better with the other.
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two:
Becauſe the ſoul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb *re-acts*.

But yet the point is not ſo clear in
Another caſe, the ſenſe of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be diſtant, as one head can bear;
Yet Galen moſt acutely ſhews you,
(Conſult his book *de partium uſu*)
That from each ear, as he obſerves,
There creep two auditory nerves,

Not

Not to be ſeen without a glaſs,
Which near the *os petroſum* paſs;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorow there
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear;
Which made my grand-dame always ſtuff her ears,
Both right and left, as fellow-ſufferers.
You ſee my learning; but, to ſhorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I ſolve this hard *phænomenon.*
'Tis true, a glaſs will bring ſupplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were loſt,
Would guard your noſe againſt a poſt:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are ſtronger and almoſt as good:
And as for hands, there have been thoſe
Who, wanting both, have us'd their toes *.
But no contrivance yet appears
To furniſh artificial ears.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

To a Friend who married a Shrew. 1724.

NELL ſcolded in ſo loud a din,
That Will durſt hardly venture in:
He markt the conjugal diſpute;
Nell roar'd inceſſant, Dick ſat mute;

* There have been inſtances of a man's writing with his foot.

But,

But, when he ſaw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear!
At ſight of Will, ſhe bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapt the door.
Why Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will) thy houſe is worſe than hell:
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—n her, why don't you ſlit her tongue?
For nothing elſe will make it ceaſe.
Dear Will, I ſuffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *ſeek peace, and enſue it.*
Will went again to viſit Dick;
And entering in the very nick,
He ſaw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own ſtaff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor Will, who needs muſt interpoſe,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.
But now, to make my ſtory ſhort,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has deviliſh whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If ſhe were mine, and had ſuch tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle ſticks:
Z—ds! I would ſhip her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for *tobacco*:
I'd ſend her far enough away—
Dear Will, but what would people ſay?

Lord!

Lord! I ſhould get ſo ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out ſhame.
Dick ſuffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believ'd him, when he ſaid it?
Can he, who makes himſelf a ſlave,
Conſult his peace, or credit ſave?
Dick found it by his ill ſucceſs,
His quiet ſmall, his credit leſs.
She ſerv'd him at the uſual rate;
She ſtunn'd, and then ſhe broke, his pate:
And, what he thought the hardeſt caſe,
The pariſh jeer'd him to his face;
Thoſe men, who wore the breeches leaſt,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beaſt.
At home he was purſued with noiſe;
Abroad was peſter'd by the boys:
Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with ſtones:
The 'prentices procur'd a *riding* *,
To act his patience, and her chiding.
Falſe patience and miſtaken pride!
There are ten thouſand Dicks beſide;
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

* A well-known humourous cavalcade, in ridicule of a ſcolding wife and hen-pecked huſband.

THE

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

Inſcribed to Lord CARTERET, 1724.

" Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus." VIRG.

ONCE on a time, a righteous Sage,
Griev'd at the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervent prayer:
" O Jove, if Virtue be ſo fair
" As it was deem'd in former days
" By Plato and by Socrates,
" Whoſe beauties mortal eyes eſcape,
" Only for want of outward ſhape;
" Make then its real excellence,
" For once, the theme of human ſenſe;
" So ſhall the eye, by form confin'd,
" Direct and fix the wandering mind;
" And long-deluded mortals ſee
" With rapture what they us'd to flee."
Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bleſs and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming freſh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a ſon and heir:
An heir; and, ſtranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought, to prove
Nothing impoſſible to Jove.
Virtue was for this ſex deſign'd
In mild reproof to woman-kind;

In

In manly form to let them ſee,
The lovelineſs of modeſty,
The thouſand deceneies that ſhone
With leſſen'd luſtre in their own;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And ſome thought modiſh to deſpiſe.
To make his merit more diſcern'd,
He goes to ſchool—he reads—is learn'd;
Rais'd high, above his birth, by knowledge,
He ſhines diſtinguiſh'd in a college;
Reſolv'd nor honour, nor eſtate,
Himſelf alone ſhould make him great.
Here ſoon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffus'd around;
Th' inferior youth, to learning led,
Leſs to be fam'd than to be fed,
Behold the glory he has won,
And bluſh to ſee themſelves outdone;
And now, inflam'd with rival rage,
In ſcientific ſtrife engage,
Engage; and, in the glorious ſtrife,
The arts new-kindle into life.
Here would our Hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell;
Contented to be truly great,
In Virtue's beſt-belov'd retreat;
Contented he—but Fate ordains,
He now ſhall ſhine in nobler ſcenes
(Rais'd high, like ſome celeſtial fire,
To ſhine the more, ſtill riſing higher);

Compleatly

Compleatly form'd in every part,
To win the ſoul, and glad the heart.
The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
Lovely alike, or heard, or ſeen;
The outward form and inward vie,
His ſoul bright beaming from his eye,
Ennobling every act and air,
With juſt, and generous, and ſincere.
Accompliſh'd thus, his next reſort
Is to the council and the court,
Where Virtue is in leaſt repute,
And Intereſt the one purſuit;
Where *right* and *wrong* are bought and ſold,
Barter'd for beauty, and for gold;
Here Manly Virtue, even here,
Pleas'd in the perſon of a peer,
A peer; a ſcarcely-bearded youth,
Who talk'd of juſtice and of truth,
Of innocence the ſureſt guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard;
That he alone deſerv'd eſteem,
Who was the man he wiſh'd to ſeem;
Call'd it unmanly and unwiſe,
To lurk behind a mean diſguiſe;
(Give fraudful Vice the maſk and ſcreen,
'Tis Virtue's intereſt to be ſeen;)
Call'd want of ſhame a want of ſenſe,
And found, in bluſhes, eloquence.
Thus, acting what he taught ſo well,
He drew dumb Merit from her cell,

Led with amazing heart along
The bashful dame, and loos'd her tongue;
And, whilst he made her value known,
Yet more display'd and rais'd his own.
Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
He rises to the highest stations
(For where high honour is the prize,
True Virtue has a right to rise):
Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
To Wealth and Vice in high degree:
Exalted Worth disdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greatest foe.
Now rais'd on high, see Virtue shows
The godlike ends for which he rose;
For him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodness made compleat!
To bless, is truly to be great!
He taught how men to honour rise,
Like gilded vapours to the skies,
Which, howsoever they display
Their glory from the god of day,
Their noblest use is to abate
His dangerous excess of heat,
To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bless the earth with genial showers.
Now change the scene; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher sphere *:

* Lord Carteret had the honour of mediating peace for Sweden with Denmark and with the Czar.

Distress

Diſtreſs of nations calls him hence,
Permitted ſo by Providence;
For models, made to mend our kind,
To no one clime ſhould be confin'd;
And Manly Virtue, like the ſun,
His courſe of glorious toils ſhould run;
Alike diffuſing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy ſickens, Error flies,
And Diſcord in his preſence dies;
Oppreſſion hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head;
The arts revive, the vallies ſing,
And winter ſoftens into ſpring:
The wondering world, where'er he moves,
With new delight looks up and loves;
One ſex conſenting to admire,
Nor leſs the other to deſire;
Whilſt he, though ſeated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone;
The reſt condemn'd, with rival voice
Repining, do applaud his choice.
Fame now reports, the Weſtern Iſle
Is made his manſion for a while,
Whoſe anxious natives night and day
(Happy beneath his righteous ſway)
Weary the gods with ceaſeleſs prayer,
To bleſs him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from fate,
Too lately found, to loſe him late.

VERSES on the UPRIGHT JUDGE, who condemned the DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

THE church I hate, and have good reaſon;
For there my grandſire cut his weazand:
He cut his weazand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

IN church your grandſire cut his throat:
To do the job, too long he tarry'd:
He ſhould have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he marry'd.

ON THE SAME.

(The JUDGE ſpeaks.)

I'M not the grandſon of that aſs * Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Paſquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandſire knew, they tell us he
In Chriſt-church cut his throat for jealouſy.
And, ſince the alderman was mad you ſay,
Then I muſt be ſo too, *ex tradice.*

* An alderman

RIDDLES,

BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS,

Written in or about the Year 1724.

I. On a PEN.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My perſon tall, and ſlender waiſt,
On either ſide with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man eſpy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's ſide:
No wonder now I look ſo thin;
The tyrant ſtript me to the ſkin:
My ſkin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To ſlit my tongue, and make me ſpeak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft' employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice or his luſt,
From me no ſecret he can hide;
I ſee his vanity and pride:

And

And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.
Without my aid, the beſt divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading;
The ſcholar could not ſhew his reading.
Nay; man my maſter is my ſlave:
I give command to kill or ſave,
Can grant ten thouſand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on ſome dunghill left to rot.

II. On Gold.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vileſt ſlaves I owe my birth.
How is the greateſt monarch bleſt,
When in my gawdy livery dreſt!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me; or my embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.
The favourite meſſenger of Jove,
And Lemnian God, conſulting ſtrove

To make me glorious to the ſight
Of mortals, and the Gods delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

BY fate *exalted high* in place,
Lo, here I ſtand with *double face*;
Superior none on earth I find;
But ſee *below me* all mankind.
Yet, as it oft' attends the great,
I almoſt *ſink* with my own *weight*.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all conſult my *look*:
I ſometimes give advice in *writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.
I am a courtier in my way;
For thoſe who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
And ſome give out, that I entice
To luſt, and luxury, and dice;
Who puniſhments on me inflict,
Becauſe they find their pockets pickt.
By riding *poſt*, I loſe my health;
And only to get others wealth.

IV. On the POSTERIORS.

BECAUSE I am by nature *blind*,
I wiſely chuſe to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid diſgrace,
I let no creature ſee my *face*.

My *words* are few, but ſpoke with *ſenſe*;
And yet my *ſpeaking* gives offence:
Or, if to *whiſper* I preſume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am *oppreſt*;
And my *oppreſſion* gives them *reſt*.
Through me, though ſore againſt my will,
Inſtructors every art inſtil.
By thouſands I am *ſold* and bought,
Who neither get nor loſe a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me *greateſt pain*.
Shall man preſume to be my maſter,
Who's but my *caterer* and *taſter*?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I'm but a meer *depender* ſtill:
An humble *hanger-on* at beſt;
Of whom all people *make a jeſt*.
In me detractors ſeek to find
Two vices of a different kind:
I'm too profuſe, ſome cenſurers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly*:
While others give me many a curſe,
Becauſe too cloſe I hold my *purſe*.
But this I know, in either caſe
They dare not charge me to my *face*.
'Tis true indeed, ſometimes I *ſave*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I *get* and *ſpend*,

My *goings-out*, and *comings-in*,
I cannot find I loſe or win;
And therefore all that know me ſay,
I juſtly keep the *middle way*.
I 'm always by my betters led;
I laſt *get up*, and firſt *a-bed*;
Though, if I riſe *before my time*,
The learn'd in ſciences ſublime
Conſult the ſtars, and thence foretel
Good luck to thoſe with whom I dwell.

V. On a HORN.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domeſtic ſubject for diſputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I ſaw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the Britiſh crown;
And often have I ſeen thee grace
The chaſte Diana's infant face;
And whenſoe'er you pleaſe to ſhine,
Leſs uſeful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft' in Celia's treſſes play.
To place thee in another view,
I 'll ſhew the world ſtrange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May juſtly claim their birth from thee.
The ſoul of man with ſpleen you vex:
Of ſpleen you cure the female ſex.

Thee

Thee for a gift the courtier ſends
With pleaſure to his ſpecial friends:
He gives, and, with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft' can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unſeen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet ſome, who ne'er beſtow'd thee, boaſt
That they to others give thee moſt.
Mean time, the wiſe a queſtion ſtart,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain?
But the fly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys when he beſtows thee.

VI. On a CORKSCREW.

THOUGH I, alas! a priſoner be;
My trade is priſoners to ſet free.
No ſlave his lord's commands obeys
With ſuch *inſinuating* ways.
My genius *piercing*, *ſharp*, and *bright*,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their eaſe,
And *turn* and *wind* me as they pleaſe.
A new and wondrous art I ſhow
Of raiſing ſpirits from below;

In *ſcarlet* ſome, and ſome in *white*:
They riſe, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each *mouth* the *ſpirits* paſs,
Diſtinctly ſeen as through a glaſs:
O'er *head* and *body* make a rout,
And drive at laſt all *ſecrets* out:
And ſtill, the more I ſhow my art,
The more they *open every heart.*

A greater chemiſt none than I,
Who from *materials hard and dry*
Have taught men to *extract* with ſkill
More precious juice than from a ſtill.

Although I 'm often *out of caſe*,
I 'm not aſham'd to ſhow my *face*.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the ſide-board take my ſeat;
Yet the plain 'ſquire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him ſtand;
And often takes me by the *hand.*

I twice a day a *hunting* go;
Nor ever fail to *ſeize my foe*;
And, when I have him by the *pole*,
I drag him upwards from his *hole*;
Though ſome are of ſo ſtubborn kind,
I 'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.

I hourly wait ſome fatal end;
For I can *break*, but ſcorn to *bend.*

VII. The

VII.

The GULPH of all HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

COME hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain purſuits.
Take wiſe advice, and *look behind*,
Bring all *paſt* actions to thy mind.
Here you may ſee, as in a glaſs,
How ſoon all human pleaſures paſs.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial ſide!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the ſad *reverſe* appears!
This cave within its womb confines
The laſt reſult of all deſigns:
Here lie depoſited the ſpoils
Of buſy mortals' endleſs toils:
Here, with an eaſy ſearch, we find:
The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchaſe here behold
Of traitors, who their country ſold.
This gulph inſatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the ſtateſman's bribes.
Here, in their proper ſhape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt, are ſeen.
Neceſſity, the tyrant's law,
All human race muſt hither draw;
All prompted by the ſame *deſire*,
The vigorous youth, and aged ſire.

Behold,

Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble ſlave,
Phyſician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this ſhrine.
Some enter boldly, ſome by ſtealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs wealth.
For, while the bashful ſylvan maid,
As half aſham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo *near her heart*;
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profuſely pours her *offerings* here.
A treaſure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works:
Labours of many an ancient ſage,
And millions of the preſent age.
In at this gulph all offerings paſs,
And lie an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs.
Deucalion, to reſtore mankind,
Was bid to throw the ſtones *behind*;
So thoſe who here their gifts convey
Are forc'd to *look another way*;
For few, a choſen few, muſt know
The myſteries that lie below.
Sad charnel-houſe! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home!
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave!
Where each ſupply of *dead* renews
Unwholeſome *damps*, *offenſive* dews;

And

And lo! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls;
The *food of worms* and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.
And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft' in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was dreſt,
Each with a gold and purple veſt;
I ſaw them of their garments ſtript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript,
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their ſepulchres were torn;
But now diſmember'd here are caſt,
And find a reſting-place at laſt.
Here oft' the curious traveler finds
The combat of *oppoſing winds*:
And ſeeks to learn the ſecret cauſe,
Which alien ſeems from nature's laws;
Why at this *cave's* tremendous *mouth*,
He feels at once both *north* and *ſouth*:
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through *cleſts* oppugnant force a vent:

Or

Or whether, *opening all his ſtores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempeſt roars.
Yet, from this *mingled maſs* of things,
In time a new creation ſprings.
Theſe *crude* materials once ſhall riſe
To fill the earth, and air, and ſkies:
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

*LOUISA** to STREPHON.

AH! Strephon, how can you deſpiſe
Her, who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have ſtill been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair iſſue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy boſom bred;
Embrac'd thee cloſer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why ſhould my ſhepherd take amiſs,
That oft' I wake thee with a kiſs?
Yet you of every kiſs complain;
Ah! is not love a pleaſing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with eaſe and with delight;

* This Riddle is ſolved by an Anagram.

With

With pleaſure, as the poet ſings,
Too great for mortals leſs than kings.
Cloe, when on thy breaſt I lie,
Obſerves me with revengeful eye:
If Cloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She 'll tear me with her deſperate nails;
And with relentleſs hands deſtroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a ſpurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
Conſider, Strephon, what you do;
For, ſhould I die for love of you,
I 'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodleſs ghoſt;
And all my kin (a numerous hoſt,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in ſieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,
Who in tempeſtuous ſeas can ſport,
And ſcorn the pleaſures of a court,
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who ſcourg'd to death that ſcourge of Rome)
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou, like Alcides, ſhalt expire,
When his envenom'd ſhirt he wore,
And ſkin and fleſh in pieces tore.
Nor leſs that ſhirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her ſhift,
Shall in thy deareſt blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX. DE-

XII. On Ink.

I AM jet-black, as you may ſee,
The ſon of pitch, and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree,
I 'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyrick high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can ſoar;
And raiſe a virgin to the ſky,
Or ſink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very ſweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cry'd about the ſtreet,
And ſo apply'd to different uſe.

Moſt wondrous is my magic power:
For with one colour I can paint;
I 'll make the devil a ſaint this hour,
Next make a devil of a ſaint.

Through diſtant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly ſhew a reaſon, why
There ſhould be quarrels among kings.

And, after all, you 'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will diſpute,
That I ſhould point the word of God,
And ſhew where they can beſt confute.

Let lawyers bawl and ſtrain their throats:
'Tis I that muſt the lands convey,
And ſtrip the clients to their coats;
Nay, give their very ſouls away.

XIII. On the Five Senses.

ALL of us in one you 'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He 's the regiſter of all
In our ken, both great and ſmall;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He 's our maſter; we his tools;
Yet we can with greateſt eaſe
Turn and wind him where we pleaſe.
One of us alone can ſleep,
Yet no watch the reſt will keep,
But the moment that he cloſes,
Every brother elſe repoſes.
If wine 's bought, or victuals dreſt,
One enjoys them for the reſt.
Pierce us all with wounding ſteel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thouſand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thouſand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful ſound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There 's but one of us can ſmell.

XIV.

FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my boſom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the leaſt love-ſurprize,
Yet endleſs tears flow down in ſtreams;
There 's nought ſo beautiful in thee,
But you may find the ſame in me.

The lilies of thy ſkin compare;
In me you ſee them full as white.
The roſes of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then, ſince I ſhew as fine a face,
Can you refuſe a ſoft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou 'rt in thy prime!
And ſo am I whilſt thou art here;
But ſoon will come the fatal time,
When all we ſee ſhall diſappear.
'Tis mine to make a juſt reflexion,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
Treat not your lovers with diſdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the ſad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no ſecond ſpring.

XV. On

XV. On an Echo.

NEVER sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining sound me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gauble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow,
I can bark, or I can low,
I can bleat, or I can sing,
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the love-sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice:
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out.
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the dix of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I 'm vext, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear
Much I dread the courtesy fate.
When his merit is out of date.
For I hate a [illegible] breath,
And a whisper is my [illegible].

XVI. On a Shadow in a Glass.

BY ſomething form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet every where I may be ſeen;
In all things falſe, yet always true,
I 'm ſtill the ſame — but ever new.
Lifeleſs, life's perfect form I wear,
Can ſhew a noſe, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither ſmell, ſee, taſte, or hear.
All ſhapes and features I can boaſt,
No fleſh, no bones, no blood — no ghoſt:
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I 'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All things on earth I imitate,
Faſter than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and ſtrait an elf,
I 'm every one, but ne'er myſelf;
Ne'er ſad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die,
Then prythee tell me what am I.

XVII. MOST

XVII.

MOST things by me do riſe and fall,
And as I pleaſe they 're great and ſmall;
Invading foes, without reſiſtance,
With eaſe I make to keep their diſtance;
Again, as I 'm diſpos'd, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping ſwains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greateſt whale that ſwims the ſea
Does inſtantly my power obey.
In vain from me the ſailor flies,
The quickeſt ſhip I can ſurprize,
And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it againſt tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the talleſt man,
I 'll ſqueeze him to a little ſpan;
Or bring a tender child and pliant,
You 'll ſee me ſtretch him to a giant;
Nor ſhall they in the leaſt complain,
Becauſe my magick gives no pain.

XVIII. On TIME.

EVER eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all deſtroying,
Never finding full repaſt,
Till I eat the world at laſt.

XIX. On the GALLOWS.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
That ſtands 'twixt heaven, and earth, and hell;
Where many for a paſſage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter;
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reaſon ſhun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I 'll let you know.
Yet commoners with greateſt eaſe
Can find an entrance when they pleaſe.
The pooreſt hither march in ſtate
(Or they can never paſs the gate),
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on 't.
If graveſt parſons here advance,
They cannot paſs before they dance;
There 's not a ſoul that does reſort here,
But ſtrips himſelf to pay the porter.

XX. On the VOWELS.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features,
One of us in glaſs is ſet,
One of us you 'll find in jet,
T' other you may ſee in tin,
And the fourth a box within,
If the fifth you ſhould purſue,
It can never fly from you.

XXI. On Snow.

FROM heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can ſhew ſuch a ſkin.
I 'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark, when you ſqueeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aſpect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to enſnare.
Though ſo much of Heaven appears in my make,
The fouleſt impreſſions I eaſily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XXII. On a Cannon.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying with noiſe,
The terror of women, and pleaſure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I 'm chiefly unruly when ſtrongeſt confin'd.
For ſilver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ſhip or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a ſpark;
The moment I get one, my ſoul 's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in tranſport expire.

XXIII. On a Pair of Dice.

WE are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loſs and gain,
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and ſome undone:
But men find it to their coſt,
Few are made, but numbers loſt.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIV. On a Candle.

TO LADY CARTERET.

OF all inhabitants on earth,
To Man alone I owe my birth,
And yet the Cow, the Sheep, the Bee,
Are all my parents more than he:
I, a virtue, ſtrange and rare,
Make the faireſt look more fair;
And myſelf, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow ſtill the fairer.
Like ſots, alone I 'm dull enough,
When dos'd with ſmoak, and ſmear'd with ſnuff:
But, in the midſt of mirth and wine,
I with double luſtre ſhine.
Emblem of the Fair am I,
Poliſh'd neck, and radiant eye;
In my eye my greateſt grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them ſubdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too.

Emblem of a monarch old,
Wife, and glorious to behold;
Waſted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal:
Emblem of the baſhful dame,
That in ſecret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the ſecrets of her heart:
Various is my bulk and hue,
Big like Beſs, and ſmall like Sue;
Now brown and burniſh'd like a nut,
At other times a very ſlut;
Often fair, and ſoft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and ſmooth, and ſlender;
Like Flora deck'd with faireſt flowers,
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours:
But, whatever be my dreſs,
Greater be my ſize or leſs,
Swelling be my ſhape or ſmall,
Like thyſelf I ſhine in all.
Clouded if my face is ſeen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-ſick maid,
Steel affords me preſent aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is ſpun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft' revives my drooping head:
Yet I periſh in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;

Die

Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for thoſe I live to pleaſe;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

XXV. TO LADY CARTERET. BY DR. DELANY.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without ſtretching a finger, or ſtirring a foot,
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and aſunder.
Without joſtling or crowding they paſs ſide by ſide,
Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide:
Then I lodge them at eaſe in a very large ſtore,
Of no breadth or length, with a thouſand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Though ſometimes, they ſay, I bewitch and do harm;
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade;
And nothing can ſhield from my ſpell but a ſhade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you diſgrace,
In magical mirrour I 'll ſhew you his face:
Nay, if you 'll believe what the poets have ſaid,
They 'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers ſafe in my circle I dwell,
I love to look black too, it heightens my ſpell;
Though my magick is mighty in every hue,
Who ſee *all* my power muſt ſee it in YOU.

ANSWERED

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an *eye* your riddle I ſpy.
I obſerve your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever paſſes is ſtrained through glaſſes.
You ſay it is quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without ſtirring out;
No paſſion ſo weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, ſet it always in motion.
And as for the tragic effects of its magick
Which you ſay it can kill, or revive at its will,
The dead are all ſound, and revive above ground,
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, ſince it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice ſuch, it cries at a touch,
'Tis a perfect milkſop, grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault, it cannot bear ſalt:
And a hair can diſarm it of every charm.

XXVI. TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. SWIFT.

FROM India's burning clime I 'm brought,
With cooling gales like Zephyrs fraught.
Not Iris, when ſhe paints the ſky,
Can ſhew more different hue than I;
Nor can ſhe change her form ſo faſt,
I 'm now a ſail, and now a maſt.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.

I ſome-

I ſometimes live in houſe of hair,
And oft' in hand of lady fair.
I pleaſe the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you 're the man.

ANSWERED BY DR. SHERIDAN.

YOUR houſe of hair and lady's hand
At firſt did put me to a ſtand.
I have it now — 'tis plain enough —
Your hairy buſineſs is a *muff*.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once ſo like your maſts and ſails;
And for the rhyme to *you 're the man*,
What fits it better than a *fan*?

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

THE Scottiſh hinds, too poor to houſe
In froſty nights their ſtarving cows,
While not a blade of graſs or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Muſt let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain.
Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but ſkin and bone;

Expos'd

Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They juſt keep life and ſoul together,
Till ſummer-ſhowers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And, as the vegetables riſe,
The famiſh'd cow her want ſupplies:
Without an ounce of laſt year's fleſh;
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As riſing from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to inchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.
Why, Stella, ſhould you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis juſt the caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your fleſh is waſted,
And muſt againſt the warmer days
Be ſent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exerciſe, and air,
Will ſoon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your ſkin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with ſprightly blood:
Nor fleſh nor blood will be the ſame,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever underſtood,
By human kind, but fleſh and blood?
And if your fleſh and blood be new,
You 'll be no more the former *you*;

But

But for a blooming nymph will paſs,
Juſt fifteen, coming ſummer's graſs,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the 'ſquires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and ſilver ſpurs,
No leſs than juſtices *o'quorum*,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiſs your ſteps at Quilca gates.
But, leſt you ſhould my ſkill diſgrace,
Come back before you 're out of caſe:
For if to Michaelmas you ſtay,
The new-born fleſh will melt away;
The 'ſquire in ſcorn will fly the houſe
For better game, and look for grouſe;
But here, before the froſt can mar it,
We 'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5.

AS, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We ſay, ſhe 's paſt her dancing-days;
So poets loſe their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather choſe
To celebrate your birth in proſe:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,

Call

Call the old houſe-keeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid diſgrace,
Once more the Dean ſupplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too ſad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and ſhe fifteen.
No poet ever ſweetly ſung,
Unleſs he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inſpir'd to rhyme,
Unleſs, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-ſix, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a ſubject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You muſt be grave, and I be wiſe.
Our fate in vain we would oppoſe:
But I 'll be ſtill your friend in proſe:
Eſteem and friendſhip to expreſs,
Will not require poetic dreſs;
And, if the Muſe deny her aid
To have them *ſung*, they may be *ſaid*.
But, Stella, ſay, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time ſits, with his ſcythe, to mow
Where erſt ſat Cupid with his bow;

That

That half your locks are turn'd to grey?
I 'll ne'er believe a word they ſay.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are ſomewhat dimmiſh grown:
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my ſight;
And wrinkles undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
For I 'm aſham'd to uſe a glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, ſenſe and wit:
Thus you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *ſee*.
Oh, ne'er may Fortune ſhew her ſpight,
To make me *deaf*, and mend my *ſight!*

AN EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS-MONEY.

CARTERET was welcom'd to the ſhore
Firſt with the brazen cannons roar;
To meet him next the ſoldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town, he hears
The brazen bells ſalute his ears:
But, when Wood's braſs began to ſound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE,

A SIMILE,
ON OUR WANT OF SILVER:
And the only WAY to REMEDY it. 1725.

AS when of old some sorceress threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believ'd with reason
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her *silver* face again
(Note here, that in the chemic style,
The moon is *silver* all this while).
So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician *,
Join'd with a *brazen* politician,
Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment † of prodigious size;

* A great lady was said to have been bribed by Wood.
† The patent for coining half-pence.

Conceal'd behind that ample ſcreen,
There was no ſilver to be ſeen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppoſe his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That ſound will make the parchment ſhrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the devil:
And, when the ſky is grown ſerene,
Our ſilver will appear again.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

BY long obſervation I have underſtood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The firſt is an inſect they call a *wood*-louſe,
That folds up itſelf in itſelf for a houſe,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd *cap-a-pee* in a ſtrong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of braſs roll'd up to his ears:
And over theſe fillets he wiſely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of ſtone *.
The louſe of the *wood* for a medicine is us'd,
Or ſwallow'd alive, or ſkilfully bruis'd.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To ſwallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,

* He was in gaol for debt.

S

She need be no more with the jaundice poſſeſt,
Or ſick of *obſtructions*, and *pains in her cheſt*.
The next is an inſect we call a *wood*-worm,
That lies in old *wood* like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will ſcratch,
And chambermaids chriſten this worm a death-watch;
Becauſe like a watch it always cries *click*:
Then woe be to thoſe in the houſe who are ſick:
For, as ſure as a gun, they will give up the ghoſt,
If the maggot cries *click* when it ſcratches the poſt.
But a kettle of ſcalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected:
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the ſick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he ſcratch'd at the door
Of a governing ſtateſman or favourite whore:
The death of our nation he ſeem'd to foretell,
And the ſound of his braſs we took for our knell.
But now, ſince the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the beſt thing we can do is to ſcald him.
For which operation there 's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unleſs, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of *raps* * in a cauldron of oil.
Then chuſe which you pleaſe, and let each bring a faggot,
For our fear 's at an end with the death of the maggot.

* Counterfeit half-pence.

ON WOOD THE IRON-MONGER. 1725.

SALMONEUS, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad copper-ſmith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning-peep,
No creature in the lane could ſleep;
Among a crew of royſtering fellows
Would ſit whole evenings at the alehouſe:
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring ſcab muſt needs deviſe
To ape the thunder of the ſkies:
With *braſs* two fiery ſteeds he ſhod,
To make a clattering as they trod.
Of poliſh'd *braſs* his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar,
And up he mounts into the box,
And he muſt thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch:
With ſquibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
Among the trembling croud below.
All ran to prayers, both prieſts and laity,
To pacify this angry deity:
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To ſee the wicked varlet ſprawling;
They ſearch'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was baſe;

They

They laugh'd at ſuch an Iriſh blunder,
To take the noiſe of braſs for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adulter'd copper:
Which, as he ſcatter'd, we like dolts
Miſtook at firſt for thunder-bolts;
Before the Drapier ſhot a letter,
(Nor Jove himſelf could do it better)
Which, lighting on th' impoſtor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND;

Being an excellent NEW SONG, ſuppoſed to be made and ſung in the Streets of DUBLIN, by WILLIAM WOOD, Iron-monger and Half-penny-monger.

1725.

MY dear Iriſh folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my half-pence ſo fine;
So fair and ſo bright,
They 'll give you delight;
Obſerve, how they gliſten and ſhine!

They 'll ſell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or toſs on the knife.

Come hither, and try;
I 'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come; three-pence a ſcore,
I aſk you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Hardinge *.

When tradeſmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is ſuch,
No robber will touch,
And ſo you may daintily bob him.

The little black-guard,
Who gets very hard
His half-pence for cleaning your ſhoes:
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine and be d—'d,
He may ſwear he has nothing to loſe.

Here 's half-pence in plenty,
For one you 'll have twenty,
Though thouſands are not worth a pudden:
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a ſudden.

You will be my thankers,
I 'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade †:

* The Drapier's printer.

† Two famous bankers.

For

For nothing ſhall paſs
But my pretty braſs,
And then you 'll be all of a trade.

I 'm a ſon of a whore
If I have a word more
To ſay in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not paſs,
I muſt die like an aſs;
And ſo I conclude my petition.

A NEW SONG
ON WOOD'S HALF-PENCE.

YE people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come liſten with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I 'll chuſe to be wiſer than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

The Half-pence are coming, the nation 's undoing,
There 's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing;
In ſhort, you muſt all go to rack and to ruin.
Which, &c.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
Will ſuffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which, &c.

The Soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His five pence will prove but a farthing a day,
For meat, or for drink; or he muſt run away.
Which, &c.

When he pulls out his two pence, the Tapſter ſays not,
That ten times as much he muſt pay for his ſhot;
And thus the poor Soldier muſt ſoon go to pot.
Which, &c.

If he goes to the Baker, the Baker will huff,
And twenty pence have for a two-penny loaf,
Then, dog, rogue, and raſcal, and ſo kick and cuff.
Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The Butcher and Soldier muſt be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a noſe.
Which, &c.

The Butcher is ſtout, and he values no ſwagger;
A cleaver 's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue ſleeve may give ſuch a cuff as may ſtagger.
Which, &c.

The Beggars themſelves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are ſunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they muſt live on their lice.
Which, &c.

The Squire poſſeſs'd of twelve thouſand a year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have houſe-room, I fear.
Which, &c.

Though at preſent he lives in a very large houſe,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouſe;
But the Squire 's too wiſe, he will not take a ſouſe.
Which, &c.

The

The Farmer, who comes with his rent in this caſh,
For taking theſe counters, and being ſo raſh,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himſelf and his traſh.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leaſes that ever we hold,
We muſt pay our rent in good ſilver and gold,
And not in braſs tokens of ſuch a baſe mold.
Which, &c.

The wiſeſt of Lawyers all ſwear, they will warrant
No money but ſilver and gold can be current;
And, ſince they will ſwear it, we all may be ſure on't.
Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it would be very ſtrange,
To give current money for baſe in exchange,
Like a fine lady ſwapping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we muſt ſay that his Majeſty 's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God bleſs the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I 'm ſure, by his book, that the writer is wiſe:
He ſhews us the cheat, from the end to the riſe.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther he ſhews it a very hard caſe,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.

That

That he and his half-pence ſhould come to weigh down
Our ſubjects ſo loyal and true to the crown;
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which, &c.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book againſt Mr. Wood's;
If you ſtand true together, he 's left in the ſuds.
Which, &c.

Ye ſhop-men and trades-men and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my ſoul at this time that you need it;
Or egad, if you don't, there 's an end of your credit.
Which nobody can deny.

A SERIOUS POEM

Upon WILLIAM WOOD, Braſier, Tinker, Hardwareman, Coiner, Founder, and Eſquire.

WHEN foes are o'ercome, we preſerve them from ſlaughter,
To be *hewers* of *wood*, and *drawers* of water.
Now, although to *draw water* is not very good;
Yet we all ſhould rejoice to be *hewers of Wood.*
I own, it has often provok'd me to mutter,
That a rogue ſo *obſcure* ſhould make ſuch a clutter:
But antient Philoſophers wiſely remark,
That old rotten *Wood* will ſhine in the *dark.*
The Heathens, we read, had *Gods* made of *Wood*,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good:
But this idol *Wood* may do us great evil;
Their Gods were of *Wood*; but our *Wood* is the *Devil.*

To

To cut down fine *Wood*, is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much *gold* it will bring.
Then, if cutting down *Wood* brings money good ſtore,
Our money to keep, let us *cut down one more.*

Now hear an old tale. There anciently ſtood
(I forget in what church) an image of *Wood.*
Concerning this image, there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole *foreſt*; nor was it a fiction.
'Twas cut into faggots and put to the flame,
To burn an old Friar, one *Foreſt* by name.
My tale is a wife one, if well underſtood:
Find you but the *Friar*; and I 'll find the *Wood.*

I hear, among ſcholars there is a great doubt
From what kind of tree this *Wood* was hewn out.
Teague made a good pun by a *brogue* in his ſpeech;
And ſaid, *By my ſhoul, he's the ſon of a* BERCH.
Some call him a *Thorn*, the curſe of the nation,
As *Thorns* were deſign'd to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poiſonous *Yew*;
Beneath whoſe ill ſhade no plant ever grew.
Some ſay he 's a *Birch*, a thought very odd;
For none but a *dunce* would come under his *rod.*
But I 'll tell you the ſecret; and pray do not blab:
He is an old ſtump, cut out of a *Crab*;
And England has put this *Crab* to a hard uſe,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us *verjuice*;
And therefore his *witneſſes* juſtly may boaſt,
That none are more properly knights of the *Poſt.*

I ne'er could endure my talent to ſmother:
I told you one tale, and I 'll tell you another.

A joiner,

A joiner, to faſten a ſaint in a *nitch*,
Bor'd a lage *auger-hole* in the image's breech.
But, finding the *ſtatue* to make no complaint,
He would never be convinced it was a *true ſaint*.
When the *true Wood* arrives, as he ſoon will, no doubt,
(For that 's but a ſham *Wood* they carry about *;)
What *ſtuff* he is made of you quickly may find,
If you make the ſame trial, and *bore* him *behind*.
I 'll hold you a groat, when you *wimble* his *bum*,
He 'll bellow as loud as the *Devil* in a *drum*.
From me, I declare, you ſhall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And, when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may ſhew him about for a new *groaning-board*.
Hear one ſtory more, and then I will ſtop.
I dreamt *Wood* was told he ſhould die by a *drop*:
So methought he reſolved no liquor to taſte,
For fear the *firſt drop* might as well be his *laſt*.
But *dreams* are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it prov'd that he died of a *drop* at Kilmainham †.
I wak'd with delight; and not without hope,
Very ſoon to ſee *Wood drop* down from a *rope*.
How he! and how we, at each other ſhould grin!
'Tis kindneſs to hold a friend up by the chin.
But ſoft! ſays the Herald; I cannot agree;
For *metal* on *metal* is falſe Heraldry
Why, that may be true; yet *Wood* upon *Wood*,
I 'll maintain with my life, is *Heraldry* good.

* He was frequently burnt in effigy.

† Their place of execution.

TO

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dec. 14, 1719 *, 9 at nig

SIR,

IT is impoſſible to know by your letter whethe wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you, in plain En tell us ſo?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to ſit the ladies † this night:

And if they had not told me there was a letter you; and your man Alexander had not gone, come back from the deanry; and the boy here not been ſent to let Alexander know I was he ſhould have miſſed the letter out-right.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be fendin corks to ſtop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and ſend your Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders alread gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnſon ſay, truly they care for your wife's company, though they like wine; but they had rather have it at their own to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mr. Sherid make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

* This is probably dated too early.

† Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnſon.

I

I wiſh Alexander ſafe at St Catharine's to-night, with all my heart and ſoul, upon my word and honour:

But I think it baſe in you to ſend a poor fellow out ſo late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor

I would preſent my humble ſervice to my lady Mountcaſhel; but truly I thought ſhe would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as ſhe pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you ſee plainly my paper is ended.

1 P. S.

I wiſh, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
Much plague it created. I ſcolded and rated;
My ſoul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated; the caſe I have ſtated;
And me you have cheated. My ſtable 's unſlated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wiſh you tranſlated,
For eazing me.

2 P. S.

Mrs Dingley deſires me ſingly
Her ſervice to preſent you; hopes that will content you;
But Johnſon madam is grown a ſad dame,
For want of converſe, and cannot ſend one verſe.

3 P. S.

You keep ſuch a twattling with you and your bottling;
But I ſee the ſum total, we ſhall ne'er have a bottle;

The

The long and the ſhort, we ſhall not have a quart.
I wiſh you would ſign 't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing, I 'd be glad of a knoggin:
But I doubt 'tis a ſham; you won't give us a dram.
'Tis of ſhine a month moon-full, you won't part with a ſpoonfull,
And I muſt be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.
You ſee I won't ſtop, till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum is a poor ſupernaculum;
Though perhaps you tell it for a grace, if we ſmell it.

STELLA.

TO QUILCA,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr. SHERIDAN,

In no very good Repair, 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabbin dropping rain;
Chimnies with ſcorn rejecting ſmoak;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedſteds broke.
Here elements have loſt their uſes,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Sheelah * toil,
Fire will not roaſt, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddeſs Want in triumph reigns:
And her chief officers of ſtate,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

* The name of an Iriſh ſervant.

The

The BLESSINGS of a COUNTRY-LIFE. 1725.

FAR from our debtors; no Dublin letters;
Not ſeen by our betters.

The PLAGUES of a COUNTRY-LIFE.

A companion with news; a great want of ſhoes;
Eat lean meat, or chuſe; a church without pews.
Our horſes aſtray; no ſtraw, oats, or hay; [play.
December in May; our boys run away; all ſervants at

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

I'D have you to know, as ſure as you 're Dean,
On Thurſday my caſk of Obrien I 'll drain:
If my wife is not willing, I ſay ſhe 's a quean;
And my right to the cellar, egad, I 'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
Go tell her it over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For, ſhould it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguiſh my poetic vein;
And then I ſhould be as ſtupid as Kain, [twain.
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd but
Now Wardel 's in haſte, and begins to complain;
Your moſt humble ſervant, dear Sir, I remain,

T. S—N.

Get Helſham, Walmſley, Delany,
And ſome Grattans, if there be any *:
Take care you do not bid too many.

* *i. e.* in Dublin, for they were country-clergy.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

THE verſes you ſent on the bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgement, exceedingly fine;
And I muſt confeſs, as a dean and divine,
I think you inſpir'd by the Muſes all nine.
I nicely examin'd them every line,
And the worſt of them all like a barn-door did ſhine.
Oh, that Jove would give me ſuch a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would ſcorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked deſign;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wiſh, honeſt comrade of mine,
You would really on Thurſday leave St. Catharine*,
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a ſwine;
With me you 'll no more have a ſtomach to dine,
Nor after your vittles lie ſleeping ſupine:
So I wiſh you were toothleſs, like lord Maſſerine.
But, were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wiſh you would tell me which way you incline.
If, when you return, your road you don't line,
On Thurſday I 'll pay my reſpects at your ſhrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In ſquare, or in oppoſite circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thurſday be ſalter than brine:
I hope you have ſwill'd, with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee 's outdone by the Rhine;

* The ſeat of lady Mountcaſhel, near Dublin.

And Dan ſhall be with us, with noſe aquiline.
If you do not come back, we ſhall weep out our eyne:
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine:
But, if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiſs the low end of her ſpine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine:
I hope you will not think this a *paſquine*.

A PORTRAIT
FROM THE LIFE.

COME ſit by my ſide, while this picture I draw
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himſelf could not bridle;
Impertinent mixture of buſy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half ſo crabbed;
She ſwills like a ſow, and ſhe breeds like a rabbit:
A houſe-wife in bed, at table a ſlattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas *, Ford †, Grattan ‡, and merry Dan ‖,
Has this any likeneſs to good madam Sheridan?

* Dr. Thomas Sheridan.
† Charles Ford of Woodpark, Eſq;
‡ Reverend John Grattan.
‖ Reverend Daniel Jackſon.

UPON STEALING A CROWN WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, ſince you in ſleepy wiſe
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes;
Like ghoſt, I glide along your floor,
And ſoftly ſhut the parlour-door:
For ſhould I break your ſweet repoſe,
Who knows what money you might loſe;
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thouſand pound?
Then ſleep, my friend; dear dean, ſleep on,
And all you get ſhall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you loſe belongs to me.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

SO, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he 's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the leaſt difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jeſt apart, reſtore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens * and ſix-pence ha'penny.

* A ſhilling paſſeth for thirteen pence in Ireland.

To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me ſuch a deadly cut —
But 'tis obſerv'd, that men in gowns
Are moſt inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.
Could you but *change* a crown as eaſy
As you can ſteal one, how 'twould pleaſe ye!
I thought the lady * at St. Catharine's
Knew how to ſet you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondiſham †,
And for his victuals let a ragman diſh 'em.

THE STORM;
MINERVA'S PETITION.

PALLAS, a goddeſs chaſte and wife,
Deſcending lately from the ſkies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He 'd give his orders for a ſtorm;
A ſtorm, to drown that raſcal Horte,
And ſhe would kindly thank him for 't:
A wretch! whom Engliſh rogues, to ſpite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre.
The god, who favour'd her requeſt,
Aſſur'd her he would do his beſt:
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the biſhop lov'd a whore,

* Lady Montcaſhel.
† Agmondiſham Veſey eſq; a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Dean had a great eſteem.

And

And had enlarg'd her empire wide;
He own'd no deity beſide.
At ſea or land, if e'er you found him
Without a miſtreſs, hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death, the biſhop's bench,
Till Horte arriv'd, ne'er kept a wench;
If Horte muſt ſink, ſhe grieves to tell it,
She 'll not have left one ſingle prelate:
For, to ſay truth, ſhe did intend him,
Elect of Cyprus *in commendam*.
And, ſince her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favour.

Then Proteus urg'd the ſame requeſt,
But half in earneſt, half in jeſt;
Said he — "Great ſovereign of the main,
"To drown him, all attempts are vain;
"Horte can aſſume more forms than I,
"A rake, a bully, pimp, or ſpy;
"Can creep or run, can fly or ſwim,
"All motions are alike to him:
"Turn him adrift, and you ſhall find
"He knows to ſail with every wind;
"Or, throw him overboard, he 'll ride
"As well againſt, as with the tide.
"But, Pallas, you 've apply'd too late;
"For 'tis decreed, by Jove and Fate,
"That Ireland muſt be ſoon deſtroy'd,
"And who but Horte can be employ'd?
"You need not then have been ſo pert,
"In ſending Bokon* to Clonfert.

* Afterwards archbiſhop of Caſhell.

" I found you did it, by your grinning;
" Your buſineſs is, to mind your ſpinning.
" But how you came to interpoſe
" In making biſhops, no one knows:
" Or who regarded your report;
" For never were you ſeen at court.
" And if you muſt have your petition,
" There 's Berkeley * in the ſame condition:
" Look, there he ſtands, and 'tis but juſt,
" If one muſt drown, the other muſt;
" But, if you 'll leave us biſhop Judas,
" We 'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.
" Now, if 'twill gratify your ſpight,
" To put him in a plaguy fright,
" Although 'tis hardly worth the coſt,
" You ſoon ſhall ſee him ſoundly toſt.
" You 'll find him ſwear, blaſpheme, and damn
" (And every moment take a dram)
" His ghaſtly viſage with an air
" Of reprobation and deſpair:
" Or elſe ſome hiding-hole he ſeeks,
" For fear the reſt ſhould ſay he ſqueaks;
" Or, as Fitzpatrick † did before,
" Reſolve to periſh with his whore;
" Or elſe he raves, and roars, and ſwears,
" And, but for ſhame, would ſay his prayers.
" Or, would you ſee his ſpirits ſink,
" Relaxing downwards in a ſtink?

* Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, and afterwards biſhop of Cloyne.

† *Brigadier* Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the *packet-boats in the* bay of Dublin, in a great ſtorm.

" If

" If ſuch a ſight as this can pleaſe ye,
" Good madam Pallas, pray be eaſy,
" To Neptune ſpeak, and he 'll conſent;
" But he 'll come back the knave he went."
The goddeſs, who conceiv'd an hope,
That Horte was deſtin'd to a rope,
Believ'd it beſt to condeſcend
To ſpare a foe, to ſave a friend:
But, fearing Berkeley might be ſcar'd,
She left him Virtue for a guard.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

OH, heavenly-born! in deepeſt dells
If faireſt ſcience ever dwells
Beneath the moſſy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods:
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flowery carpets lave;

For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the ſylvan ſcenes
With ſcientific light;
While Dian, huntreſs of the vales,
Seeks lulling ſounds and fanning gales,
Though wrapt from mortal ſight.

Yet, goddeſs, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
Obſtructed and depreſs'd:
Till Wiſdom give the ſacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninſpir'd, to ſhine,
By Reaſon's power redreſs'd.

When

When Solon and Lycurgus taught,
To moralize the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cauſe
That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Aſtræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred ſuns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac ſyſtem rolls,
In vain the lunar ſphere.

Come, faireſt princeſs of the throng,
Bring ſweet Philoſophy along
In metaphyſic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian ſtreams.

Drive Thraldom with malignant hand,
To curſe ſome other deſtin'd land
By Folly led aſtray:
Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her ſoar, and ſing
Thy univerſal ſway.

So, when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majeſtic ſound aſpire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To ſculpture turn'd by magic ſound
And petrifying ſong.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

ODE to the Hon. Sir William Temple, 1689. Page 1
——— to the Athenian Society, 1691. 9
Lines written in a Lady's Ivory Table-book, 1699. 20
Mrs. Frances Harris's Petition. 21
Ballad on the Game of Traffic. 26
Another Ballad, occaſioned by the preceding one. 28
The Diſcovery. 29
The Problem, that my Lord Berkeley ſtinks when he is in Love. 31
Deſcription of a Salamander, 1706. 33
To the Earl of Peterborow, who commanded the Britiſh Forces in Spain. 36
On the Union. 37
On Mrs. Biddy Floyd. 38
Apollo outwitted. To the Honourable Mrs. Finch, afterwards Counteſs of Winchelſea. 39
Vanbrugh's Houſe, built from the Ruins of Whitehall. 41
The Hiſtory of Vanbrugh's Houſe. 46
Baucis and Philemon, 1708. 48

Elegy

Elegy on the ſuppoſed Death of Partridge the Almanack-maker. Page 54
Merlin's Prophecy, 1709, 58
A Deſcription of the Morning. 59
——— a City-Shower, 1710. 60
On the little Houſe by the Church-yard of Caſtle-nock. 62
The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod. 65
Atlas; or, the Miniſter of State. 68
A Town Eclogue. 69
The Fable of Midas, 1711. 71
An excellent new Song; being the intended Speech of a famous Orator againſt Peace. 74
The Windſor Propheſy. 77
Epigram, 1712. 79
Corinna. ibid.
Toland's Invitation to Diſmal, to dine with the Calves-head Club. 80
Peace and Dunkirk; an excellent new Song. 82
Horace, Book I. Ep. VII. 1713. 84
——— Book II. Sat. VI. 89
The Author upon himſelf. 93
The Faggot. 96
Catullus de Leſbia. 98
Epigram, from the French. 99
On a Curate's Complaint of Hard Duty, ibid.
A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor; upon his lending his Houſe to the Biſhop of Meath till his Palace was re-built. 100

Cadenus

Cadenus and Vaneſſa. Page 101
To Love. 131
Ode to Spring. By a Lady. 132
—— to Wiſdom. By the ſame. 133
A Rebus. By Vaneſſa. 134
The Dean's Anſwer. ibid.
Horace, Book I. Ode I. paraphraſed. 1714. 135
—— Book I. Ep. V. John Dennis the Sheltering Poet's Invitation to Richard Steele the ſecluded Party-writer and Member, to come and live with him in the Mint. 140
To Lord Harley, on his Marriage. 146
In Sickneſs. Written in Ireland, October 1714. 149
The Fable of the Bitches. Written in the Year 1715, on an Attempt to repeal the Teſt-Act. 150
Horace, Book III. Ode II. To the Earl of Oxford, late Lord Treaſurer. Sent to him when in the Tower, 1716. 152
Phyllis; or, The Progreſs of Love. 153
Ad Amicum Eruditum Thomam Sheridan. 1717. 156
Horace, Book IV. Ode IX. Addreſſed to Abp. King. 1718. 158
To Mr. Delany. 159
A left-handed Letter to Dr. Sheridan. 163
A Motto for Mr. Jaſon Haſad, Woollen-draper in Dublin; whoſe Sign was the Golden Fleece. 164
To Mr. Sheridan. 165
Stella's Birth-day, March 13, 1718-19. 166
Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift, 1719. 167
The Dean's Anſwer. ibid.

Stella's Birth-day, 1720. Page 168
To Stella, who collected and tranſcribed his Poems, 170
To Stella, viſiting me in my Sickneſs. 175
Elegy on the Death of Demar, the Uſurer. 179
Epitaph on a Miſer. 181
To Mrs. Houghton of Bormount, upon praiſing her Huſband to Dr. Swift. ibid.
Verſes written on a Window, at the Deanry-houſe, St. Patrick's. 182
On another Window. ibid.
Apollo to the Dean. 183
News from Parnaſſus. By Dr. Delany. 186
The Run upon the Bankers. 189
The Deſcription of an Iriſh Feaſt. 192
An excellent new Song on a ſeditious Pamphlet, 1720. 193
The Progreſs of Beauty. 195
——— of Poetry. 199
The South-Sea Project. 1721. 200
The Dog and Shadow. 209
To a Friend, who had been much abuſed in many different Libels. ibid.
Billet to the Company of Players. 210
The Prologue. ibid.
Epigram. 212
Prologue to a Play for the Benefit of the Diſtreſſed Weavers. By Mr. Sheridan. ibid.
Epilogue, by the Dean. 214
A Poem, by Dr. Delany, on the preceding Prologue and Epilogue. 216

On Gaulſtown-houſe, by Dr. Delany. Page 218
The Country-Life. Part of a Summer ſpent at Gaulſtown-houſe. 219
Thomas Sheridan, Clerk, to George-Nim-Dan-Dean, Eſq. 224
George-Nim-Dan-Dean's Anſwer. 225
George-Nim-Dan-Dean's Invitation to Thomas Sheridan. 227
To George-Nim-Dan-Dean, Eſq; upon his incomparable Verſes, &c. By Dr. Delany, in Sheridan's Name. 229
To Mr. Thomas Sheridan, upon his Verſes written in Circles. By Dr. Swift. 231
On Sheridan's Circular Verſes. By Mr. George Rochfort. 232
On Dan Jackſon's Picture cut in Silk and Paper. 233
Several Verſes on the ſame Picture. 234 and 235
Dan Jackſon's Defence. 236
Mr. Rochfort's Reply. 238
Dr. Delany's Reply. 241
Sheridan's Reply. 242
A Rejoinder by the Dean, in Jackſon's Name. 243
Another Rejoinder by the Dean, in Jackſon's Name. 245
Sheridan's Submiſſion. By the Dean. 246
To the Rev. Daniel Jackſon. To be humbly preſented by Mr. Sheridan in Perſon, with Reſpect, Care, and Speed. 247
To Dr. Sheridan, on his Art of Punning. 250
Stella to Dr. Swift. On his Birth-day, Nov. 30, 1721. 251

To

To Stella, on her Birth-day, 1721-2. Page 253
On the Great Buried Bottle. By Dr. Delany. ibid.
Epitaph, by the ſame. 254
Stella's Birth-day; a great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that Day dug up. 1722-3. ibid.
A ſatirical Elegy on the Death of a late famous General. 257
Dean Smedley's Petition to the Duke of Grafton. 258
The Duke's Anſwer. By Dr. Swift. 262
Verſes by Stella. 264
Jealouſy. By the ſame. ibid.
Dr. Delany's Villa. ibid.
On one of the Windows at Delville. 266
Carberiæ Rupes, in Comitatu Corgagenſi. 267
Carbery Rocks. Tranſlated by Dr. Dunkin. 268
Upon the horrid Plot diſcovered by Harlequin, the Biſhop of Rocheſter's French Dog. In a Dialogue between a Whig and a Tory. 270
Stella at Wood-Park, a Houſe of Charles Ford, Eſq; near Dublin. 273
Copy of the Birth-day Verſes on Mr. Ford. 276
Joan cudgels Ned. 280
A Quibbling Elegy on Judge Boat. 281
Pethox the Great. 283
Mary the Cook-Maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan. 286
A New-Year's-Gift for Bec, 1723-4. 289
Dingley and Brent. A Song. 290
To Stella. 1723-4. Written on the Day of her Birth, but not on the Subject, when I was ſick in Bed. 291

On

On Dreams. An Imitation of Petronius. 1724. Page 292
Whitſhed's Motto on his Coach. 294
Sent by Dr. Delany to Dr. Swift, in order to be admitted to ſpeak to him, when he was deaf, 295
The Anſwer. ibid.
A quiet Life and a good Name. To a Friend who married a Shrew. 297
The Birth of Manly Virtue, inſcribed to Lord Carteret. 300
Verſes on the Upright Judge who condemned the Drapier's Printer. 305
On the ſame. ibid.
On the ſame. (The Judge ſpeaks.) ibid.
Riddles. 306—331
A Receipt to reſtore Stella's Health. 332
Stella's Birth-day, 1724-5. 334
An Epigram on Wood's Braſs Money. 336
A Simile on our Want of Silver, and the only Way to remedy it. 1725. 337
Wood, an Inſect. 338
On Wood the Iron-monger. 340
Will Wood's Petition to the People of Ireland; being an excellent new Song, ſuppoſed to be made and ſung in the Streets of Dublin, by William Wood, Iron-monger and Half-penny-monger. 342
Another Song on Wood's Half-pence. 343
A ſerious Poem upon William Wood, Braſier, Tinker, Hardwareman, Coiner, Founder, and Eſquire. 346

To

To Dr. Sheridan. Page 349
To Quilca, a Country-Houſe of Dr. Sheridan's in no very good Repair, 1725. 351
The Bleſſings of a Country Life. 352
The Plagues of a Country Life. ibid.
Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift. ibid.
Dr. Swift's Anſwer. 353
A Portrait from the Life. 354
Upon ſtealing a Crown when the Dean was aſleep. By Dr. Sheridan. 355
The Dean's Anſwer. ibid.
The Storm; Minerva's Petition. 356
Ode on Science. 359

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

John Dickinson

1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTIETH.

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M DCC LXXIX.

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Gift
Albert Greene
1-15-1936

SWIFT'S

POEMS.

VOLUME II.

POEMS

By Dr. SWIFT.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,
March 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall ſtill be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are ſick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of ſpectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying ſtuff.
Yet, ſince from reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing thought,
Which can, in ſpite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the graveſt of Divines
Accept for once ſome ſerious lines.

Although we now can form no more
Long ſchemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running faſt,
Can look with joy on what is paſt.

Were future happineſs and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheiſts argue, to entice
And fit their proſelytes for vice
(The only comfort they propoſe,
To have companions in their woes):
Grant this the caſe; yet ſure 'tis hard
That virtue, ſtyl'd its own reward,
And by all ſages underſtood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will aſſwage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age,
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine through life's declining part.
Say, Stella; feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well-ſpent?
Your ſkilful hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing wretches from the grave;
And then ſupporting with your ſtore
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates.
Your generous boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent friend;
That courage which can make you juſt
To merit humbled in the duſt;
The deteſtation you expreſs
For vice in all its glittering dreſs;

That patience under tottering pain,
Where ſtubborn Stoicks would complain;
Muſt theſe like empty ſhadows paſs,
Or forms reflected from a glaſs?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been ſtill ſupply'd,
It muſt a thouſand times have died.
Then who with reaſon can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action paſt,
And ſtill continued by the laſt?
Then, who with reaſon can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
Believe me, Stella, when you ſhow
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where ſhe has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your ſickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better ſtate.

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, ſurely me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly would your ſuffering ſhare;
Or give my ſcrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whoſe care ſo oft' I owe
That I 'm alive to tell you ſo.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

Paraphraſed, and inſcribed to IRELAND. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating iſle, toſt on ill-fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by *fate* to be the land of ſlaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted ſtand:
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Although the metaphor be worn and ſtale,
Betwixt a ſtate, and veſſel under ſail;
Let me ſuppoſe thee for a ſhip a-while,
And thus addreſs thee in the ſailor's ſtyle:

UNHAPPY ſhip, thou art return'd in vain:
New waves ſhall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyſelf, and be no more the ſport
Of giddy winds, but make ſome friendly port.

Loſt

Loſt are thy oars, that us'd thy courſe to guide,
Like faithful counſellors on either ſide.
Thy maſt, which like ſome aged patriot ſtood
The ſingle pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a ſtaff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough *weſtern* wind.
Your cables burſt, and you muſt quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the ſtrong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a ſudden tempeſt is thy ſail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when ſome writer in a public cauſe
His pen, to ſave a ſinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper-ſail;
Till power, diſcharging all her ſtormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation ſcar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his truſt in popular breath.

A larger ſacrifice in vain you vow;
There 's not a power above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft' Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heaven relief expects.

'Twill not avail, when thy ſtrong ſides are broke,
That thy deſcent is from the Britiſh oak;
Or, when your name and family you boaſt,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coaſt.
Such was Ierne's claim, as juſt as thine,
Her ſons deſcended from the Britiſh line;

Her matchleſs ſons, whoſe valour ſtill remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns:
Yet, from an empreſs now a captive grown,
She ſav'd Britannia's rights, and loſt her own.

In ſhips decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded ſtern and painted ſides;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and ſattins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enſlav'd.
Dear veſſel, ſtill be to thy ſteerage juſt,
Nor change thy courſe with every ſudden guſt;
Like ſupple patriots of the modern ſort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.

Weary and ſea-ſick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy ſafety cares diſtract my mind;
As thoſe who long have ſtood the ſtorms of ſtate
Retire, yet ſtill bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the ſurges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry ſhore.
They lie, alas! too eaſy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the iſland round.

VERSES

VERSES ON THE SUDDEN DRYING-UP OF ST. PATRICK'S-WELL,

NEAR TRINITY-COLLEGE, DUBLIN, 1726.

BY holy zeal inſpir'd, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite iſle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy * o'er-run.
Ierne, to the world's remoteſt parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
Hither from Colchos †, with the fleecy ore,
Jaſon arriv'd two thouſand years before.
Thee, happy iſland, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown ‡.

* Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and where he received his miſſion; and becauſe he had his new birth there, hence, by poetical licence, and by ſcripture-figure, our author calls that country his native Italy. IRISH ED.

† Orpheus, or the antient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, ſays, that Jaſon, who manned the ſhip Argos at Theſſaly, ſailed to Ireland. IRISH ED.

‡ Tacitus, in the life of Julius Agricola, ſays, that the harbours of Ireland, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than thoſe of Britain. IRISH ED.

From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare deſpiſe,
Did once their land ſubdue and civilize:
Their dreſs, their language, and the Scottiſh name,
Confeſs the ſoil from whence the victors came *.
Well may they boaſt that ancient blood, which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger ſons †,

A con-

* The argument here turns on, what the author of courſe took for granted, the preſent Scots being the deſcendants of Iriſh emigrants. This fact, however true, was not in Dr. Swift's time aſcertained with any degree of preciſion. Ireland even to this day "remains ſuperſtitiouſly devoted to her antient hiſtory," and "wraps herſelf in the gloom of her own legendary annals." Mr. Whitaker has diſplayed an uncommon fund of knowledge on this very curious ſubject, both in his "Hiſtory of Mancheſter," and in "The Genuine Hiſtory of the Britons aſſerted." N.

† "The Scots (ſays Dr. Robertſon) carry their pretenſions to antiquity as high as any of their neighbours. Relying upon uncertain legends, and the traditions of their bards, ſtill more uncertain, they reckon up a ſeries of kings ſeveral ages *before* the birth of Chriſt; and give a particular detail of occurrences, which happened in their reigns. In the beginning of the ſixteenth century, John Major and Hector Boëthius publiſhed their Hiſtories of Scotland; the former a ſuccinct and dry writer, the latter a copious

and

A conqueſt and a colony from thee.
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of ſlavery they felt:
Not ſo with thee thy baſe invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid *,
Thoſe whom they could not conquer, they betray'd.

"and florid one; and both equally credulous. Not "many years after, Buchanan undertook the ſame "work; and if his accuracy and impartiality had been "in any degree equal to the elegance of his taſte, and "to the purity and vigour of his ſtyle, his hiſtory might "be placed on a level with the moſt admired compoſi-"tions of the ancients. But, inſtead of rejecting the "improbable tales of Chronicle-writers, he was at the "utmoſt pains to adorn them, and hath cloathed with "all the beauties and graces of fiction thoſe legends "which formerly had only its wildneſs and extrava-"gance."—On the authority of Buchanan and his pre-deceſſors the hiſtorical part of this poem ſeems founded, as well as the notes ſigned IRISH ED. ſome of which, I believe, were written by the Dean himſelf. N.

* In the reign of king Henry II, Dermot M'Morrough, king of Leinſter, being deprived of his kingdom by Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, he invited the Engliſh over as auxiliaries, and promiſed Richard Strangbow earl of Pembroke his daughter and all his dominions as a portion. By this aſſiſtance, M'Morrough recovered his crown, and Strangbow became poſſeſſed of all Leinſter. IRISH ED.

Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
Not by thy valour, but superior guile:
Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine *;
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense:
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
The fatal changes Time hath made in thee!
The Christian rites I introduc'd in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.
By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land;
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing †,
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor scorpion's sting.

* St. Patrick arrived in Ireland in the year 431, and compleated the conversion of the natives, which had been begun by Palladius and others. And, as bishop Nicholson observes, Ireland soon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Western Christians, as well as the English, had recourse, not only for instructions in the principles of religion, but in all sorts of literature, *viz. Legendi et Scholastice eruditionis gratiâ.* IRISH ED.

† There are no snakes, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here until about the year 1700. The magpyes came a short time before; and the Norway rats since. IRISH ED.

With

With omens oft' I ſtrove to warn thy ſwains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I ſent the magpye from the Britiſh ſoil,
With reſtleſs beak thy blooming fruit to ſpoil;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What elſe are thoſe thou ſeeſt in biſhops' geer,
Who crop the nurſeries of learning here;
Aſpiring, greedy, full of ſenſeleſs prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the ſtate?

As you grew more degenerate and baſe,
I ſent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of inſects vile, who ſpread their ſpawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauſeous brood, that fills your ſenate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!

See, where that new-devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And ſudden ſpreads a numerous offſpring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fiſh, of fruits thy land.

Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which ſmoothly flows,
And bleſſings equally on all beſtows.
Here, from the neighbouring * nurſery of arts,
The ſtudents, drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;

* The univerſity of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by queen Elizabeth in 1591. IRISH ED.

Here,

Or, for the clamicks, read — The Attorney's Guild
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.
Oh! had I been apostle to the Swiss,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died.
Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
The last invaders trampling on the first;
Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run,
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When, for the use of no Hibernian born,
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;
When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass *.
But all turn leasers to that + mongrel breed.

Who to yon ravenous ſire thy treaſures bear,
And waſte in luxury thy harveſts there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jeſt of wits, and to the court unknown.
I ſcorn thy ſpurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage reſign.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES

CALLED

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION,

BY WHICH HE MEANS PRIDE.

1726.

IF there be truth in what you ſing,
Such god-like virtues in the king;
A miniſter * ſo fill'd with zeal
And wiſdom for the common-weal:
If he † who in the chair preſides
So ſteadily the ſenate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are ſeconds in the glorious ſcheme:
If every peer, whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you atteſt,
What land was ever half ſo bleſt?

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

† Sir Spencer Compton, then ſpeaker, afterwards earl of Wilmington.

No

No falſehood now among the great,
And tradeſmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair Juſtice ſhines;
Her ſcale to neither ſide inclines:
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne:
For ſuch is good-example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wiſe;
Or elſe the trueſt maxim lyes:
For ſo we find all ancient ſages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the ſun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have nam'd at leaſt a ſcore
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If poſſible, as good as he?
Or take it in a different view.
I aſk (if what you ſay be true)
If you affirm the preſent age
Deſerves your ſatire's keeneſt rage:
If that ſame *univerſal paſſion*
With every vice hath fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A ſingle ſtep beneath the crown:
If clergymen, to ſhew their wit,
Praiſe *claſſicks* more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the ſenate-houſe can run,

And ſell their votes at ſuch a rate,
As will retrieve a loſt eſtate:
If law be ſuch a partial whore,
To ſpare the rich, and plague the poor:
If theſe be of all crimes the worſt,
What land was ever half ſo curſt?

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

QUOTH the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
And I 'll give you theſe delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I ſhall then be more villain than you 're,
And beſides muſt be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not ſerve me a meal,
But my maſter each day gives me bread;
You 'll fly, when you get what you came here to ſteal,
And I muſt be hang'd in your ſtead.

The ſtock-jobber thus from Change-alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to ſerve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night would be ſpent!
Your offers of bribery ceaſe:
I 'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay rent,
Or elſe I may forfeit my leaſe.

From London they come, ſilly people to chouſe,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who 'd vote a rogue into the parliament-houſe,
That would turn a man out of his own?

A D V I C E

TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS. 1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste;

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your still-born poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dried;
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing* Pope;
And when he fits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own.

* The original copy of Mr. Pope's celebrated translation of Homer (preserved in the British Museum) is almost entirely written on the covers of letters, and sometimes between the lines of the letters themselves. N.

TO

TO A LADY,

Who deſired the AUTHOR to write ſome Verſes upon her in the Heroic Style.

Written at LONDON in 1726.

AFTER venting all my ſpite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my buſy Muſe employ'd
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you poſitive and fretful,
Heedleſs, ignorant, forgetful?
Thoſe, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.

Hearken what my lady ſays:
Have I nothing then to praiſe?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault ſhould move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to paſſion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be leſs
Set on reading than on dreſs;
If I always ſeem too dull t'ye;
I can ſolve the diffi—culty.

You would teach me to be wiſe;
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to ſhine in converſation,
And with credit fill my ſtation;

How to reliſh notions high;
How to live, and how to die.
But t was decreed by Fate—
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know, you can diſcern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth inſtill'd,
Have my ſoul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they center,
Nor will let your leſſons enter.
Bred a fondling and an heireſs;
Dreſt like any Lady Mayoreſs;
Cocker'd by the ſervants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continual play-day—
Balls, and maſquerades, and ſhows,
Viſits, plays, and powder'd beaux.
Thus you have my caſe at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Thoſe materials I have furniſh'd,
When by you refin'd and burniſh'd,
Muſt, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a Poem.
But, I beg, ſuſpend a while
That ſame paultry, burleſque ſtyle;
Drop for once your conſtant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court nor Parliament can 'ſcape you;

Treat

Treat the publick and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
Sing my praiſe in ſtrain ſublime:
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but juſt, you ſhould produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuſe;
Not to publiſh every trifle,
And my few perfections ſtifle.
With ſome gifts at leaſt endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I ſpightful, proud, unjuſt?
Did I ever break my truſt?
Which of all our *modern* dames
Cenſures leſs, or leſs defames?
In good-manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I eſteem expreſs'd
For a coxcomb gaily dreſs'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to ſleer and gibe?
Who with leſs deſigning ends
Kindlier entertains her friends;
With good words and countenance ſprightly,
Strives to treat them more politely?
Think not cards my chief diverſion;
'Tis a wrong, unjuſt aſperſion:

Converſation learn to reliſh,
And with books my mind embelliſh.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you muſt reply.
Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All theſe praiſes are your due.
You, like ſome acute philoſopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloſs over;
Placing in the ſtrongeſt light
All your virtues to my ſight.
Though you lead a blameleſs life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Anſwer all domeſtic ends:
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging ſway,
Servants love you, and obey;

You muſt learn, if you would gain us,
With good ſenſe to entertain us.
Scholars, when good ſenſe deſcribing,
Call it *taſting* and *imbibing*:
Metaphoric meat and drink.
Is to underſtand and think:
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us;
To diſcourſe, and to attend,
Is, to *help* yourſelf and friend.
Converſation is but *carving*;
Carve for all, yourſelf is ſtarving:
Give no more to every gueſt,
Than he 's able to digeſt;
Give him always of the prime;
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but juſt enough:
Let them neither ſtarve nor ſtuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours *carve* for you.
This compariſon will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told
How converſing, liſtening, thinking,
Juſtly may reſemble drinking;
For a friend a glaſs you fill,
What is this but to inſtill?
To conclude this long eſſay;
Pardon, if I diſobey;
Nor, againſt my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic ſtrain.

I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose:
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate;
And I find it answers right:
Scorn torments them more than spight.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
Spy the strutting, chattering vermin?
Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon*?
When my Muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers:
Teaching by what *golden* rules
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pul
Let the vessel split on shelves;
With the freight enrich themselves:

* This poem, for an obvious reason, h
tilated in many editions. N.

Safe within my little wherry,
All their madneſs makes me merry:
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever-laughing ſage,
In a jeſt I ſpend my rage
(Though it muſt be underſtood,
I would hang them, if I cou'd);
If I can but fill my nitch,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wiſe to rule the ſtate.
Pulteney deep, accompliſh'd St. John,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, though the ſmell be noiſome,
Strip their bums; let * Caleb hoiſe 'em;
Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and ſkip.
Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean:
What can all this paſſion mean?
Mention courts! you 'll ne'er be quiet
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your ſtation;
Come to uſe and application:
Nor with ſenates keep a fuſs.
I ſubmit; and anſwer thus:

* Caleb D'Anvers was the name aſſumed by Amhurſt, the oſtenſible writer of The Craftſman. This unfortunate man was neglected by his noble patrons, and died in want and obſcurity. N.

If

If the machinations brewing,
To compleat the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buſkins,
Mournful elegies on * Blueſkins.
If I laugh at Whig and Tory;
I conclude *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will ſcarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I muſt inſiſt on: for, as
It is well obſerv'd by † Horace,
Ridicule hath greater power
To reform the world, than four.
Horſes thus, let jockies judge elſe,
Switches better guide than cudgels.
Baſtings heavy, dry, obtuſe,
Only dulneſs can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the ſpirits all a-working.
Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you leſs than merriment.
I may ſtorm and rage in vain;
It but ſtupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination ſcope;
Never lets your mind elope;

* The famous thief, who, whilſt on his trial at the Old Bailey, ſtabbed Jonathan Wild. N.

† "Ridiculum acri, &c."

Drives

Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reaſon and invention.
For your ſake, as well as mine,
I the lofty ſtyle decline.
I ſhould make a figure ſcurvy,
And your head turn topſy-turvy.
I, who love to have a fling
Both at ſenate-houſe and king;
That they might ſome better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to ſhew their vices odious;
Which I choſe to make appear,
Not by anger, but a ſneer.
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by ſtorming
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderneſs my greateſt fault);
Would you have me change my ſtyle?
On your faults no longer ſmile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals;
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wiſdom's uſe?
If I treat you like a crown'd-head,
You have cheap enough compounded;
Can you put-in higher claims,
Than the owners of St. James.
You are not ſo great a grievance,
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.

You

You are of a lower claſs
Than my friend Sir Robert Braſs.
None of theſe have mercy found:
I have laugh'd, and laſh'd them round.
Have you ſeen a rocket fly?
You would ſwear it pierc'd the ſky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Burſting into pieces there:
Thouſand ſparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown;
See what mirth the ſport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, ſhould I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a ſtyle ſublime,
Such a rocket is my Muſe:
Should I lofty numbers chuſe,
Ere I reach'd Parnaſſus' top,
I ſhould burſt, and burſting drop;
All my *fire* would fall in ſcraps;
Give your head ſome gentle raps;
Only make it ſmart a while:
Then could I forbear to ſmile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon ſight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with ſenſe whate'er you pleaſe on;
Learn to reliſh truth and reaſon?
Thus we both ſhall gain our prize:
I to laugh, and you grow wiſe.

A YOUNG

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT,

FOR

The Stay of the DEAN in ENGLAND. 1726.

BLOW, ye Zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the ſwelling ſails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident ſtrong;
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the roſe in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently waſh'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune, lull aſleep
Ruffling ſtorms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous ſtate,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my Golden Fleece;
Argo, bring him to his Greece.
Will Cadenus longer ſtay?
Come, Cadenus, come away;
Come with all the haſte of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee;
Luſcious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inſpiring juſt delight;

All

All are ripe, and courting ſue
To be pluck'd and preſs'd by you.
Pinks have loſt their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head,
Every flower languid ſeems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wondrous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadenus, bleſs once more,
Bleſs again thy native ſhore;
Bleſs again this drooping iſle,
Make its weeping beauties ſmile,
Beauties that thine abſence mourn,
Beauties wiſhing thy return.
Come, Cadenus, come with haſte,
Come before the winter's blaſt;
Swifter than the lightning fly;
Or I, like Vaneſſa, die.

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

YOU will excuſe me, I ſuppoſe,
For ſending rhyme inſtead of proſe,
Becauſe hot weather makes me lazy;
To write in metre is more eaſy.
While you are trudging London town,
I 'm ſtroling Dublin up and down;

While

While you converſe with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at eaſe,
I chuſe companions as I pleaſe.
I 'd rather have one ſingle ſhelf
Than all my friends, except yourſelf;
For, after all that can be ſaid,
Our beſt acquaintance are the dead.
While you 're in raptures with Fauſtina *;
I 'm charm'd at home with our Sheelina.
While you are ſtarving there in ſtate,
I 'm cramming here with butchers meat.
You ſay, when with thoſe lords you dine,
They treat you with the beſt of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why ſo can we, as well as they.
No reaſon then, my dear good Dean,
But you ſhould travel home again.
What though you may n't in Ireland hope
To find ſuch folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would ſhare
But half the wit that you can ſpare,
I 'd lay twelve eggs, that, in twelve days,
You 'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.
Our weather 's good, our ſky is clear,
We 've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and ſo bright a ſky
Was never ſeen by Ireland's eye!

* Signora Fauſtina, a famous Italian ſinger.

I think

I think it fit to let you know,
This week I ſhall to Quilca go;
To ſee M'Fayden's horney brothers,
Firſt ſuck, and after bull their mothers;
To ſee, alas! my wither'd trees!
To ſee what all the country ſees!
My ſtunted quicks, my famiſh'd beeves,
My ſervants ſuch a pack of thieves;
My ſhatter'd firs, my blaſted oaks,
My houſe in common to all folks;
No cabbage for a ſingle ſnail,
My turnips, carrots, parſnips, fail;
My no green peas, my few green ſprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horſes rid, or gone aſtray;
My fiſh all ſtol'n, or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry ſtarv'd, the corn all ſold.
A man, come now from Quilca, ſays,
"*They* 've * ſtol'n the locks from all your keys:"
But, what muſt fret and vex me more,
He ſays, "*They* ſtole the keys before.
"*They* 've ſtolen the knives from all the forks;
"And half the cows from half the ſturks."
Nay more, the fellow ſwears and vows,
"*They* 've ſtol'n the ſturks from half the cows:"

* *They* is the grand thief of the county of Cavan; for whatever is ſtolen, if you enquire of a ſervant about it, the anſwer is, "*They* have ſtolen it." FAULKNER.

With

With many more accounts of woe;
Yet, though the devil be there, I 'll go:
Twixt you and me, the reaſon 's clear,
Becauſe I 've more vexation here.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

GREAT Sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whoſe verſes far his rays out-ſhine,
Look down upon your quondam foe;
Oh! let me never write again,
If e'er I diſoblige you, Dean,
Should you compaſſion ſhow.

Take thoſe Iambicks which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
And give them to your cook,
To ſinge your fowl, or ſave your paſte,
The next time when you have a feaſt;
They 'll ſave you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content;
I give you then my free conſent,
To ſink them in the harbour:
If not, they 'll ſerve to ſet off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twiſt in locks;
So give them to your barber.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the ſtrong purſue,
A gooſe attack a ſwan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her huſband's hands and face aſſail,
While he 's no longer man.

Though ſome, we find, are more diſcreet,
Before the world are wondrous ſweet,
And let their huſbands hector:
But, when the world 's aſleep, they wake,
That is the time they chuſe to ſpeak;
Witneſs the curtain-lecture.

Such was the caſe with you, I find:
All day you could conceal your mind;
But when St. Patrick's chymes
Awak'd your Muſe (my midnight curſe,
When I engag'd for better for worſe),
You ſcolded with your rhymes.

BEC'S BIRTH-DAY.

November 8, 1726.

THIS day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one, ſhe 'd give it ye:
She choſe a thread of greateſt length
And doubly twiſted it for ſtrength;
Nor will be able with her ſhears
To cut it off theſe forty years.
Then who ſays care will kill a cat?
Rebecca ſhews they 're out in that.
For ſhe, though over-run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
As, if the gout ſhould ſeize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extremeſt parts,
They give the ſick man joy, and praiſe
The gout, that will prolong his days.
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, though philoſophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,
By arbitrary power convey her;
She ne'er conſiders why, or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-ſtander;

And all her buſtling but ſupplies
The part of wholeſome exerciſe.
Thus nature hath reſolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
Long may ſhe live, and help her friends
Whene'er it ſuits her private ends;
Domeſtic buſineſs never mind
Till coffee has her ſtomach lin'd;
But, when her breakfaſt gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken-porridge;
I mean when Tiger * has been ſerv'd,
Or elſe poor Stella may be ſtarv'd.
May Bec have many an evening hap,
With Tiger flabbering in her lap;
But always take a ſpecial care
She does not overſet the chair!
Still be ſhe curious, never hearken
To any ſpeech but Tiger's barking!
And when ſhe 's in another ſcene,
Stella long dead, but firſt the Dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will pleaſe her better!
Whole afternoons will ſit beſide her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her,
A goodly ſet as can be found
Of hearty goſſips prating round;
Freſh from a wedding or a chriſtening,
To teach her ears the art of liſtening,

* Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog. See next page.

And

And pleaſe her more to hear them tattle,
Than the Dean ſtorm, or Stella rattle.
Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elyſian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her!

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER, MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

PRAY ſteal me not; I 'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whoſe heart in this four-footed thing lies.

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

Moſt of them written in 1726.

I. On a Window at an INN.

WE fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardſhips in purſuit of health;
From generous wines and coſtly fare,
And dozing in an eaſy-chair;
Purſue the Goddeſs Health in vain,
To find her in a country ſcene,
And every where her footſteps trace,
And ſee her marks in every face;
And ſtill her favourites we meet,
Crouding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh! ſo faintly we purſue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

II. At an INN in ENGLAND.

THE glaſs, by lovers nonſenſe blurr'd,
Dims and obſcures our ſight:
So when our paſſions Love hath ſtirr'd,
It darkens Reaſon's light.

III. ANOTHER.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without;
And empty both within.

IV. At CHESTER.

MY landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l:
Your pockets grow empty,
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is ſo ſour,
'Twill give you a ſcour;
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with ſtale.
The veal is ſuch carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a ſmelt.

V. Another,

V. Another, in CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And ſtrangers delight to walk round 'em:
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and ſellers,
For me, you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

VI. Another, at HOLYHEAD *.

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! muſt I ſtill
Be here detain'd againſt my will?
Is this your juſtice, when I 'm come
Above two hundred miles from home?
O'er mountains ſteep, o'er duſty plains,
Half choak'd with duſt, half drown'd with rains;
Only your Godſhip to implore,
To let me kiſs your other ſhore?
A boon ſo ſmall! but I may weep,
Whilſt you 're, like Baal, faſt aſleep.

VII. Another, written upon a WINDOW where there was no WRITING before.

THANKS to my ſtars, I once can ſee
A window here from ſcribbling free:
Here no conceited coxcombs paſs,
To ſcratch their paultry drabs on glaſs;
Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

* Theſe verſes are ſigned J— K—, but written, as it is preſumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.

VIII. On seeing Verses written upon Windows in Inns.

THE sage, who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allow'd
That might not be confest;

His window scrawl'd by every rake,
His breast again would cover;
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

IX. Another.

BY Satan taught, all conjurers know
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree:
None e'er made verses worse than he,
And thine I swear are such.

X. Another.

THAT love is the devil, I 'll prove when requir'd;
Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the devil 's a damnable poet.

TO

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

TWO-fac'd Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhime;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new-year's-gift:
She has got but half a face;
Janus, since thou hast a brace,
To my lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.
God of Time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward sight?
Well, if you could lose it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor * Isle's approaching ruin,
When thy retrospection vast
Sees the glorious ages past?
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!
Drown your morals, madam cries,
I 'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back.
Give me Time when coming on:
Who regards him when he 's gone?
By the Dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new year's lace
Burnishes an old year's face:
Give me velvet and quadrille,
I 'll have youth and beauty still.

* Ireland.

A PAS-

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written after the News of the * King's Death.

RICHMOND-LODGE is a houſe with a ſmall park belonging to the Crown. It was uſually granted by the Crown for a leaſe of years. The Duke of Ormond was the laſt who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princeſs uſually paſſed their ſummer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL is a houſe built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now counteſs of Suffolk, and groom of the ſtole to the Queen. It is on the Middleſex ſide, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond-lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the Ice-houſe. Upon King George's death, theſe two houſes met, and had the following Dialogue.

IN ſpight of Pope, in ſpight of Gay,
And all that he or they can ſay;
Sing on I muſt, and ſing I will
Of Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill.

* George I. who died after a ſhort ſickneſs by eating a melon, at Oſnaburg, in his way to Hanover, June 11, 1727.—The poem was carried to court, and read to king George II. and queen Caroline.

Laſt Friday night, as neighbours uſe,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth Marble-hill, right well I ween,
Your miſtreſs now is grown a queen:
You 'll find it ſoon by woeful proof;
She 'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we ſhould put no truſt in princes:
My royal maſter promis'd me
To raiſe me to a high degree;
But now he 's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I ſhall be ſoon forgot.
You ſee, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may ſay, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find as true!

MARBLE-HILL.

My houſe was built but for a ſhow,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now ſhe will not have a ſhilling,
To raiſe the ſtairs, or build the cieling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four ſhillings in the pound:
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.

Had you and I been courtiers born,
We ſhould not thus have lain forlorn:
For thoſe we dextrous courtiers call,
Can riſe upon their maſters' *fall*.
But we, unlucky and unwiſe,
Muſt *fall* becauſe our maſters *riſe*.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

My maſter, ſcarce a fortnight ſince,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no ſuch thing,
For he 'll be poor as any *king*:
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE-HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine;
My ice-houſe rob, as heretofore,
And ſteal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be ſeen
Bedraggled in my walks ſo green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here wont the Dean, when he 's to ſeek,
To ſpunge a breakfaſt once a week;
To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be ſaid,
No butter ſticks upon his bread.

We ſoon ſhall find him full of ſpleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His *reverence* and her *highneſs* walking:
Whilſt lady Charlotte *, like a ſtroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly ſight to ſee her ride
With ancient Mirmont † at her ſide.
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for ſhow beneath his arm.

MARBLE-HILL.

Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchaſe me, the more 's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waſte
To fit them to his vulgar taſte;
Chang'd for the worſe in every part,
My maſter Pope will break his heart.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drowned,
If e'er I ſtoop beneath a crown'd-head:
Except her majeſty prevails
To place me with the prince of Wales;
And then I ſhall be free from fears,
For he 'll be prince theſe fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And ſerve the times, as others do.

* Lady Charlotte de Rouſſy, a French lady.
† Marquis de Mirmont, a French man of quality.

Plain

Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever leſs their debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
In ſummer on my verdant lap:
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kenſington, or hot St. James's;
Nor ſhall I dull in ſilence ſit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wilderneſſes,
Aſſiſt all poets in diſtreſſes.
Him twice a week I here expect,
To rattle Moody * for neglect;
An idle rogue, who ſpends his quartridge
In tippling at the *Dog and partridge*;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to bruſh my gown.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble-hill;
But hope to ſee you flouriſh ſtill.
All happineſs—and ſo adieu.

MARBLE-HILL.

Kind Richmond-lodge, the ſame to you.

* The gardener.

DESIRE

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'TIS ſtrange, what different thoughts inſpire
In men, Poſſeſſion and Deſire!
Think what they wiſh ſo great a bleſſing;
So diſappointed when poſſeſſing!
A moraliſt profoundly ſage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale.
Poſſeſſion, and Deſire his brother,
But ſtill at variance with each other,
Were ſeen contending in a race;
And kept at firſt an equal pace:
'Tis ſaid, their courſe continued long;
For this was active, that was ſtrong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Miſled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by ſome deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through ſlippery by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
Deſire, the ſwifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew:
Till, entering on a broad high-way,
Where *power* and *titles* ſcatter'd lay,
He ſtrove to pick up all he found,
And by excurſions loſt his ground:
No ſooner got, than with diſdain
He threw them on the ground again;

And haſted forward to purſue
Freſh objects fairer to his view;
In hope to ſpring ſome nobler game;
But all he took was juſt the ſame:
Too ſcornful now to ſtop his pace,
He ſpurn'd them in his rival's face.
Poſſeſſion kept the beaten road;
And gather'd all his brother ſtrow'd;
But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though ſtrong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
Deſire had now the goal in ſight:
It was a tower of monſtrous height;
Where on the ſummit Fortune ſtands,
A crown and ſceptre in her hands;
Beneath a chaſm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Deſire in rapture gaz'd a while,
And ſaw the treacherous goddeſs ſmile;
But, as he climb'd to graſp the crown,
She knock'd him with the ſceptre down.
He tumbled in the gulph profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endleſs round.
Poſſeſſion's load was grown ſo great,
He ſunk beneath the cumberous weight:
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcaſe light,
And, ſtrip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardleſs of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE. 1727.

YE wiſe, inſtruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure;
Or, how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and ſcorn.
Bare innocence is no ſupport,
When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit:
All others, who inferior ſit,
Conceive themſelves in conſcience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of thoſe who want the power to riſe.
The world, a willing ſtander-by,
Inclines to aid a ſpecious lye:
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are ſtrong!
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people ſay?
For let mankind diſcharge their tongues
In venom, till they burſt their lungs,
Their utmoſt malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;
Nor ſpoil your ſhape, diſtort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune ſink
By what they ſpeak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thouſand lyes
Make you leſs virtuous, learned, or wiſe.
The moſt effectual way to baffle
Their malice, is—to let them talk.

THE

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND. 1727.

A Set of phraſes learnt by rote;
A paſſion for a ſcarlet-coat;
When at a play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reaſon why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb ſit,
And take his nonſenſe all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a ſong,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in ſtore
She ſpoke ten thouſand times before;
Can ready compliments ſupply
On all occaſions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parſon's gown,
The ſight will put her in a ſwoon;
For converſation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt failing;
Nor make a ſcruple to expoſe
Your bandy leg, or crooked noſe;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The ſcandal of the day before;

Improving

Improving hourly in her ſkill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In chuſing lace, a critick nice,
Knows to a groat the loweſt price;
Can in her female clubs diſpute,
What linen beſt the ſilk will ſuit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouſe creeps in her ſight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all hearts to hear her.
Can dextrouſly her huſband teaſe,
By taking fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper ſeaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs ſo pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as ſure as death,
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modeſt women can
Be ſo *robuſtious*, like a man.
In party, furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory ſour;
Her arguments directly tend
Againſt the ſide ſhe would defend;
Will prove herſelf a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;

Take notice, ſhe has my commiſſion
To add them in the next edition;
They may out-ſell a better thing:
So, halloo, boys; God ſave the king!

CLEVER TOM CLINCH GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

AS clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was baw
Rode ſtately through Holbourn to die in his cal
He ſtopt at The George for a bottle of ſack,
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
His waiſtcoat, and ſtockings, and breeches, were wl
His cap had a new cherry ribband to tye't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And ſaid, "Lack-a-day! he 's a proper young mai
But, as from the windows the ladies he ſpy'd,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each ſide

Then ſaid, I muſt ſpeak to the people a little;
But I'll ſee you all damn'd before I will * *whittle.*
My honeſt friend † Wild may he long hold his place,
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor ſlip this occaſion to follow your trade;
My conſcience is clear, and my ſpirits are calm,
And thus I go off without prayer-book or pſalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE, WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

POPE has the talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudeſt voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then different ſtudies chuſe:
The Dean ſits plodding on a book;
Pope walks, and courts the Muſe.

Now backs of letters ‡, though deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

* A cant word for confeſſing at the gallows.

† The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving ſtolen goods.

‡ An alluſion to the ſingularity mentioned p. 16. N.

Each atom by ſome other ſtruck
All turns and motions tries:
Till, in a lump together ſtuck,
Behold a Poem riſe!

Yet to the Dean his ſhare allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, *cauſa ſine quâ non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boaſt your wit;
For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your converſation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock * thus, for preaching fam'd,
The Sexton reaſon'd well;
And juſtly half the merit claim'd,
Becauſe he *rang the bell.*

A LOVE POEM

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Written at LONDON in the Year 1727.

BY Poets we are well aſſur'd
That Love, alas! can ne'er be *cur'd*:
A complicated heap of *ills*,
Deſpiſing *boluſes* and *pills.*

* The Dean of St. Paul's, father to the biſhop.

Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since firſt I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty *hard-bound*,
I ſtrain my *guts*, my *colon* wound.
Now jealouſy my *grumbling tripes*
Aſſaults with grating, grinding *gripes*.
When pity in thoſe eyes I view,
My *bowels* wambling make me *ſpew*.
When I an amorous kiſs deſign'd,
I *belch'd* a hurricane of *wind*.
Once you a gentle ſigh let fall;
Remember how I *ſuck'd* it all:
What *colic pangs* from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your *heart* would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till Nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the *hæmorrhoids*;
And loathſome *worms* my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd;
Which, breaking out in *boils* and *blanes*,
With *yellow filth* my linen ſtains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguiſh'd *thirſt*,
Small-beer I *guzzle* till I *burſt*:
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a *dropſy*, like a porpoiſe;
When, if I cannot *purge* or *ſtale*,
I muſt be tapp'd to fill a *pail*.

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

THE Dean would viſit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but ſlight;
I ſaid,—Why let him, if he will:
And ſo I bade Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Leſt we ſhould think ourſelves neglected;
And ſo we ſaw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day ſucceeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a ſoul would have him ſtay.

I 've ſaid enough to make him bluſh,
Methinks, or elſe the Devil 's in 't;
But he cares not for it a ruſh,
Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he ſtays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaiſe.

Or you may ſay—My wife intends,
Though I ſhould be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite ſome friends,
And, Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.

Or,

Or, Mr. Dean—I ſhould with joy
Beg you would here continue ſtill,
But we muſt go to * Aghnasloy;
Or, Mr. Moore will take it ill.

The houſe accounts are daily riſing;
So much his ſtay doth ſwell the bills;
My deareſt life, it is ſurprizing,
How much he eats, how much he ſwills.

His brace of puppies how they ſtuff!
And they muſt have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His horſes too eat all our hay.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow-face and wainſcot-paws,
His beetle-brows, and eyes of wall,
And make him ſoon give up the cauſe!

Muſt I be every moment chid
With † Skinny bonia, Snipe, and Lean?
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of this inſulting Tyrant Dean!

On a very old GLASS at MARKET-HILL.

FRAIL glaſs! thou bear'ſt that name as well as I;
Though none can tell, which of us firſt ſhall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT.

ME only chance can kill; thou, frailer creature,
May'ſt die, like me, by chance, but muſt by nature.

* The ſeat of Acheſon Moore, Eſq.
† The Dean uſed to call Lady Acheſon by thoſe names.

ON CUTTING DOWN THE OLD THORN AT MARKET-HILL*.

AT Market-Hill, as well appears,
By chronicle of ancient date,
There ſtood for many hundred years
A ſpacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village-maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
Secure from Satyrs ſate and ſung.

Sir Archibald †, that valorous knight,
The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and liſten with delight;
For he was fond of rural ſtrain.

* A village near the ſeat of Sir Arthur Acheſon, where the Dean ſometimes made a long viſit. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by the Knight. Yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the abſence of Sir Arthur; who was of courſe highly incenſed, nor would ſee Swift for ſome time after. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote this poem; which had the deſired effect. N.

† Sir Archibald Acheſon, ſecretary of ſtate for Scotland.

(Sir Archibald, whoſe favorite name
Shall ſtand for ages on record,
By Scottiſh bards of higheſt fame,
Wiſe Hawthornden and Stirling's lord *.)

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or bloſſom to be ſeen,
Its head reclining towards the ground.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs thorn,
Which muſt, alas! no longer ſtand,
Behold the cruel Dean in ſcorn
Cuts down with ſacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when ſhe ſaw the blow,
Aſtoniſh'd, gave a dreadful ſhriek;
And mother Tellus trembled ſo,
She ſcarce recover'd in a week.

The Sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compaſſion, ſent
(For none could tell whoſe turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpye, lighting on the ſtock,
Stood chattering with inceſſant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock
To rouze and warn the nymph within.

* Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

The

The owl foreſaw, in penſive mood,
The ruin of her ancient ſeat;
And fled in haſte, with all her brood,
To ſeek a more ſecure retreat.

Laſt trolled forth the gentle ſwine,
To eaſe her itch againſt the ſtump,
And diſmally was heard to whine,
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's ſupreme decree,
Muſt die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care
Receiv'd its laſt and deadly wound,
She fled, and vaniſh'd into air.

But from the root a diſmal groan
Firſt iſſuing ſtruck the murderer's ears;
And, in a ſhrill revengeful tone,
This prophecy he trembling hears:

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
"Relentleſs Dean, to miſchief born;
"My kindred oft' thine hide ſhall gall,
"Thy gown and caſſock oft' be torn.

"And thy confederate dame, who brags
"That ſhe condemn'd me to the fire,
"Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
"And wound her legs with every brier.

"N

" Nor thou, lord Arthur *, ſhalt eſcape;
" To thee I often call'd in vain,
" Againſt that aſſaſſin in crape;
" Yet thou could'ſt tamely ſee me ſlain:

" Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
" Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy ſpouſe;
" Since you could ſee me treated ſo
" (An old retainer to your houſe):

" May that fell Dean, by whoſe command
" Was form'd this Machiavilian plot,
" Not leave a thiſtle on thy land;
" Then who will own thee for a Scot?

" Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
" Through all thy empire I foreſee,
" To tear thy hedges, join in leagues,
" Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

" And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
" Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
" With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
" To hack my hallow'd timber down;

" When thou, ſuſpended high in air,
" Dy'ſt on a more ignoble tree
" (For thou ſhalt ſteal thy landlord's mare),
" Then, bloody caitif! think on me."

* Sir Arthur Acheſon.

MY

MY LADY'S*
LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT
AGAINST THE DEAN.

July 28, 1728.

SURE never did man ſee
A wretch like poor
Nancy,
So teaz'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To puniſh my ſins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe†:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never ſtops,
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite over-run
With rebus and pun.
Before he came here
To ſpunge for good cheer,
I ſate with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or ſcratching my noſe,
And jogging my toes;
But at preſent, forſooth,
I muſt not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he ſees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And juſt as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I ſink in the ſpleen,
An uſeleſs machine.
If he had his will,
I ſhould never ſit ſtill:
He comes with his whims,
I muſt move my limbs;

* Lady Acheſon.

† See p. 55.

I cannot

I cannot be ſweet
Without uſing my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worſt of all Squires,
Through bogs and through briers,
Where a cow would be ſtartled,
I'm in ſpite of my heart led;
And, ſay what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My ſpirits quite ſhatter'd,
I return home at night,
And faſt, out of ſpite:
For I 'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er ſhould be ſaid,
I was better for him
In ſtomach or limb.

But now to my diet;
No eating in quiet,
He 's ſtill finding fault,
Too ſour or too ſalt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick;
But traſh without meaſure
I ſwallow with pleaſure.

Next for his diverſion,
He rails at my perſon:
What court-breeding is this!
He takes me to pieces:
From ſhoulder to flank
I 'm lean and am lank;
My noſe, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not ſtay,
But meets it half way:
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked ſticks:
He ſwears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,
Or ſharp-pointed rocks,
And wear out my ſmocks:
To 'ſcape them, Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his ſides they would gore
Like the tuſk of a boar.

Now, changing the ſcene,
But ſtill to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he ſees her but once,
He 'll ſwear ſhe 's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace;

Which

Which ſpoils every feature
Beſtow'd her by nature;
But ſenſe gives a grace
To the homelieſt face:
Wiſe books and reflexion
Will mend the complexion:
(A civil Divine!
I ſuppoſe, meaning mine!)
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handſome.
I gueſs well enough
What he means by this
ſtuff:
He haws and he hums,
At laſt out it comes:
What, Madam? No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You're now in your prime,
Make uſe of your time.
Conſider, before
You come to threeſcore,
How the huſſies will ſneer
Where'er you appear:
"That ſilly old puſs
Would fain be like us.
What a figure ſhe made
In her tarniſh'd brocade!"
And then he grows mild:
Come, be a good child:
If you are inclin'd
To poliſh your mind,
Be ador'd by the men
Till threeſcore and ten,
And kill with the ſpleen
The jades of fifteen;
I'll ſhew you the way:
Read ſix hours a-day.
The wits will frequent you
And think you but twenty.
Thus was I drawn in
Forgive me my ſin.
At breakfaſt he'll aſk
An account of my taſk.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miſs but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am ſerious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Muſt come in my ſight;
But, inſtead of new plays
Dull Bacon's Eſſays,
And pore every day on
That naſty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confin'd.

But, while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will ſwear,
Is at ſtudy or prayer.
He's all the day ſauntering,
With labourers bantering,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among us
And bribes with mundungus).
Hail fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's maſter, who's man;
Who makes the beſt figure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the beſt
At cracking a jeſt.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzacks and walks;
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boaſts of his feats,
His grottos and ſeats;
Shews all his gew—gaws,
And gapes for applauſe;
A fine occupation
For one in his ſtation!
A hole where a rabbit
Would ſcorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
But, oh! how we laugh,
To ſee a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green ſeat;
Or run helter-ſkelter
To his arbor, for ſhelter
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing:
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns, to make fires;
But yet are ſo kind
To leave ſomething behind:
No more need be ſaid on't,
I ſmell when I tread on't.
Dear friend, doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmſley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it ſo,
That I 'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;

No 'Squire to be found
The neighbourhood round
(For, under the roſe,
I would rather chuſe thoſe);
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here, out of pity,
To eaſe a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.

So may you be ſeen
No more in the ſpleen!
May Walmſley give wine,
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley diſgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three ſpouſes
Let you lie at friends houſes!

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

ANYMPH and ſwain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who wont to weed the court of * Gosford Knight;
While each with ſtubbed knife remov'd the roots,
That rais'd between the ſtones their daily ſhoots;
As at their work they ſate in counterview,
With mutual beauty ſmit, their paſſion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muſe, in ſweetly-flowing ſtrain
The ſoft endearments of the nymph and ſwain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than ſtrongeſt weeds that grow theſe ſtones betwixt:
My ſpud theſe nettles from the ſtones can part;
No knife ſo keen to weed thee from my heart.

* Sir Arthur Acheſon.

SHEELAH.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faſter grows,
Than yon tall dock that riſes to thy noſe.
Cut down the dock, 'twill ſprout again; but, O!
Love rooted out again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg ſhall rake:
(I ſpare the thiſtles for Sir Arthur's * ſake.)
Sharp are the ſtones; take thou this ruſhy mat;
The hardeſt bum will bruiſe with ſitting ſquat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, ſtand gaping wide;
This petticoat ſhall ſave thy dear back-ſide;
Nor need I bluſh; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing elſe but ſweat.

DERMOT.

At an old ſtubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug:
A longer ha'p'orth never did I ſee;
This, deareſt Sheelah, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry-door this morn I ſlipt,
And from the ſhelf a charming cruſt I whipt:
† Dennis was out, and I got hither ſafe;
And thou, my dear, ſhalt have the bigger half.

* Who was a great lover of Scotland.
† Sir Arthur's butler.

DERMOT.

When you ſaw Tady at long-bullets play,
You ſate and lous'd him all a ſun-ſhine day.
How could you, Sheelah, liſten to his tales,
Or crack ſuch lice as his betwixt your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Onah ſtood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and ſaw you kiſs the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch theſe naſty ſluts?
I almoſt wiſh'd this ſpud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Onah once I kiſs'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt 's my goſſip by my father's ſide:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I ſwear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thouſand lice, and every louſe was gold;
Him on my lap you never more ſhall ſee;
Or may I loſe my weeding-knife—and thee!

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely laſs,
A pair of * brogues to bear thee dry to maſs!
But ſee, where Norah with the ſowins comes!
Then let us riſe, and reſt our weary bums.

* Shoes with flat low heels.

ON THE

FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S-HOLE*, WITH THE DOCTOR† AT THEIR HEAD.

N. B. THE LADIES TREATED THE DOCTOR.

Sent as from an OFFICER in the ARMY. 1728.

FAIR ladies, number five,
Who, in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
To feaſt on ale and ſteaks;

While he ſits by a-grinning,
To ſee you ſafe in Sot's-hole,
Set up with greaſy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole:

Alas! I never thought,
A prieſt would pleaſe your palate;
Beſides, I 'll hold a groat,
He 'll put you in a ballad;

Where I ſhall ſee your faces
Our paper daub'd ſo foul,
That I 'll be no more like Graces,
Than Venus like an owl.

* An alehouſe in Dublin, famous for beef-ſteaks.
† Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

And we ſhall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe,
To think, ſuch ladies fine
Should be reduc'd ſo low
To treat a dull Divine.

Be by a Parſon cheated!
Had you been cunning ſtagers,
You might yourſelves be treated
By Captains and by Majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Inſtead of powder'd beaux,
From pulpits chuſe gallants.

If we, who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with ſnake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z—ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I 'd knock the Doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
Egad! I 'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch*;
And at The Roſe on Sunday,
The parſon ſafe at church,
I 'll treat you with burgundy.

* Dr. Sheridan was a ſchool-maſter.

THE FIVE LADIES ANSWER TO THE BEAU

With the WIG and WINGS at his HEAD.

YOU little ſcribbling beau,
What dæmon made you write?
Becauſe to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment ſo ſcurvy,
I wiſh we had you here;
We 'd turn you topſy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we choſe;
We 're ſure a ſingle Parſon
Is worth an hundred Beaux.

And you would make us vaſſals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To ſilver-clocks and taſſels;
You would, you Thing of Things!

Becauſe around your cane
A ring of diamonds is ſet;
And you, in ſome bye-lane,
Have gain'd a paultry grizette:

Shall we, of ſenſe refin'd,
Your trifling nonſenſe bear,
As noiſy as the wind,
As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle;
And vow and ſwear 'tis true,
There 's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY TO THE FIVE LADIES ANSWER.

WHY, how now dapper Black,
I ſmell your gown and caſſock,
As ſtrong upon your back,
As Tiſdall* ſmells of a ſock.

To write ſuch ſcurvy ſtuff!
Fine Ladies never do 't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine Ladies, when they write,
Nor ſcold, nor keep a ſplutter:
Their verſes give delight,
As ſoft and ſweet as butter.

But Satan never ſaw
Such haggard lines as theſe:
They ſtick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk-cheeſe.

* A clergyman in the North of Ireland, who made propoſals of marriage to Stella.

TH

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

In a LETTER to a PERSON of QUALITY. 1728.

SIR,

IT was a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal —
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belye?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, &c.

[*Here several verses are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:

Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes,
The common ſlanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence ſecures.
Unwilling Muſe, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the ſequel),
The modern dame is wak'd by noon
(Some authors ſay, not quite ſo ſoon),
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her will,
She ſate all night up at quadrille.
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And aſks, if it be time to riſe;
Of head-ach and the ſpleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her ſlippers brought her
Takes a large dram of citron-water.

" But run to Tom, and bid him fix
" The ladies here to-night by ſix."
" Madam, the goldſmith waits below;
" He ſays, " His buſineſs is to know
" If you 'll redeem the ſilver cup
" He keeps in pawn?" — " Firſt, ſhew him up."
" Your dreſſing-plate he 'll be content
" To take, for intereſt *cent. per cent.*
" And, Madam, there 's my lady Spade
" Hath ſent this letter by her maid."
" Well, I remember what ſhe won;
" And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
" Here, carry down thoſe ten piſtoles
" My huſband left to pay for coals:
" I thank my ſtars, they all are light;
" And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her uſual theme;
Her laſt night's ill-ſucceſs repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
" She ſlipt *ſpadillo* in her breaſt,
" Then thought to turn it to a jeſt:
" There 's Mrs. Cut and ſhe combine,
" And to each other give the ſign."
Through every game purſues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another ſcene give place:
Enter the folks with ſilks and lace:
Freſh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:

" Obſerve

" Obſerve this pattern; there 's a ſtuff;
" I can have cuſtomers enough.
" Dear madam, you are grown ſo hard —
" This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
" Madam, if there be truth in man,
" I never ſold ſo cheap a fan."
This buſineſs of importance o'er,
And madam almoſt dreſs'd by four;
The footman, in his uſual phraſe,
Comes up with, " Madam, dinner ſtays."
She anſwers, in her uſual ſtyle,
" The cook muſt keep it back a while:
" I never can have time to dreſs
" (No woman breathing takes up leſs);
" I 'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick;
" I wiſh the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now ſhe acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:
" I thought we were to dine alone,
" My dear; for ſure, if I had known
" This company would come to-day —
" But really 'tis my ſpouſe's way!
" He 's ſo unkind, he never ſends
" To tell when he invites his friends:
" I wiſh ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry ſtuff
She ſits tormenting every gueſt,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's reſt,
In phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;

You

You ſee the booby huſband ſit
In admiration at her wit!
But let me now a while ſurvey
Our madam o'er her evening-tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair Diſcretion left the place,
And Modeſty with bluſhing face:
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide;
Hypocriſy with frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter ſeeming like to burſt,
And Malice always judging worſt;
And Vanity with pocket-glaſs,
And Impudence with front of braſs;
And ſtudy'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my Muſe,
An hundred tongues, as poets uſe,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thouſand were too few?
Or how ſhould I, alas, relate
The ſum of all their ſenſeleſs prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and ſlanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?

Now

Now comes the general ſcandal-charge;
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lye,
"You have the tale as cheap as I:
"I muſt conceal my author's name;
"But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, fooliſh females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt ſhare?
Thus every fool herſelf deludes;
The prudes condemn the abſent prudes:
Mopſa, who ſtinks her ſpouſe to death,
Accuſes Cloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with ſweat, preſumes
To cenſure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, ſneering, ſays,
That Florimel wears iron ſtays:
Cloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women ſhould be ſuch coquets:
Iris, for ſcandal moſt notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is ſo cenſorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whiſpers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whoſe tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praiſe of ſilence:
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now

Now voices over voices riſe,
While each to be the loudeſt vies:
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle tongue one moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fiſhwives o'er a cup of gin:
Not ſchoolboys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not ſuch a clatter;
Far leſs the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with ſour election-ale.

Nor do they truſt their tongues alone,
But ſpeak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a ſhrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down:
Or, by the toſſing of the fan,
Deſcribe the lady and the man.

But ſee, the female club diſbands,
Each twenty viſits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam ſits
In vapours and hyſteric fits:
"And was not Tom this morning ſent?
"I 'd lay my life he never went:
"Paſt ſix, and not a living ſoul!
"I might by this have won a vole."

A dread-

A dreadful interval of ſpleen!
How ſhall we paſs the time between?
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
"And feel my pulſe, I know it ſtops:
"This head of mine, lord, how it ſwims!
"And ſuch a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap" —
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run, and light the ladies up:
"It muſt be one before we ſup."
The table, cards, and counters, ſet,
And all the gameſter-ladies met,
Her ſpleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can ſit-up all night;
"Whoever comes, I 'm not within." —
Quadrille 's the word, and ſo begin.
How can the Muſe her aid impart,
Unſkill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the ſhuffle, and the cut?
The ſuperſtitious whims relate,
That fill a female-gameſter's pate?
What agony of ſoul ſhe feels
To ſee a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earneſt eyes,
In hope to ſee *ſpadillo* riſe:
In vain, alas! her hope is fled;
She draws an ace, and ſees it red;

In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her ſnuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with ſome new fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
" This morning, when the *parſon* came,
" I ſaid I ſhould not win a game.
" This odious chair, how came I ſtuck in 't?
" I think I never had good luck in 't.
" I 'm ſo uneaſy in my ſtays;
" Your fan a moment, if you pleaſe.
" Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
" I always loſe when you look on."
" Lord! madam, you have loſt *codille*:
" I never ſaw you play ſo ill."
" Nay, madam, give me leave to ſay,
" 'Twas you that threw the game away:
" When lady Trickſey play'd a four,
" You took it with a *mattadore*;
" I ſaw you touch your wedding-ring
" Before my lady call'd a king;
" You ſpoke a word began with H,
" And I know whom you meant to teach,
" Becauſe you held the king of hearts;
" Fie, madam, leave theſe little arts."
" That 's not ſo bad as one that rubs
" Her chair, to call the king of clubs;
" And makes her partner underſtand
" A *mattadore* is in her hand."
" Madam, you have no cauſe to
" I ſwear I ſaw you thrice

" And truly, madam, I know when
" Inſtead of five, you ſcor'd me ten.
" *Spadillo* here has got a mark;
" A child may know it in the dark:
" I gueſt the hand: it ſeldom fails:
" I wiſh ſome folks would pare their nails."
While thus they rail, and ſcold, and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common form:
But, conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them ſenſible of ſhame.
The time too precious now to waſte,
The ſupper gobbled up in haſte;
Again afreſh to cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
But I ſhall not again repeat,
How oft' they ſquabble, ſnarl, and cheat.
At laſt they hear the watchman knock,
" A froſty morn — paſt four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
" Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haſte they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But, firſt, the winner muſt invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears
(Who now again quadrille forſwears),
With empty purſe, and aching head,
Steals to her ſleeping ſpouſe to bed.

A DIA-

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

MAD MULLINIX* AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M. I OWN, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prythee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you search the kingdom round,
There 's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *priests* and *friars* —
T. 'Twixt you and me, G— d—n the lyars!
M. The Tories are gone every man o'er
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then —
T. G— d—n the lyars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aside.*
T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish-up
As *popish* craft? did he not rail on 't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on 't?

* A fictitious name. See the history of this poem in the "Intelligencer," N° viii. N.

Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the Pretender;
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?

[*A few dull lines are here purposely omitted.*]

M. These wrangling jars of Whig and Tory
Are stale and worn as Troy-town story:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like Martin Marrall *, gaping-on,
Not minding when the song is done.
When all the *bees* are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under
Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Thersites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those,
With whom he serv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teazing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treason,

* A character in one of Dryden's comedies.

Thy

Thy busy, never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state-grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink),
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side so d—n'd a nusance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you 're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours: but, d—n my blood!
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious*:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me the statue round.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I 'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The Tories terror, scourge, and flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The Tories! you are their *delight*;

* King William III.

And ſhould you act a different part,
Be grave and wiſe, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taſte I know,
And often ſee a *puppet-ſhow*:
Obſerve, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the ſcene;
But, when they hear his ruſty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two ſtraws,
How Solomon decides the cauſe,
Which the true mother, which *pretender*;
Nor liſten to the witch of Endor.
Should Fauſtus, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the ſtage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to ſtir their fancy, ſhews
In at the door his monſtrous noſe,
Then ſudden draws it back again;
O what a pleaſure mixt with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the ſtage:
And firſt his bum you ſee him clap
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap:
The duke of Lorraine drew his ſword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And ſells the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himſelf he plays the wag on,
And mounts aſtride upon the dragon;
He gets a thouſand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguiſh tricks;

His

In every action thruſts his noſe;
The reaſon why, no mortal knows:
In doleful ſcenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There 's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him, if they could;
While, teazing all, by all he 's teaz'd,
How well are the ſpectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no ſhare,
But purely come to hear and ſtare;
Have no concern for Sabra's ſake,
Which gets the better, ſaint or ſnake,
Provided Punch (for there 's the jeſt)
Be ſoundly maul'd, and plague the reſt.
Thus, Tim, philoſophers ſuppoſe,
The world conſiſts of puppet-ſhows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou 'rt the Punch to ſtir up trouble in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To teaze, perplex, diſturb, confound,
Intrude with monkey-grin and clatter
To interrupt all ſerious matter;
Are grown the nuiſance of your *clan*,
Who hate and ſcorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You ſtill divert with merry ſtories;

They would conſent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they 'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the ſpot,
By all this toil what haſt thou got?
If Tories muſt have all the ſport,
I fear you 'll be diſgrac'd at *court.*
T. *Got?* D—n my blood! *I frank my letters,*
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, ſimple as I now ſtand here,
Expect in time to be a peer —
Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er ſtand ſtill:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beaſt; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And ſons of whores — behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That, when I ſtrut, and ſtare, and ſtink,
Revile and ſlander, fume and ſtorm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With ſuch a conſtant loyal zeal
To ſerve myſelf and common-weal,
And fret the Tories' ſoul to death,
I did but loſe my precious breath;
And, when I damn my ſoul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;
Conſume my vitals! they ſhall know,
I am not to be treated ſo;
I 'd rather hang myſelf by half,
Than give thoſe raſcals cauſe to laugh.

But

But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once ſo renown'd, to live obſcure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There 's nimble Tim a-paſſing by?"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a *party hatred?*
Will none the Tory *dogs* purſue,
When through the ſtreets I cry *halloo?*
Muſt all my d—n me's! bloods and wounds?
Paſs only now for empty ſounds?
Shall Tory raſcals be elected,
Although I ſwear them diſaffected?
And, when I roar, "A plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualify'd to ſwear and lye,
Will they not truſt me for a *ſpy?*
Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you ſee the caſe is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to pleaſe this thankleſs town!
Or, bleſs'd with ſuch engaging parts
To win the truant ſchool-boys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their juſt reward,
Attended by the *fable guard.*
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The ſnow-ball deſtin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful ſteps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
M. No more — in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:

Your parts are good, 'tis not deny'd;
I wiſh they had been well apply'd.
But now obſerve my council, (*viz.*).
Adapt your habit to your phyz;
You muſt no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace ſays, *optat ephippia*;
(There 's Latin too, that you may ſee
How much improv'd by Dr. ——).
I have a coat at home, that you may try;
'Tis juſt like this, which hangs by geometry.
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair.
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it ſo formal, and ſo curl'd;
'Twill be ſo oily and ſo ſleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You 'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of toupee and ſnake.
Thus dreſs'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know;
When firſt in public we appear,
I 'll lead the van, you keep the rear;
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Uſe all the talents of your mind;
Be ſtudious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my addreſs, and learn my ſtyle,
When to look ſcornful, when to ſmile;
Nor ſputter out your oaths ſo faſt,
But keep your ſwearing to the laſt.

Then

Then at our leiſure we 'll be witty,
And in the ſtreets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your converſation to refine,
I 'll take you to ſome friend of mine;
Choice ſpirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by uſeful arts;
Some cleanſing hollow tubes, to ſpy
Direct the zenith of the ſky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious ſteams to purge the air;
Some teach us in theſe dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whoſe reforming hands engage
To laſh the lewdneſs of the age;
Some for the public ſervice go
Perpetual envoys to and fro;
Whoſe able heads ſupport the weight
Of twenty miniſters of ſtate.
We ſcorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our *bonny-clabber*:
Nor are we ſtudious to enquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human-kind;
The various ſcenes of mortal life;
Who beats her huſband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a ſtroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.

One tells the rife of cheeſe and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a ſcold;
One ſhews how bravely Audouin dy'd,
And at the gallows all deny'd;
How by the *almanack* 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time ſo long mis-ſpent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was deſign'd,
Till politicks debas'd my mind:
I give myſelf entire to you;
G— d—n the Whigs and Tories too!

TIM* AND THE FABLES.

MY meaning will be beſt unravel'd,
When I premiſe that Tim has travel'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim ſet the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a Fable;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The Monkey who had ſeen the world:
(For Tonſon had, to help the ſale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)

* See an account of him in the "Intelligencer," No x.

The

The Monkey was completely dreſt,
The Beau in all his airs expreſt.
Tim, with ſurprize and pleaſure ſtaring,
Ran to the glaſs, and then comparing
His own ſweet figure with the paint,
Diſtinguiſh'd every feature in 't,
The twiſt, the ſqueeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Juſt as they look'd in the original.
" By —," ſays Tim, and let a fart,
" This graver underſtood his art.
" 'Tis a true copy, I 'll ſay that for 't;
" I well remember when I ſat for 't.
" My very face, as firſt I knew it;
" Juſt in this dreſs the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeneſs deeply ſmitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave.
He now began to ſtorm and rave:
" The curſed villain! now I ſee
" This was a libel meant at me:
" Theſe ſcribblers grow ſo bold of late
" Againſt us miniſters of ſtate!
" Such Jacobites as he deſerve —
" D—n me! I ſay, they ought to ſtarve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

TOM and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and ſpell his name,
But Dick had ſeen the college.

Dick

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the beſt at farting.

Dick would cock his noſe in ſcorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a foot-boy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was beſt at borees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
And Dick curſe all the Tories.

Dick would make a woeful noiſe,
And ſcold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the black-guard boys,
And held them in ſubjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly ſkipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with ſolemn face,
But Dick could better ſputter.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd phyſician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler ſwing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to ſwing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep diſcerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the houſe 'tis all he ſays;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK.

A MAGGOT.

AS when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot ſallies out,
You know him by his hazel ſnout:
So when the grandſon of his grandſire
Forth iſſues wriggling, Dick Dramcanſir,
With powder'd rump and back and ſide,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipſy viſage to conceal:
For, as he ſhakes his wainſcot cheeks,
Down every mealy atom creeps,
And leaves the tartar ſkin, in ſhow
Like a freſh t—d juſt dropt on ſnow.

CLAD

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

FOULEST brute that ſtinks below,
Why in this brown doſt thou appear?
For, would'ſt thou make a fouler ſhow,
Thou muſt go naked all the year.
Freſh from the mud a wallowing ſow
Would then be not ſo brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks ſo dun,
His hide emits a foulneſs out;
Not one jot better looks the ſun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t—ds within a glaſs encloſe,
The glaſs will ſeem as brown as thoſe.

Thou now one heap of foulneſs art,
All outward and within is ſoul;
Condenſed filth in every part,
Thy body 's cloathed like thy ſoul;
Thy ſoul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying ſnuff.

Old carted bawds ſuch garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they ſhine;
Such their *exalted* bodies are,
As ſhrivel'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou would'ſt be pelted worſe than they 're.

Yet,

Yet, when we ſee thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but juſt,
That thou ſhould'ſt take an honeſt trade,
And weekly carry out the duſt.
Of cleanly houſes who will doubt,
When Dick cries, "Duſt to carry out?"

DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and ſneer by rules.
You, Mullinix, and ſlobbering C——,
Who every day and hour the ſame are;
That vulgar talent I deſpiſe
Of piſſing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I liſten to the noiſe
Of ideots roaring to the boys;
To better judgements ſtill ſubmitting,
I own I ſee but little wit in;
Such paſtimes, when our taſte is nice,
Can pleaſe at moſt but once or twice.
But then conſider Dick, you 'll find
His genius of ſuperior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor ſcowers the ſtreets without a ſhirt;
Though Dick, I dare preſume to ſay,
Could do ſuch feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;

He 'd

He 'd have them try'd at the aſſizes
For prieſts and jeſuits in diſguiſes;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And liſting troops for the pretender.
But Dick can fart, and dance, and friſk,
No other monkey half ſo briſk;
Now has the ſpeaker by the ears,
Next moment in the houſe of peers;
Now ſcolding at my lady Euſtace,
Or thraſhing Baby in her new ſtays.
Preſto! be gone! with t'other hop
He 's powdering in a barber's ſhop;
Now at the anti-chamber thruſting
His noſe to get the circle juſt in,
And d—ns his blood, that in the rear
He ſees one ſingle Tory there:
Then, woe be to my lord lieutenant,
Again he 'll tell him, and again on 't.

AN EPITAPH
ON
GENERAL GORGES* AND LADY MEATH†.

UNDER this ſtone lie Dicky and Dolly;
Doll dying firſt, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

* Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath. N.

† Dorothy dowager of Edward earl of Meath. She was married to the General in 1716; and died Apr. 10, 1728: her huſband ſurvived but two days. N.

Dick loſt in Doll a wife tender and dear:
But Dick loſt by Doll twelve hundred a year;
A loſs that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick ſigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms croſt;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he loſt:
The firſt vex'd him much, the other vex'd moſt.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick ſigh'd and he cry'd;
To live without both full three days he try'd:
But lik'd neither loſs, and ſo quietly dy'd.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray ſhed ſome tears of ſalt-water;
For ſo ſad a tale is no ſubject of laughter.

Meath ſmiles for the jointure, though gotten ſo late;
The ſon laughs, that got the hard-gotten eſtate;
And Cuffe * grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to riſe one day,
Both ſolemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here reſt—*ſic tranſit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY lateſt tribute here I ſend,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I conſign you down to fame
A character to praiſe or blame:
And, if the whole may paſs for true,
Contented reſt, you have your due.
Give future times the ſatisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

* John Cuffe of Deſart, Eſq; married the general's eldeſt daughter. N.

DR. SWIFT'S COMPLAINT, ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS. WITH AN ANSWER.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpleſs, left alone;

ANSWER.

Except the firſt, the fault 's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burthen grown:

ANSWER.

Becauſe to few you will be ſhewn.
Give them good wine, and meat to ſtuff,
You may have company enough.

DOCTOR.

No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANSWER.

Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

DOCTOR.

At thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANSWER.

Think then of thunder when you fart.

DOCTOR.

And, what 's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have ſkill,
Sounds ſomewhat like a throwſter's mill;
But louder than a bell, or thunder;
That does, I own, increaſe my wonder.

DR.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,

ON

SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to paſs,
That you, who know muſic no more than an aſs,
That you, who ſo lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your cathedral to players and ſcrapers?
To act ſuch an opera once in a year,
So offenſive to every true Proteſtant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and ſinging,
Will ſure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
No Proteſtant Prelate, his Lordſhip or Grace,
Durſt there ſhew his Right or Moſt Reverend face:
How would it pollute their croſiers and rochets
To liſten to minims, and quavers, and crotchets!

[*The reſt is wanting.*]

ON

PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE INTELLIGENCER*.

AS a thorn-buſh, or oaken-bough,
Stuck in an Iriſh cabin's brow,

Above

* Dr. Sheridan was publiſher of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper, written principally by himſelf; but Dr.

Above the door, at country-fair,
Betokens *entertainment there*;
So *bays* on poets' brows have been
Set, for a ſign of wit within.
And, as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an ale-houſe buſh for ſpite;
The laurel ſo, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which *tears*
Thoſe ſacred leaves that *lightning ſpares*.
And now t' exemplify this moral:
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel
(Which, meaſur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd,
A trophy, on his temple-ſide);
Paddy repin'd to ſee him wear
This badge of honour in his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muſe by Smedley's † model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verſe and proſe,
Hums like a hornet at his noſe,

Swift occaſionally ſupplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation thoſe papers received, attacked them violently both in converſation and in print; but unfortunately ſtumbled on ſome of the numbers which the Dean had written, and all the world admired; which gave riſe to theſe verſes. N.

† Dean of Ferns. See the next poem. N.

At

At length preſumes to vent his ſatire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The *eagle* in the tale, ye know,
Teaz'd by a buzzing waſp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to reſt
Securely in the thunderer's breaſt:
In vain; even there, to ſpoil his nod,
The *ſpiteful inſect* ſtung the god.

PARODY

ON A

CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY*.

Written in Latin by himſelf.

THE very reverend Dean Smedley,
Of *dullneſs*, *pride*, *conceit*, a medley,
Was equally allow'd to ſhine
As *poet*, *ſcholar*, and *divine*;
With *godlineſs* could well diſpenſe,
Would be a *rake*, but wanted ſenſe;
Would ſtrictly after Truth enquire,
Becauſe he dreaded to come nigh her.
For Liberty no champion bolder,
He hated *bailiffs* at his ſhoulder.
To half the world a ſtanding jeſt,
A perfect *nuiſance* to the reſt:
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the beſt wiſhes they could give him.

* The original is in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

To all mankind a conſtant friend,
Provided they had *caſh* to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a *laconic* ſentence,
By cutting of his phraſe, and trimming,
To prove that Biſhops were old women.
Poor Envy durſt not ſhew her phiz,
She was ſo terrified at his.
He waded, without any ſhame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every ſharping trick for bread,
And after all he ſeldom ſped.
When Fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the *dice*:
But, if ſhe turn'd againſt his play,
He knew to ſtop *à quatre trois*.
Now found in mind, and found in *corpus*,
(Says he) though ſwell'd like any *porpoiſe*,
He heys from hence at forty-four
(But by his leave he ſinks a ſcore)
To The Eaſt Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchaſe an eſtate;
Where, after he has fill'd his cheſt,
He 'll mount his *tub*, and preach his beſt,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and theirs the next.
Leſt that the reader ſhould not know
The bank where laſt he ſet his toe,
'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ſhip,
And gave his creditors the ſlip.

But leſt *chronology* ſhould vary,
Upon the Ides of February;
In ſeventeen hundred eight and twenty,
To Fort St. George a *pedlar* went he.
Ye Fates, when all he gets is ſpent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

PAULUS. BY MR. LINDSAY*.

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

"A SLAVE to crowds, ſcorch'd with the ſummer's
" heats,
" In courts the wretched lawyer toils and ſweats;
" While ſmiling Nature, in her beſt attire,
" Regales each ſenſe, and vernal joys inſpire.
" Can he, who knows that real good ſhould pleaſe,
" Barter for gold his liberty and eaſe?"—
Thus Paulus preach'd:—When, entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He graſps the ſhining gift, pores o'er the cauſe,
Forgets the ſun, and dozeth on the laws.

THE ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

LINDSAY miſtakes the matter quite,
And honeſt Paulus judges right.
Then, why theſe quarrels to the ſun,
Without whoſe aid you 're all undone?

* Mr. Lindſay, a polite and elegant ſcholar, at that time an eminent pleader in Dublin, afterwards one of the juſtices of the court of common-pleas. N.

Did Paulus e'er complain of ſweat?
Did Paulus e'er the ſun forget;
The influence of whoſe golden beams
Soon licks up all unſavory ſteams?
The ſun, you ſay, his face hath kiſs'd;
It has; but then it greas'd his fiſt.
True lawyers, for the wiſeſt ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his ſuperficial powers
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
Not for inſpiring poets brains
With pennyleſs and ſtarveling ſtrains;
Not for his boaſted healing art;
Not for his ſkill to ſhoot the dart;
Nor yet becauſe he ſweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more ſubſtantial cauſe—
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever muſt adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an inceſtuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
By Phœbus firſt produc'd to light;
By Vulcan form'd ſo round and bright:
Then offer'd at the ſhrine of juſtice,
By clients to her prieſts and truſtees.
Nor, when we ſee Aſtræa ſtand
With even balance in her hand,
Muſt we ſuppoſe ſhe hath in view,
How to give every man his due;

Her ſcales you ſee her only hold,
To weigh her prieſts' the lawyers gold.
Now, ſhould I own your caſe was grievous,
Poor ſweaty Paulus, who 'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At leaſt, that ſuch complaints are wiſe:
'Tis wiſe, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like ſtateſmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, ſince the truth muſt needs be ſtretched,
To prove that lawyers are ſo wretched;
This paradox I 'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindſay's ſake;
By topicks, which, though I abomine 'em,
May ſerve as arguments *ad hominem*:
Yet I diſdain to offer thoſe
Made uſe of by detracting foes.
I own, the curſes of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:
The clamours of ten thouſand tongues
Break not his reſt, nor hurt his lungs.
I own, his conſcience always free
(Provided he has got his fee);
Secure of conſtant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no ſin.
Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always over-witted.
And though the goſpel ſeems to ſay
What heavy burthens lawyers lay
Upon the ſhoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the labour,

Always

Always for ſaving their own bacon:
No doubt, the text is here miſtaken:
The copy's falſe, and ſenſe is rack'd:
To prove it, I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonſtration ſhew
What burthens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-ſick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch muſt be at court by nine;
Half ſunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag:
Then, from the bar, harangues the bench,
In Engliſh vile, and viler French,
And Latin, vileſt of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!
Of paper how is he profuſe,
With periods long, in terms abſtruſe!
What pains he takes to be prolix,
A thouſand lines to ſtand for ſix!
Of common ſenſe without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cauſe before the judge:
And, what is yet a greater curſe,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purſe;
While he, at eaſe, ſecure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country-manſion down;

And,

And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despiseth rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains sides.
Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on,
To state this question *pro* and *con*.
My satire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honest man;
Yet link them close, in this they jump,
To be but rascals in the lump.
Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And, in his client's just defence,
Must deviate oft' from common sense;
And make his ignorance discerned,
To get the name of Council Learned
(As *lucus* comes *à non lucendo*),
And wisely do as other men do:
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit;
You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard, where dulness over-rules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.

And will you venture both anew,
To ſit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legiſlators,
Abandon'd, ſtupid, ſlaviſh praters!
For, as the rabble daub and riſle
The fool who ſcrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You muſt expect the like diſgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Muſt loſe the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully ſtain'd;
Diſclaim for ever all pretence
To common honeſty and ſenſe;
And join in friendſhip with a ſtrict tye,
To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe *.

* This gentleman, who was a privy counſell
curred the ſevere diſpleaſure of the Dean, w

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

AN EMINENT LAWYER*,

AND

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.S.P.D.

In ALLUSION to HORACE, Book II. Sat. 1.

"Sunt quibus in Satira, &c."

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are perſons who complain
There 's too much ſatire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not ſparing even men of letters:
You, who are ſkill'd in lawyers' lore,
What 's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expoſe
Either in verſe or humourous proſe;
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my ſcrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleas'd to condeſcend
To aſk the judgement of a friend,

* Mr. Lindſay. See p. 103.

Your

Your caſe conſider'd, I muſt think
You ſhould withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Chriſtian folks;
Or, if the Muſes muſt inſpire
Your fancy with their pleaſing fire,
Take ſubjects ſafer for your wit
Than thoſe on which you lately writ:
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing ſect;
Aſſert, that Hyde *, in writing ſtory,
Shews all the malice of a Tory;
While Burnet †, in his deathleſs page,
Diſcovers freedom without rage.
To Woolſton ‡ recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chains which fetter free-born minds;
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh fears
Which laſted near two thouſand years;
He can alone the prieſthood humble,
Make gilded ſpires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Muſt I commend againſt my conſcience
Such ſtupid blaſphemy and nonſenſe?

* Edward Hyde, the firſt earl of Clarendon, who wrote the Hiſtory of the Civil Wars. N.

† The celebrated Bp. of Saliſbury. N.

‡ A degraded clergyman of the church of England, who wrote againſt the miracles of Chriſt. N.

To

To ſuch a ſubject tune my lyre,
And ſing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of Wiſdom Fate,
Lament upon their hapleſs fall,
That Force free Virtue ſhould enthrall?
Or ſhall the charms of Wealth and Power
Make me pollute the Muſes' bower?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my deſk the words that follow:
"Some, by philoſophers miſled,
"Muſt honour you alive and dead;
"And ſuch as know what Greece hath writ,
"Muſt taſte your irony and wit;
"Whilſt moſt that are, or would be great,
"Muſt dread your pen, your perſon hate;
"And you on Drapier's * hill muſt lie,
"And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM. 1729.

AN aſs's hoof alone can hold
That poiſonous juice, which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No veſſel but an aſs's head

* In the county of Armagh; where Dr. Swift, in the year 1729, had ſome thoughts of building; as appears by ſeveral of the following Poems. N.

Such

Such frigid fuſtian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like ſtupifying draughts:
I found my head began to ſwim,
A numbneſs crept through every limb.
In haſte, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to aſhes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in ſnow, it dy'd in flame.

AN EPISTLE

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET

BY DR. DELANY. 1729.

"Credis ob hoc, me, Paſtor, opes fortaſſe rogare,
"Propter quod, vulgus, craſſaque turba rogat."
MART. Epig. lib. ii

THOU wiſe and learned ruler of our iſle,
Whoſe guardian care can all her griefs beguile;
When next your generous ſoul ſhall condeſcend
T' inſtruct or entertain your humble friend;
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On ſome high theme you learnedly enlarge;

Of all the ways of wiſdom reaſon well,
How Richelieu roſe, and how Sejanus fell:
Or, when your brow leſs thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with Swift and ſome delighted friends;
When, mixing mirth and wiſdom with your wine,
Like that your wit ſhall flow, your genius ſhine;
Nor with leſs praiſe the converſation guide,
Than in the public councils you decide:
Or when the Dean, long privileg'd to rail,
Aſſerts his friend with more impetuous zeal;
You hear (whilſt I ſit by abaſh'd and mute),
With ſoft conceſſions ſhortening the diſpute;
Then cloſe with kind enquiries of my ſtate,
"How are your tithes, and have they roſe of late?
"Why, Chriſt-Church is a pretty ſituation,
"There are not many better in the nation!
"This, with your *other things*, muſt yield you clear
"Some ſix—at leaſt five hundred pounds a year."
Suppoſe, at ſuch a time, I took the freedom
To ſpeak theſe truths as plainly as you read 'em
(You ſhall rejoin, my lord, when I 've replied,
And, if you pleaſe, my lady ſhall decide):
"My lord, I 'm ſatisfied you meant me well;
"And that I 'm thankful, all the world can tell:
"But you 'll forgive me, if I own th' event
"Is ſhort, is very ſhort, of your intent;
"At leaſt, I feel ſome ills unfelt before,
"My income leſs, and my expences more."
"How, doctor! double vicar! double rector!
"A dignitary! with a city lecture!

" What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what fines—
" what rent!
" Why, doctor!—will you never be content?"
" Would my good lord but caſt up the account,
" And ſee to what my revenues amount
" My titles ample! but my gain ſo ſmall,
" That one good vicarage is worth them all:
" And very wretched ſure is he, that's double
" In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
" Add to this crying grievance, if you pleaſe,
" My horſes founder'd on Fermanah ways;
" Ways of well-poliſh'd and well-pointed ſtone,
" Where every ſtep endangers every bone;
" And, more to raiſe your pity and your wonder,
" Two churches—twelve Hibernian miles aſunder!
" With complicated *cures*, I labour hard in,
" Beſides whole ſummers abſent from my garden!—
" But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
" I 'd change with Charley Grattan for his ſchool*—
" What fine caſcades, what viſtos, might I make,
" Fixt in the centre of th' Iernian lake!
" There might I ſail delighted, ſmooth and ſafe,
" Beneath the conduct of my good Sir Ralph†:
" There 's not a better ſteerer in the realm;
" I hope, my lord, you 'll call him to the *helm*."—
" Doctor—a glorious ſcheme to eaſe your grief!
" When *cures* are croſs, a ſchool 's a ſure relief.

* A free-ſchool at Inniſkillen, founded by Eraſmus Smith, eſq. N.

† Sir Ralph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of Erin

" Yo

" You cannot fail of being happy there,
" The lake will be the Lethe of your care:
" The ſcheme is for your honour and your eaſe;
" And, doctor, I 'll promote it when you pleaſe.
" Meanwhile, allowing things below your merit,
" Yet, doctor, you 've a philoſophic ſpirit;
" Your wants are few, and, like your income, ſmall,
" And you 've enough to gratify them all:
" You 've trees, and fruits, and roots, enough in ſtore;
" And what would a philoſopher have more?
" You cannot wiſh for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"
" My lord, I 've not enough to buy me books—
" Or pray, ſuppoſe my wants were all ſupplied,
" Are there no wants I ſhould regard beſide?
" Whoſe breaſt is ſo unmann'd, as not to grieve,
" Compaſs'd with miſeries he can't relieve?
" Who can be happy—who ſhould wiſh to live,
" And want the godlike happineſs to give?
" (That I 'm a judge of this, you muſt allow:
" I had it once—and I 'm debarr'd it now.)
" Aſk your own heart, my lord; if this be true,
" Then how unbleſt am I! how bleſt are you!"
" 'Tis true—but, doctor, let us waive all that—
" Say, if you had your wiſh, what you 'd be at."
" Excuſe me, good my lord—I won't be ſounded,
" Nor ſhall your favour by my wants be bounded.
" My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
" Nor is it fit I ſhould preſcribe to you.
" Yet this might Symmachus himſelf avow,
" (Whoſe rigid rules are antiquated now)—

FROM

A CERTAIN DOCTOR

TO

A CERTAIN GREAT LOR

Being a CHRISTMAS-BOX for Dr. DELAN

AS Jove will not attend on leſs,
When things of more importance preſs
You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low Hibernian bard,
Should cool your heels a while, and wait
Unanſwer'd at your *patron's* gate;
And would my lord vouchſafe to grant
This one, poor, humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his *Secretary*,
As Falſtaff acted old King Harry;
I 'd tell of yours in rhyme and print:

To make it paſs upon the nation,
By dint of his ſole approbation.
The taſk is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the ſenſe of all mankind:
Who think your Muſe muſt firſt aſpire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
You 've cauſe to ſay he *meant you well*:
That you *are thankful*, who *can tell?*
For ſtill you 're ſhort (which grieves your ſpirit)
Of his intent; you mean, your merit.
Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adepte,*
Qui nil meliris tam inepte?
Smedley *, thou Jonathan of Clogher,
"When thou thy humble lay doſt offer
"To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
"Thy thanks and verſe devoid of art:
"Content with what his bounty gave,
"No larger income doſt thou crave."
But you muſt have caſcades, and all
Ierne's lake, for your canal,
Your viſtos, barges, and (a pox on
All pride!) our Speaker for your coxon:
It 's pity that he can't beſtow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar;
And, as he paſs'd, ſo ſwell'd the Dee,
Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.

* See a Petition to the duke of Grafton, vol. I. p. 158.

How different is this from Smedley!
(His name is up, he may in bed lie)
" Who only aſks ſome pretty cure,
" In wholeſome ſoil and æther pure;
" The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
" In either angle ſhady bowers:
" No gay parterre with coſtly green
" Muſt in the ambient hedge be ſeen;
" But Nature freely takes her courſe,
" Nor fears from him ungrateful force:
" No ſheers to check her ſprouting vigour,
" Or ſhape the *yews* to antic figure."
But you forſooth your *all* muſt ſquander
On that poor ſpot, call'd Dell-ville, yonder:
And when you 've been at vaſt expences
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your aſſets fail, and caſh is wanting;
Nor farther buildings, farther planting:
No wonder, when you raiſe and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demoliſh'd to the ground:
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And ſet the houſe to Rupert Barber.
You ſprang an arch, which, in a ſcurvy
Humour, you tumbled topſy-turvy.
You change a circle to a ſquare,
Then to a circle as you were:
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis*?

To

To Fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect;
Mounts, walks, on high; and in a hollow
You place the Muſes and Apollo;
There ſhining 'midſt his train, to grace
Your whimſical poetic place.
Theſe ſtories were of old deſign'd
As fables: but you have refin'd
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real Muſes, gods, and ſtreams.
Who would not ſwear, when you contrive thus,
That you 're Don Quixote Redivivus?
Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only Winter's rain ſupplies.
Oh! couldſt thou, by ſome magic ſpell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well!
Here may it re-aſſume its ſtream *,
And take a greater Patrick's name!
If your expences riſe ſo high;
What income can your wants ſupply?
Yet ſtill you fancy you inherit
A fund of ſuch ſuperior merit,
That you can't fail of more proviſion,
All by my *lady's* kind deciſion.
For, the more livings you can fiſh up,
You think you 'll ſooner be a biſhop:
That could not be *my lord's intent*,
Nor can it *anſwer the event*.

* See Dr. Swift's verſes on the drying-up of this well, in this volume, p. 7.

Moſt think what has been heap'd on you
To other ſort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your ſlim-ſlams,
Epiſtles, riddles, epigrams.
Though now your depth muſt not be ſounded,
The time was, when you 'd have compounded
For leſs than Charley Grattan's ſchool:
Five hundred pound a year 's no fool!
Take this advice then from you friend,
To your ambition put an end.
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you *build* and you *beſtow*.
Be modeſt; nor addreſs your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.
A paſſage may be found *, I 've heard,
In ſome old Greek or Latian bard,
Which ſays, "Would crows in ſilence eat
"Their offals, or their better meat,
"Their generous feeders not provoking
"By loud and unharmonious croaking:
"They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,
"Live on, and ſtuff to boot their maws."

* Hor. Lib. I. Ep. xvii.

A LIBEL

A LIBEL

ON THE REVEREND DR. DELANY, AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET. 1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the *great*
Chuſe for companions *tete à tete*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to ſit whene'er you will;
Then boaſting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *lordſhip* was ſo kind;
How many pleaſant things he ſpoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at every *joke*:
Swear he 's a moſt facetious man;
That you and he are *cup* and *can*:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite miſtake *preferment's* road.
Suppoſe my *lord* and you alone;
Hint the leaſt intereſt of your own,
His viſage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of buſineſs now:
Or, mention but a vacant *poſt*,
He 'll turn it off with, "Name your toaſt:"
Nor could the niceſt artiſt paint
A countenance with more conſtraint.
For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench

So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandars to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects muſt provide
To gratify their luſt of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of ſtate,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, ſhall you dare to aſk a *place*,
You forfeit all your *patron's* grace,
And diſappoint the ſole deſign,
For which he ſummon'd you to *dine*.
Thus Congreve ſpent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the ſtation
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept:
Himſelf as rich as fifty Jews,
Was eaſy, though they wanted ſhoes;
And crazy Congreve ſcarce could ſpare
A ſhilling to diſcharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to *party* zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his later ſcene,
Took proper *principles* to thrive;
And ſo might every *dunce* alive.
Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails
Withdrew to ſtarve, and die in Wales.

Thus Gay, the *hare* with many friends,
Twice seven long years the *court* attends:
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a *princely* youth*;
Who paid his courtship with the crowd
As far as *modish pride* allow'd;
Rejects a servile *usher's* place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.
Thus Addison, by lords caress'd,
Was left in foreign lands distress'd;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A traveling tutor to a *'squire*:
But wisely left the *Muses'* isle,
To business shap'd the *poet's* quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the *courtier's* trade,
And, grown a *minister of state*,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
Hail, happy Pope! *whose generous mind*
Detesting all the *statesman* kind,
Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By *sages*, *priests*, or *poets* taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells;
A genius for all fashions fit,
Whose *meanest* talent is his wit;

* William duke of Cumberland, son to George II.

Nor

His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a *raſcal ſtateſman's* ſpittle;
Appealing to the nation's taſte,
Above the reach of want is plac'd:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And ſits aloft on Pindus' head,
Deſpiſing *ſlaves* that *cringe* for bread.
True *politicians* only pay
For ſolid *work*, but not for *play*;
Nor ever chuſe to work with tools
Forg'd up in *colleges* and *ſchools*.
Conſider how much more is due
To all their *journeymen* than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You ſhew your ſkill in Grecian ſtory;
But they can manage Whig and Tory:
You, as a *critick*, are ſo curious
To find a verſe in Virgil ſpurious;
But they can ſmoke the deep deſigns,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
Beſides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *place* already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and ſhew your wit;
To ſnuff the lights and ſtir the fire,
And get a *dinner* for your hire.
What claim have you to *place* or *penſion*?
He overpays in condeſcenſion.

But

But, reverend *doctor*, you we know
Could never condescend so low;
The *vice-roy*, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;
Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He 'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.

This may be true—submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a *beggar's purse*,
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And shew us, England is our master:
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his *vermin* in, but *scraps*?
The offals of a *church* distrest;
A hungry *vicarage* at best;
Or some remote inferior *post*,
With forty pounds a year at most?

But here again you interpose—
Your favourite *lord* is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their station,
And characters to dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *learning* none will call in doubt;

His

His *learning*, though a *poet* ſaid it
Before a play, would loſe no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praiſe it Phillips writ.
I own, he hates an action baſe,
His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning ſpirit
Betwixt a true and ſpurious merit;
Can ſometimes drop a *voter's* claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the moſt that *friendſhip* can;
I hate the *vice-roy*, love the *man*.
But you who, till your fortune 's made,
Muſt be a *ſweetener* by your trade,
Should ſwear he never meant us ill;
We ſuffer ſore againſt his will;
That, if we could but ſee his heart,
He would have choſe a milder part:
We rather ſhould lament his caſe,
Who muſt obey, or loſe his *place*.
Since this reflexion ſlipt your pen,
Inſert it when you write again:
And, to illuſtrate it, produce
This *ſimile* for his excuſe:
" So to deſtroy a guilty land
" An * *angel* ſent by *heaven's* command,
" While he obeys *almighty* will,
" Perhaps may feel *compaſſion* ſtill;

* " So when an angel by divine command," &c.
ADDISON's Campaign.

" And

" And wiſh the taſk had been aſſign'd
" To *ſpirits* of leſs gentle kind."
But I, in *politicks* grown old,
Whoſe thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my ſoul ſincerely hate
Both *kings* and *miniſters* of *ſtate*,
Who look on *courts* with ſtricter eyes
To ſee the ſeeds of *vice* ariſe,
Can lend you an alluſion fitter,
Though *flattering knaves* may call it *bitter*;
Which, if you durſt but give it place,
Would ſhew you many a *ſtateſman's* face:
Freſh from the *tripod* of Apollo
I had it in the words that follow
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except *his excellence*).
" So, to effect his *monarch's* ends,
" From *hell* a *vice-roy* devil aſcends;
" His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,
" The contributions of the *damn'd*;
" Which with unſparing hand he ſtrows
" Through *courts* and *ſenates* as he goes;
" And then at Beelzebub's *black hall*
" Complains his *budget* was too ſmall."
Your *ſimile* may better ſhine
In verſe; but there is *truth* in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings:
And *ſtateſmen* by ten thouſand odds
Are angels juſt as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE

LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

" — Tanti tibi non fit opaci
" Omnis arena Tagi." Juv.

As ſome raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirſt of honour led,
When at a ſkirmiſh firſt he hears
The bullets whiſtling round his ears,
Will duck his head aſide, will ſtart,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till ſcaping off without a wound
Leſſens the terror of the ſound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops.
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and ſhame;
When firſt in print you ſee him dread
Each pop-gun level'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains,
Is deſtin'd to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his ſoul!
Concluding, that another ſhot
Will ſtrike him dead upon the ſpot.
But, when with ſquibbing, flaſhing, popping,
He cannot ſee one creature dropping;

That,

That, miſſing fire, or miſſing aim,
His life is ſafe, I mean his fame;
The danger paſt, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

Though ſplendor gives the faireſt mark
To poiſon'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, *in yourſelf when ſmooth and round,*
They glance aſide without a wound.

'Tis ſaid, the gods try'd all their art,
How *pain* they might from *pleaſure* part;
But little could their ſtrength avail;
Both ſtill are faſten'd by the tail.
Thus *fame* and *cenſure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd?

'Tis eminence makes envy riſe;
As faireſt fruits attract the flies.
Should ſtupid libels grieve your mind,
You ſoon a remedy may find;
Lie down obſcure like other folks
Below the laſh of ſnarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And ſneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.

You ſay, the Muſe will not contain,
And write you muſt, or break a vein.

Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raiſe your fancy on the wing;
The Iriſh *ſenate's* praiſes ſing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the public good purſues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots, up to ſhoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
How oft' am I for rhyme to ſeek!
To dreſs a thought, may toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilſt every critick can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius ceaſe to write,
The rogues muſt die for want and ſpite;
Muſt die for want of food and raiment,
If ſcandal did not find them payment.
How chearfully the hawkers cry
A ſatire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unſold upon the printer's lines.
A *genius* in the reverend gown
Muſt ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And ſpoils the credit of the function.

Round

Round all your brethren caſt your eyes;
Point out the ſureſt men to riſe;
That club of candidates in black,
The leaſt deſerving of the pack,
Aſpiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fitteſt tools to work for Bob;
Will ſooner coin a thouſand lies,
Than ſuffer men of parts to riſe;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And preſs you down with all their weight.
For, as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit *free-thinkers.*
Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Diſdains to ſerve ignoble ends.
Obſerve what loads of ſtupid rhymes
Oppreſs us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Shew reaſon, grammar, truth, or ſenſe?
For though the Muſe delights in fiction,
She ne'er inſpires againſt conviction.
Then keep your virtue ſtill unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-ſteps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate:
Firſt learn the ſcience to be dull,
You then may ſoon your conſcience lull;

If not, however ſeated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddeſs brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a Sooterkin;
Which, as the nurſe purſued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muſes' hill,
There in the ſoil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnaſſus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin ſprung,
With harpy-claws and poiſonous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic ſcraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned ſhow,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geeſe, the wolf your flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To perſecute the Muſes' fame;
On poets in all times abuſive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.
Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmoſt rage defies,
That ſafe behind the wainſcot lies.
Say, did you ever know by ſight
In cheeſe an individual mite?
Shew me the ſame numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yeſterday:

You

You then may boldly go in queſt
To find the Grub-ſtreet poet's neſt;
What ſponging-houſe, in dread of jail,
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are neſtled in,
To flouriſh o'er a cup of gin;
Find the laſt garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they ſtarve to-day.
Suppoſe you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What puniſhment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
Theſe they have often try'd before;
You but oblige them ſo much more:
Themſelves would be the firſt to tell,
To make their traſh the better ſell.
You have been libel'd — Let us know,
What fool officious told you ſo?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noiſy ſcoundrel ſays,
It might be ſomething in your praiſe:
And praiſe beſtow'd on Grub-ſtreet rhymes
Would vex one more a thouſand times.
Till criticks blame, and judges praiſe,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are ſatiric,
I take it for a panegyrick.
Hated by fools, and *fools to hate*,
Be that my *motto*, and my *fate*.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 1729.

TO form a juſt and finiſh'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whoſe godſhips are in chief requeſt,
And fit your preſent ſubject beſt:
And, ſhould it be your hero's caſe,
To have both male and female race,
Your buſineſs muſt be to provide
A ſcore of goddeſſes beſide.
Some call their monarchs ſons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Becauſe they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his ſon:
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.
Why, then, appoint him ſon of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely ſhall conſent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their ſenſe, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.
Next, as the laws of verſe require,
He muſt be greater than his ſire;
For Jove, as every ſchool-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depoſe:
And ſure no Chriſtian poet breathing
Would be more ſcrupulous than a Heathen!

Or,

Or, if to blaſphemy it tends,
That 's but a trifle among friends,
Your Hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s.
Behold his glittering faulchion mow
Whole ſquadrons at a ſingle blow;
While Victory, with wings outſpread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milk-white ſteed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead mens' paunches:
As Overton has drawn his ſire,
Still ſeen o'er many an ale-houſe fire.
Then from his arms hoarſe thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty muſtard-bowls:
For thunder ſtill his arm ſupplies,
And lightning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conſcience,
And ſerve to echo rattling nonſenſe.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your ſong.
Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To ſing of wars, chuſe peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus had lock'd his temple-door;
Though not a coffee-houſe we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this ſide Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Poſtmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as moſt men;
Thou ſtill with battles ſtuff thy head full:
For, muſt thy hero not be dreadful?

Diſmiſſing Mars, it next muſt follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he 's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he ſtruts, and that he ſquints,
You 'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can ſhine both day and night.
The firſt, perhaps, may once an age
Inſpire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal, every day,
Not only can inſpire, but pay.
Then make this new Apollo ſit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
" How from his altitude he ſtoops
" To raiſe up Virtue when ſhe droops;
" On Learning how his bounty flows,
" And with what juſtice he beſtows:
" Fair Iſis, and ye banks of Cam!
" Be witneſs if I tell a flam.
" What prodigies in Arts we drain,
" From both your ſtreams, in George's reign.
" As from the flowery bed of Nile" —
But here 's enough to ſhew your ſtyle.
Broad inuendos, ſuch as this,
If well applied, can hardly miſs:
For, when you bring your ſong in print,
He 'll get it read, and take the hint,
(It muſt be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled),

And

And will be ſo much more your debtor,
Becauſe he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and ſenſe
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic ſtrains,
A guinea ſhall reward your pains:
For patrons never pay ſo well,
As when they ſcarce have learn'd to ſpell.

Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the ſea; you ſee him ride in 't;
And, if provok'd, he ſoundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have ſeiz'd the Spaniſh plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports beſiege them,
But that he would not diſoblige them;
And make the raſcals pay him dearly
For thoſe affronts they give him yearly.

'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we ſcrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in ſatiric wit.
But you ſome white-lead ink muſt get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your intereſt lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.

Thus your encomium, to be ſtrong,
Muſt be applied directly wrong.

A tyrant for his mercy praiſe,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A ſquinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we ſtarve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleaſing princes:
For princes love you ſhould deſcant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But ſongſters muſt omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero muſt be told,
In him ſuch virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent;
That, with no title to inherit,
He muſt have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly falſe, and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
Should ſome obſcure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the Youth of Pella,
When all your liſt of Gods is out,
Preſume to ſhew his mortal ſnout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Becauſe he had the world ſubdued:

Oh,

Oh, let him not debaſe your thoughts,
Or name him, but to tell his faults, —
Of Gods I only quote the beſt,
But you may hook-in all the reſt.
Now, Birth-day Bard, with joy proceed
To praiſe your Empreſs and her breed.
Firſt of the firſt, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the ſkies;
The Graces, and their miſtreſs Venus,
Muſt venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor ſhall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam:
Six thouſand years has liv'd the Goddeſs,
Your Heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Beſides, your ſongſters oft' have ſhown
That ſhe hath Graces of her own:
Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Juſt three, and every Grace a daughter.
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their ſnowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their Engliſh German couſins:
Beſides a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
Now ſee her ſeated in her throne
With genuine luſtre, all her own;
Poor Cynthia never ſhone ſo bright,
Her ſplendor is but borrow'd light;

And

And only with her Brother linkt
Can ſhine, without him is extinct.
But Carolina ſhines the clearer
With neither ſpouſe nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our iſles,
Though George is gone a thouſand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;
And ſees a ſon in every God,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-ſhaking nod.
Now ſing his little Highneſs Freddy,
Who ſtruts like any king already:
With ſo much beauty, ſhew me any maid
That could reſiſt this charming Ganymede!
Where majeſty with ſweetneſs vies,
And, like his father, early wiſe.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And ſwear his line ſhall rule the nation
For ever — till the conflagration.
But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little Duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and ſize,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make ſome proviſion for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;

Into

Into whoſe pocket valiant Willy put,
Will ſoon ſubdue the realm of Lilliput.
A ſkilful critick juſtly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harſh, ſtiff names,
The ſenſe can ne'er be too jejune,
But ſmooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunſwick are too rough:
Heſſe-Darmſtadt makes a rugged ſound,
And Guelp the ſtrongeſt ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I muſt except the Rhine,
Becauſe it clinks to Caroline.
Hail! Queen of Britain, Queen of rhymes!
Be ſung ten hundred thouſand times!
Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happineſs they knew:
Three ſyllables did never meet,
So ſoft, ſo gliding, and ſo ſweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels ſtand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring conſonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young! — in ſong.
What though the royal carcaſe muſt,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to duſt;

Thoſe

Thoſe elements her name compoſe,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet ſtill you muſt conſult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like ſteel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phraſe of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia ſoundly maul:
Reſtore the ſhips by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to ſave his bacon.
Naſſau, who got the name of Glorious
Becauſe he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he 's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you ſhare his fate,
And bear the new ſucceſſor's frown;
Or, whom you once ſang up, ſing down.
Reject with ſcorn that ſtupid notion,
To praiſe your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought ſo odd,
That princes ſhould believe in God;
But follow the ſecureſt rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:

'Tis

'Tis grown the choiceſt wit at Court,
And gives the maids of honour ſport.
For, ſince they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That ſound Divine the truth hath ſpoke all,
And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains ſold, or meanings double.
Suppoſing now your ſong is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to ſome Italian tune:
Then print it in the largeſt letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Preſent it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

BOUTS RIMÉS.

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

OUR ſchool-maſter may rave i'th' fit
Of claſſic beauty *hæc & illa*,
Not all his birch inſpires ſuch wit
As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toaſt, in bright champain,
Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
In Berkeley's tar, or ſars-parilla.

At Goodman's-Fields I 've much admir'd
The poſtures ſtrange of Monſieur Brilla;
But what are they to the ſoft ſtep,
The gliding air, of Domitilla?

Virgil has eterniz'd in ſong
The flying footſteps of Camilla:
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
He might have dreamt of Domitilla.

Great Theodoſe condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his Placilla,
And deuce take London, if ſome knight
O' th' city wed not Domitilla!

Wheeler, Sir George, in travels wife,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But O! the empreſs has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breaſt, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Pil'd on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I 'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter, ſnatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—'bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd let
To verſe — but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope conſigns Belinda's watch
To the fair Sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To th' ſnow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER

HELTER SKELTER;

OR,

The HUE and CRY after the ATTORNIES, upon their riding the CIRCUIT.

NOW the active young attornies
Briſkly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horſes of their clients,
Like ſo many little Mars's
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burniſh'd,
And with harneſs-buckles furniſh'd,
And with whips and ſpurs ſo neat,
And with jockey-coats compleat,
And with boots ſo very greaſy,
And with ſaddles eke ſo eaſy,
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day,
Bridles deſtin'd far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats ſo very big, Sir,
And with powder'd caps and wigs, Sir,
And with ruffles to be ſhewn,
Cambrick ruffles not their own,
And with Holland ſhirts ſo white,
Shirts becoming to the ſight,

Shirts be-wrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters,
With their pretty tinſel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies,
And with rings ſo very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—
And with very little pence,
And as very little ſenſe,
With ſome law, but little juſtice,
Having ſtolen from my hoſteſs,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the ſoldier from the futler;
From the vintner and the taylor,
Like the felon from the jaylor;
Into this and t'other county,
Living on the public bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage;
Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,
Thorough ſtinking lanes and alleys,
Some to — kiſs with farmers ſpouſes,
And make merry in their houſes;
Some to — tumble country wenches
On their ruſhy-beds and benches,
And, if they begin a fray,
Draw their ſwords, and — run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot,

Low

Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to ſup their porridge,
And Vacation 's over — then,
Hey, for London town again.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human-kind.
" Reaſon," they ſay, " belongs to man ;"
But let them prove it if they can.
Wiſe Ariſtotle and Smiglefius,
By ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione præditum ;
But, for my ſoul, I cannot credit 'em,
And muſt, in ſpite of them, maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain ;
And that this boaſted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature ;
That inſtinct is a ſurer guide
Than reaſon-boaſting mortals pride ;
And that brute beaſts are far before 'em,
Deus eſt anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honeſt brute
At law his neighbour proſecute ;
Bring action for aſſault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?

O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politicks diſturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their ſport,
Nor know who 's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go,
To treat as deareſt friend, a foe:
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob;
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noſter-row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-maſters,
No pick-pockets, or poetaſters,
Are known to honeſt quadrupeds:
No ſingle brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beaſts, it is confeſs'd, the ape
Comes neareſt us in human ſhape;
Like man, he imitates each faſhion,
And malice is his ruling paſſion:
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape ſurpaſſes:
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the miniſter of ſtate;
View him ſoon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of ſuperiors:
He promiſes with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.

He

He in his turn finds imitators;
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their maſters' manners ſtill contract;
And footmen lords and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and ſmall
Behave alike; for all ape all.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

THE life of man to repreſent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a *puppet-ſhow* invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worſhip was to *puppets* paid;
In antic dreſs the idol ſtood,
And prieſt and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The ſimple votaries to frame,
To ſhape in *timber* fooliſh man,
And conſecrate the *block* to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might riſe from human forms,
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches iſſue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
That man 's a blockhead, have confeſt;
Powel * and Stretch * the hint purſue;
Life is a farce, the world a jeſt.

* Two famous puppet-ſhow men.

The ſame great truth South Sea * hath prov'd
On that fam'd theatre, the *alley*;
Where thouſands, by directors mov'd,
Are now ſad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The ſame a Harlequin is now;
The former was *buffoon* above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting ſcene is but a ſtage,
Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peaſant ſhare.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
Falſe pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legiſlators rang'd in ſtate
Are oft' but wiſdom in machine.

A ſtock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A ſtatue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere ſpring of wires they play,
And ſpeak in language not their own.

Too oft', alas! a ſcolding wife
Uſurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

* See the poem on the South Sea, vol. I. p. 200.

In

In short, whatever men purſue,
Of pleaſure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic race brings all to view:
Alike they dreſs, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to pleaſe and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou ſhalt put on a *puppet's* pride.

Thou ſhalt in puny wood be ſhown,
Thy image ſhall preſerve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth ſhall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a *farce* in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glaſs;
Puns cannot form a witty ſcene,
Nor *pedantry* for humour paſs.

To make men act as ſenſeleſs wood,
And chatter in a myſtic ſtrain,
Is a mere force on fleſh and blood,
And ſhews ſome error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy ſtage into a ſchool,
The jeſt of Punch will ever be,
And ſtand conſeſt the greater fool.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER

HAMILTON'S BAWN ſhould be turned into a BARRACK or a MALT-HOUSE. 1729.

THUS ſpoke to my Lady the Knight* full of care,
" Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
" This Hamilton's bawn †, whilſt it ſticks on my hand,
" I loſe by the houſe what I get by the land;
" But how to diſpoſe of it to the beſt bidder,
" For a *barrack* ‡ or *malt-houſe*, we now muſt conſider.
" Firſt, let me ſuppoſe I make it a *malt-houſe*,
" Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us;
" There 's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
" I increaſe it to twelve, ſo three hundred remain;
" A handſome addition for wine and good chear,
" Three diſhes a day, and three hogſheads a year;
" With a dozen large veſſels my vault ſhall be ſtor'd;
" No little ſcrub joint ſhall come on my board;
" And you and the Dean no more ſhall combine
" To ſtint me at night to one bottle of wine;

* Sir Arthur Acheſon, at whoſe ſeat this was written.

† A large old houſe, two miles from Sir Arthur's ſeat. F.

‡ The army in Ireland is lodged in ſtrong buildings over the whole kingdom, called barracks. F.

" Nor

" Nor ſhall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
" A ſtone and a quarter of beef from my ſurloin.
" If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
" My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
" In poundage and drawbacks I loſe half my rent,
" Whatever they give me, I muſt be content,
" Or join with the court in every debate;
" And rather than that, I would loſe my eſtate."

Thus ended the Knight: thus began his *meek* wife:
" It *muſt*, and it *ſhall* be a *barrack*, my life.
" I 'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
" But a rabble of tenants, and ruſty dull * Rums.
" With Parſons what lady can keep herſelf clean?
" I 'm all over daub'd when I ſit by the Dean.
" But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
" The Captain, I 'm ſure, will always come here;
" I then ſhall not value his Deanſhip a ſtraw,
" For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
" Or, ſhould he pretend to be briſk and alert,
" Will tell him that Chaplains ſhould not be ſo pert;
" That men of his coat ſhould be minding their prayers,
" And not among ladies to give themſelves airs."

Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain;
The Knight his opinion reſolved to maintain.

But Hannah †, who liſten'd to all that was paſt,
And could not endure ſo vulgar a taſte,

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. F.

† My lady's waiting-woman. F.

As

As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dreſt,
Cry'd, "Madam, why ſurely my maſter 's poſſeſt.
"Sir Arthur the maltſter! how fine it will ſound!
"I'd rather the *baron* were ſunk under ground.
"But madam, I gueſs'd there would never come good,
"When I ſaw him ſo often with * Darby and Wood.
"And now my dream 's out; for I was a-dream'd
"That I ſaw a huge rat—O dear, how I ſcream'd!
"And after, methought, I had loſt my new ſhoes;
"And Molly, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould hear ſome ill news.
"Dear madam, had you but the ſpirit to teaze,
"You might have a *barrack* whenever you pleaſe:
"And, madam, I always believ'd you ſo ſtout,
"That for twenty denials you would not give out.
"If I had a huſband like him, I *purteſt*,
"Till he gave me my will, I would give him no reſt;
"And, rather than come in the ſame pair of ſheets
"With ſuch a croſs man, I would lie in the ſtreets:
"But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
"And worry him out, till he gives his conſent.
"Dear madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
"An I were to be hang'd, I can't ſleep a wink:
"For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
"I can't get it out, though I'd never ſo fain.
"I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
"At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
"Of this to be ſure Sir Arthur has warning,
"And waits on the Captain betimes the next morning.

* Two of Sir Arthur's managers. F.

"Now

" Now ſee, when they meet, how their Honours behave;
" Noble Captain, your ſervant"—" Sir Arthur, your
" ſlave;
" You honour me much"—" The honour is mine."—
" Twas a ſad rainy night"—" But the morning is fine."
" Pray how does my Lady?"—" My wife 's at your
ſervice."—
" I think I have ſeen her picture by Jervas."—
" Good-morrow, good Captain. I 'll wait on you
" down."—
" You ſha'n't ſtir a foot"—" You 'll think me a clown:
" For all the world, Captain—" " Not half an inch far-
" ther."—
" You muſt be obey'd!"—" Your ſervant, Sir Arthur!
" My humble reſpects to my Lady unknown."—
" I hope you will uſe my houſe as your own."
" Go bring me my ſmock, and leave off your prate,
" Thou haſt certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
" Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I ſaid?
" You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
" Next day, to be ſure, the Captain will come,
" At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.
" Now, madam, obſerve how he marches in ſtate:
" The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
" Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
" Tantara, tantara; while all the boys hollow.
" See now comes the Captain all daub'd with gold lace:
" O la! the ſweet gentleman! look in his face;
" And ſee how he rides like a lord of the land,
" With the fine flaming ſword that he holds in his hand;

" And

" And his horſe, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
" With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
" At laſt comes the troop, by the word of command,
" Drawn up in our court; when the Captain cries,
" STAND!
" Your Ladyſhip lifts up the ſaſh to be ſeen
" (For ſure I had *dizen'd* you out like a queen).
" The Captain, to ſhew he is proud of the favour,
" Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver
" (His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
" For a Captain of horſe never takes off his hat,
" Becauſe he has never a hand that is idle;
" For the right holds the ſword, and the left holds the
" bridle).
" Then flouriſhes thrice his ſword in the air,
" As a compliment due to a lady ſo fair;
" (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath ſpilt!)
" Then he lowers down the point, and kiſſes the hilt.
" Your Ladyſhip ſmiles, and thus you begin;
" Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in."
" The Captain ſalutes you with congee profound,
" And your Ladyſhip curtſies half way to the ground.
" Kit, run to your maſter, and bid him come to us,
" I 'm ſure he 'll be proud of the honour you do us.
" And, Captain, you 'll do us the favour to ſtay,
" And take a ſhort dinner here with us to-day:
" You 're heartily welcome: but as for good cheer,
" You come in the very worſt time of the year;
" If I had expected ſo worthy a gueſt—"
" Lord! madam! your Ladyſhip ſure is in jeſt:

" You

" You banter me, madam; the kingdom muſt grant—"
" You officers, Captain, are ſo complaiſant!"
" Hiſt, huſſy, I think I hear ſomebody coming—"
" No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
" To ſhorten my tale (for I hate a long ſtory)
" The Captain at dinner appears in his glory;
" The Dean and the * Doctor have humbled their pride,
" For the Captain 's entreated to ſit by your ſide;
" And, becauſe he 's their betters, you carve for him
" firſt;
" The Parſons for envy are ready to burſt.
" The ſervants amaz'd are ſcarce ever able
" To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
" And Molly and I have thruſt in our noſe
" To peep at the Captain in all his fine *cloaths*.
" Dear madam, be ſure he 's a fine-ſpoken man,
" Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue ran;
" And, madam, ſays he, if ſuch dinners you give,
" You 'll ne'er want for Parſons as long as you live.
" I ne'er knew a Parſon without a good noſe;
" But the Devil 's as welcome wherever he goes:
" G— d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
" But, z—s! by their looks they never keep Lent:
" Miſter Curate, for all your grave looks, I 'm afraid
" You caſt a ſheep's eye on her Ladyſhip's maid:
" I wiſh ſhe would lend you her pretty white hand
" In mending your caſſock, and ſmoothing your band
" (For the Dean was ſo ſhabby, and look'd like a ninny,
" That the Captain ſuppos'd he was Curate to Jinny).

* Doctor Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood. F.

" Whenever

" Whenever you ſee a caſſock and gown,
" A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
" Obſerve how a Parſon comes into a room;
" G— d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom;
" A *ſcholard*, when juſt from his college broke looſe,
" Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a gooſe;
" Your * *Novels*, and *Bluturcks*, and *Omurs*, and ſtuff,
" By G—, they don't ſignify this pinch of ſnuff.
" To give a young gentleman right education,
" The army 's the only good ſchool in the nation:
" My ſchool-maſter call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the ſchool;
" I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
" And the puppy confeſs'd he expected no good o'me.
" He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was ſo maul'd in my life:
" So I took to the road, and, what 's very odd,
" The firſt man I robb'd was a Parſon, by G—.
" Now, madam, you 'll think it a ſtrange thing to ſay,
" But the ſight of a book makes me ſick to this day."
" Never ſince I was born did I hear ſo much wit,
" And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I ſhould ſplit.
" So then you look'd ſcornful, and ſnift at the Dean,
" As who ſhou'd ſay, *Now, am I* † *ſkinny and lean?*
" But he durſt not ſo much as once open his lips,
" And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus mercileſs Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till ſhe heard the Dean call, " Will your Ladyſhip
" walk?"

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

† Nick-names for my lady.

Her

Her Ladyſhip anſwers, " I 'm juſt coming down :"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart ſhe was glad,
Cry'd, " Huſſy, why ſure the *wench* is gone mad !
" How could theſe *chimera's* get into your brains ?—
" Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
" But the Dean, if this ſecret ſhould come to his ears,
" Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers :
" For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye :
" Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*."

TO DEAN SWIFT.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON.

GOOD cauſe have I to ſing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier :
He, that of every ear 's the charmer,
Now condeſcends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his ſtrains ;
Lives ſuch a bard on Britiſh plains ?
No ; not in all the Britiſh court ;
For none but witlings there reſort,
Whoſe names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad ;
And, ſure as monument of braſs,
Their fame to future times ſhall paſs,
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly ſung :
A ſubject for their genius fit ;
He dares defy both ſenſe and wit.

What

What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the leaſt pretence
To common law, or common ſenſe;
A biſhop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons ſhine:
Nay, he can make, what 's greater far,
A middle-ſtate 'twixt peace and war;
And ſay, there ſhall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill! at leaſt,
That court and courtiers have no taſte:
You never elſe had known the Dean,
But, as of old, obſcurely lain;
All things gone on the ſame dull track,
And Drapier's-hill * been ſtill Drumlack;
But now your name with Penſhurſt vies,
And wing'd with fame ſhall reach the ſkies.

DRAPIER'S-HILL.

WE give the world to underſtand,
Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land;
A purchaſe, which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a year;

* The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he rented of Sir Arthur Acheſon, whoſe ſeat lay between that and Market-hill; and intended to build an houſe upon it, but afterwards changed his mind. F.

Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound;
And, from his endleſs hoarded ſtore,
To build a houſe, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur too ſhall have his will,
And call the manſion Drapier's Hill:
That, when a nation, long enſlav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was ſav'd;
When none the Drapier's praiſe ſhall ſing;
His ſigns aloft no longer ſwing;
His medals and his prints forgotten;
And all his * handkerchiefs are rotten;
His famous Letters made waſte-paper;
This hill may keep the name of Drapier;
In ſpight of envy, flouriſh ſtill,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S HILL.

I WILL not build on yonder mount:
And, ſhould you call me to account,
Conſulting with myſelf, I find,
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
No fault of mine, the ſcheme is ended:

* Medals were caſt, many ſigns hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the Dean, under the name of M. B. Drapier. F.

Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
I have a hundred causes ready:
All risen since that flattering time,
When Drapier's hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind:
The lowest boy in Martin's school
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek, in deserts, Fields Elysian?
To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?
But here my Lady will object;
Your Deanship ought to recollect,
That, near the Knight of Gosford plac'd,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plumbs;
Though I should see him twice a day,
And am his neighbour cross the way;
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?
Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friends with-hold
Their gifts, as Misers do their gold;

Their knowledge to themſelves confin'd
Is the ſame avarice of mind;
Nor makes their converſation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's Knight,
Who keeps his wiſdom out of ſight;
Whoſe uncommunicative heart
Will ſcarce one precious word impart;
Still rapt in ſpeculation's deep,
His outward ſenſes faſt aſleep;
Who, while I talk, a ſong will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the ſkies tranſports his mind,
And leaves a lifeleſs corpſe behind.

But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To underſtand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who lend my mind (as I believe) leſs
Than others do, on errands ſteveleſs;
Can liſten to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My ſpirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphyſics ſmatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of worlds intelligible;
And think all notions too abſtracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourſe of minds can be
Betwixt the Knight ſublime and me,

If when I talk, as talk I muſt,
t is but prating to a buſt?
Where friendſhip is by Fate deſign'd,
It forms an union in the mind:
But here I differ from the Knight
In every point, like black and white:
For none can ſay that ever yet
We both in one opinion met:
Not in philoſophy, or ale;
In ſtate-affairs, or planting cale;
In rhetoric, or picking ſtraws;
In roaſting larks, or making laws;
In public ſchemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.
The neighbours wonder why the Knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleaſure entertains
To chear the ſolitary ſcenes:
His gueſts are few, his viſits rare;
Nor uſes time, nor time will ſpare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, ſeated in an eaſy chair,
Deſpiſes exerciſe and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here poor Pomona ſits on thorns:
And there neglected Flora ſettles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Thoſe thankleſs and officious cares
I us'd to take in friends affairs,

From

From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain:
From theſe I am recover'd quite,
At leaſt in what regards the Knight.
Preſerve his health, his ſtore increaſe;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
Firſt milk his cows, and after, pound:
Let every cottager conſpire
To cut his hedges down for fire:
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and ſloes may freely pillage:
He ſtill may keep a pack of knaves
To ſpoil his work, and work by halves:
His meadows may be dug by ſwine,
It ſhall be no concern of mine.
For why ſhould I continue ſtill
To ſerve a friend againſt his will?

A PANEGYRICK ON THE DEAN,

In the PERSON of a LADY in the NORTH *. 1730.

RESOLV'D my gratitude to ſhow,
Thrice reverend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our ſex's name,
My artleſs Muſe ſhall ſing your fame.

* The lady of Sir Arthur Acheſon.

Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind;
Nine more such champions as the Dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign.
How well, to win the ladies hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirits rais'd,
By you so oft', so highly prais'd!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward shame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To shew my face with scornful air;
Let others match it, if they dare.
Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard, who humbly deigns to chuse
Me for the subject of his Muse!
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.
My heart with emulation burns
To make you suitable returns:
My gratitude the world shall know;
And see, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
"A Panegyrick on Dean Swift!"
And then, to mend the matter still,
"By Lady Anne of Market-hill."

thus

I thus begin: My grateful Muſe
Salutes the Dean in different views;
Dean, butler, uſher, jeſter, tutor,
* Robert and Darby's coadjutor:
And, as you in commiſſion ſit,
To rule the dairy next to † Kit.
In each capacity I mean
To ſing your praiſe. And firſt as Dean,
Envy muſt own, you underſtand your
Precedence, and ſupport your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel place.
In you ſuch dignity appears;
So ſuited to your ſtate and years!
With ladies what a ſtrict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with ſo much complaiſance,
As ſits a princeſs in romance!
By your example and aſſiſtance,
The *fellows* learn to know their diſtance.
Sir Arthur, ſince you ſet the pattern,
No longer calls me *ſnipe* and *flattern*;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the leaſt rebuke.
Proceed we to your ‡ preaching next;
How nice you ſplit the hardeſt text!

* The names of two overſeers.
† My lady's footman.
‡ The author preached but once while he was there. F.

How your ſuperior learning ſhines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera not ſo full pit
Is ſeen, as when you mount our pulpit.
Conſider now your converſation:
Regardful of your age and ſtation,
You ne'er was known, by paſſion ſtirr'd,
To give the leaſt offenſive word:
But ſtill, whene'er you ſilence break,
Watch every ſyllable you ſpeak:
Your ſtyle ſo clear, and ſo conciſe,
We never aſk to hear you twice.
But then, a parſon ſo genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band ſo clean,
As well become St. Patrick's Dean,
Such reverential awe expreſs,
That cow-boys know you by your dreſs!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With ſuch addreſs and graceful port,
As clearly ſhews you bred at court!
Now raiſe your ſpirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler ſcene.
When to the vault you walk in ſtate,
In quality of *butler's-mate*;
You next to * Dennis bear the ſway:
To you we often truſt the key:

* The butler.

Nor

Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart:
What pints may beſt for bottles paſs,
Juſt to give every man his glaſs:
When proper to produce the beſt;
And what may ſerve a common gueſt.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to ſteal your maſter's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome *brother* ſerving-men;
But that is with a good deſign,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine;
Your maſter's honour to maintain;
And get the like returns again.
Your * *uſher's* poſt muſt next be handled a:
How bleſs'd am I by ſuch a man led!
Under whoſe wiſe and careful guardſhip
I now deſpiſe fatigue and hardſhip:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though daggled round, I ſcorn to fret:
From you my chamber-damſels learn
My broken hoſe to patch and darn.
Now as a *jeſter* I accoſt you;
Which never yet one friend has loſt you.
You judge ſo nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to ſpare;
By long experience grown ſo wiſe,
Of every taſte to know the ſize;

* He ſometimes uſed to walk with the lady. F.

There's

There's none so ignorant or weak
* To take offence at what you speak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or His Grace;
With Teague O' Murphey, or an earl;
A dutchess, or a kitchen-girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chamber-maid can smoke,
And Gahagan † take every joke.
I now become your humble suitor
To let me prate you as my ‡ *tutor*.
Poor I, a savage bred and born,
By you instructed every morn,
Already have improv'd so well,
That I have almost learnt to spell:
The neighbours, who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me speak so *fine*.
How enviously the ladies look,
When they surprize me at my book!
And sure as they're alive at night
As soon as gone will show their spight:
Good lord! what can my Lady mean,
Conversing with that rusty Dean!

* The neighbouring ladies were no great understanders of raillery. F.

† The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-Hill. See above, p. 59.

‡ In bad weather the author used to direct my lady in her reading. F.

She's

She 's grown so nice, and so *penurious*,
With Socrates and Epicurius.
How could she fit the live-long day,
Yet never ask us once to play?
But I admire your patience most;
That when I 'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
You merit new employments daily;
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily,
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient sties;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault.
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in;
And cure the rank unsavory smelling.
Now enter as the dairy hand-maid:
Such charming * butter never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their *milk* for *babes of grace*;

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes. F.

From

From *tube* their ſnuffling nonſenſe utter:
Thy *milk* ſhall make us *tubs* of butter.
The biſhop with his *foot* may burn it *,
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the ſervants overjoy'd
To ſee thy Deanſhip thus employ'd!
Inſtead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning-hours you toſs and ſhake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor ſmall the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy ſubſtance riſe;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you ſqueeze an ounce at leaſt.
Your Reverence thus, with like ſucceſs
(Nor is your ſkill or labour leſs);
When bent upon ſome ſmart lampoon,
Will toſs and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumblings round the ſkull,
Dilates and makes the veſſel full:
While nothing comes but froth at firſt,
You think your giddy head will burſt;
But, ſqueezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.

* It is a common ſaying, when the milk burns-to, that the devil or the biſhop has ſet his foot in it, the devil having been called biſhop of hell. F.

But

But you have rais'd your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half ſo ſkill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific ſize
Attract the curious traveler's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks;
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddeſs Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her ſhrine.
In ſeparate cells the he's and ſhe's
Here pay their vows with *bended knees:*
For 'tis prophane when ſexes mingle,
And every nymph muſt enter ſingle,
And when ſhe feels an *inward motion,*
Come fill'd with *reverence* and devotion.
The baſhful maid, to hide our bluſh,
Shall creep no more behind a buſh;
Here unobſerv'd ſhe boldly goes,
As who ſhould ſay, to *pluck a roſe.*

Ye, who frequent this hallow'd ſcene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;
But duly, ere you leave your ſtation,
Offer to him a pure libation
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb!

Yet, when your lofty domes I praiſe,
I ſigh to think of ancient days.

Permit

Why are thine altars fixt beneath?
When Saturn rul'd the ſkies alone
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown),
This earthly globe, to thee aſſign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thouſand altars *ſmoaking* round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd;
And here thy daily votaries plac'd
Their ſacrifice with zeal and haſte:
The margin of a purling ſtream
Sent up to thee a grateful ſteam
(Though ſometimes thou wert pleas'd to
If Naiads ſwept them from the brink),
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The ſhelter of a ſhady grove;
Or offer'd in ſome flowery vale,
Were, waſted by a gentle gale,
There many a flower abſterſive grew,

With watery chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
Wedg'd in a ſpacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble ſhare,
As if ſhe never could have enough,
Taught harmleſs man to cram and ſtuff.
She ſent her prieſt in wooden ſhoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Inſtead of wholeſome bread and cheeſe,
To dreſs their ſoops and fricaſſees;
And, for our home-bred Britiſh cheer,
Botargo, catſup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, ſprung from hell,
Confin'd thee, goddeſs, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
Firſt, lolling *ſloth* in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale *dropſy* with a fallow face,
Her belly burſt, and ſlow her pace:
And lordly *gout*, wrapt up in furrs,
And wheezing *aſthma*, loth to ſtirr:
Voluptuous *eaſe*, the child of *wealth*,
Infecting thus our hearts by ſtealth.
None ſeek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obſcene
Preſent a ſacrifice unclean;
From whence unſavory vapours roſe,
Offenſive to thy nicer noſe.

Ah!

Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the ſceptre and the ſpade.
Ye great-ones, why will ye diſdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches ſide;
When from the homelieſt earthen ware
Are ſent up offerings more ſincere,
Than where the haughty dutcheſs locks
Her ſilver vaſe in cedar-box?
Yet ſome devotion ſtill remains
Among our harmleſs northern ſwains,
Whoſe offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our cryſtal rivers' banks;
Nor ſeldom grace the flowery downs,
With ſpiral tops and copple-crowns;
Or gilding in a ſunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets ſing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
Hither, by luckleſs error led,
The crude conſiſtence oft' I tread:
Here, when my ſhoes are out of caſe,
Unweeting gild the tarniſh'd lace;
Here, by the ſacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.
Be witneſs for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with deſign:

Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To waſh thy injur'd offering out.
But ſtop, ambitious Muſe, in time,
Nor dwell on ſubjects too ſublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aſpiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
Me Phœbus in a midnight dream,
Accoſting ſaid, * "Go ſhake your cream."
Be humbly-minded, know your poſt;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toaſt.
Thee beſt befits a lowly ſtyle:
Teach Dennis how to ſtir the † *guile*:
With ‡ Peggy Dixon thoughtful ſit,
Contriving for the pot and ſpit.
Take down thy proudly ſwelling ſails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:
At nicely-carving ſhew thy wit;
But ne'er preſume to eat a bit:
Turn every way thy watchful eye;
And every gueſt be ſure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be theſe thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.

* In the bottle, to make butter. F.
† The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time. F.
‡ Mrs. Dixon, the houſe-keeper. F.

But Cloacina, goddeſs bright,
Sleek ——— claims her as his right:
And Smedley, flower of all divines,
Shall ſing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I. LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II. By diſputing, I will never,
To convince you, once endeavour.

III. When a paradox you ſtick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV. When I talk, and you are heedleſs,
I will ſhew no anger needleſs.

V. When your ſpeeches are abſurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jeſt or humourous ſtory
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite miſtake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I ſuppoſe,
You can taſte my verſe or proſe.

IX. You no more at me ſhall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

X. You

X. You ſhall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI. Shew your poverty of ſpirit,
And in dreſs place all your merit;
Give yourſelf ten thouſand airs;
That with me ſhall break no ſquares.

XII. Never will I give advice,
Till you pleaſe to aſk me thrice:
Which, if you in ſcorn reject,
'Twill be juſt as I expect.

Thus we both ſhall have our ends,
And continue ſpecial friends.

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL. 1730.

FROM diſtant regions Fortune ſends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a ſcanty ſtipend,
Where never yet a codlin ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddeſs draws
Three ſufferers in a ruin'd cauſe:
By faction baniſh'd, here unite,
A Dean *, a Spaniard †, and a Knight ‡;

* Dr. Swift.

† Col. Harry Leſlie, who ſerved and lived long in Spain. See p. 189.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheſon.

Unite, but on conditions cruel;
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well,
Condemn'd to live in ſervice hard;
On either ſide his honour's guard:
The Dean, to guard his honour's back,
Muſt build a caſtle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, fore againſt his will,
Muſt raiſe a fort at Market-hill.
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At *north* and *ſouth* are poſted centry;
While, in his lordly caſtle fixt,
The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches moſt reſent,
To be his ſlaves, muſt pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their *chief*,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
Oh, Fortune! 'tis a ſcandal for thee
To ſmile on thoſe who are leaſt worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His ſlaves have ten times more than he.
Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard muſt reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are *thy* ſervices and ſufferings?
What if for nothing once you kiſt,
Againſt the grain, a monarch's fiſt?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You loſt a place, and ſav'd a bribe?
And then in ſurly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a year,

And

And fierce againſt the Whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?

Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's-mount deſcend;
And to the ſouth my ſquadrons bend.
New-river-walk with friendly ſhade
Shall keep my hoſt in ambuſcade;
While you, from where the baſon ſtands,
Shall ſcale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan ſhe wears;
Then, leſt upon our firſt attack
Her valiant arm ſhould force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a ſtratagem contriv'd.
By theſe embroider'd high-heel'd ſhoes
She ſhall be caught as in a nooſe;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She 'll not have power to ſtir an inch:
Theſe gaudy ſhoes muſt Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;

The ſhoes put on, our faithful poteſs
Admits us in, to ſtorm the fortreſs;
While torture'd Madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains,
Or like a cat with walnuts ſhod,
Scrambling at every ſtep ſhe trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's iſle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuſe;
They place before him gloves and ſhoes;
Which when the brute puts aukward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to friſk or climb he tries;
The huntſmen ſeize the grinning prize.
But let us on our firſt aſſault
Secure the larder and the vault:
The valiant Dennis * you muſt fix on,
And I 'll engage with Peggy Dixon †:
Then, if we once can ſeize the key
And cheſt, that keeps my lady's tea,
They muſt ſurrender at diſcretion;
And, ſoon as we have gain'd poſſeſſion,
We 'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two:
Then (let me ſee) we 'll make the Knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But muſt not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer ‡ to wear his hat:

* The butler. † The houſe-keeper.
‡ The agent.

Yet,

Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We 'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whoſe ſkill does all in dreſs lie,
May ſerve to wait on Mrs. Leſlie;
But, leſt it might not be ſo proper
That her own maid ſhould over-top her,
To mortify the creature more,
We 'll take her heels five inches lower.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our intereſt to get rid of her:
And, when we execute our plot,
'Tis beſt to hang her on the ſpot;
As all your politicians wiſe
Diſpatch the rogues by whom they riſe.

TRAULUS.

A DIALOGUE.

BETWEEN

TOM AND ROBIN. 1730.

THE FIRST PART.

Tom. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus* mean
By bellowing thus againſt the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry ſcribbler,
Papiſt, and Jacobite, and Libeler;
Yet cannot prove a ſingle fact?

Robin. Forgive him, Tom: his head is crackt.

* Lord Allen. D. S.

T. What mischief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?

R. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.

T. Such friendship never man profest,
The Dean was never so careful;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst,
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

R. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.

T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And, though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
But turns aside like mad Ulysses:
While Traulus all his ordure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come these inconsistent fits?

R. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.

T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer snaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,

Hangs

Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To ſay he 's mad, will not avail;
The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead,
"Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus when he firſt harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without diſpute,
Towzer 's the leſs offenſive brute.

R. Tom, you miſtake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will ſeldom bite;
And though you hear him ſtut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as faſt as he can utter.
He prates in ſpite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he ſaid he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there 's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
"He only meant it for your good:
"His friendſhip was exactly tim'd,
"He ſhot before your foes were prim'd.
"By this contrivance, Mr. Dean;
"By G—! I 'll bring you off as clean.—*"
Then let him uſe you e'er ſo rough,
"'Twas all for love," and that 's enough.
But, though he ſputter through a ſeſſion,
It never makes the leaſt impreſſion:

* This is the uſual excuſe of Traulus, when he abuſes you to others without provocation. F.

What-

Whate'er he ſpeaks for madneſs goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.
T. The ſcrubbieſt cur in all the pack
Can ſet the maſtiff on your back.
I own, his madneſs is a jeſt,
If that were all. But he 's poſſeſt,
Incarnate with a thouſand imps,
To work whoſe ends his madneſs pimps;
Who o'er each ſtring and wire preſide,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture, to the devil aſſign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him *legion*.
Of *brethren* he 's a *falſe accuſer*;
A ſlanderer, traitor, and ſeducer;
A fawning, baſe, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his ſire.
Or, grant him but a drone at beſt;
A drone can raiſe a hornet's neſt.
The Dean had felt their ſtings before;
And muſt their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still ſwarm and buzz about his noſe?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous poſt,
When wanted by his country moſt;
Perverſely come in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.

What

What ſpirit, ſince the world began,
Could *always* bear to *ſtrive with man?*
Which God pronounc'd, he never would,
And ſoon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet ſtill the Dean on freedom raves;
His ſpirit always ſtrives with ſlaves.
'Tis time at laſt to ſpare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or ſink.

TRAULUS.

THE SECOND PART.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mungril ſeed;
By the *dam* from lordlings ſprung,
By the *ſire* exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and ſee their growth.
View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with falſehood, ſpleen, and pride;
Poſitive and over-bearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering;
Spiteful, peeviſh, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt friendſhip ſwearing;

Judgment

Judgment weak, and paſſion ſtrong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
From the *father's* ſcoundrel race.
Who could give the looby ſuch airs?
Were they *maſons*, were they *butchers?*
Herald, lend the Muſe an anſwer
From his *atavus* and grandſire:
This was dextrous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greaſy clumſy mien
In his dreſs and figure ſeen;
Hence the mean and ſordid ſoul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild ſuſpicious peep,
Like a rogue that ſteals a ſheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and ſmile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his *mouth* to wear his *knife*;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants vital blood.

Laſtly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the maſon's ſide:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the ſtate to build a Babel;

Could

Could we place him in a ſtation
To deſtroy the old *foundation*.
True indeed, I ſhould be gladder,
Could he learn to mount a *ladder*.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?
What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human race, or *imps* of *hell*?

ROBIN AND HARRY*.

ROBIN to beggars, with a curſe,
Throws the laſt ſhilling in his purſe;
And, when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue muſt call another day.
Grave Harry, when the poor are preſſing,
Gives them a penny, and God's bleſſing;
But, always careful of the main,
With two-pence left, walks home in rain.
Robin, from noon to night, will prate,
Runs out in tongue, as in eſtate:
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to ſay.
Much talking is not Harry's vice:
He need not tell a ſtory twice:
And, if he always be ſo thrifty,
His fund may laſt to five and fifty.

* Sons of Dr. Leſlie. Harry was a colonel in the Spaniſh ſervice. See above, p. 179. N.

It ſo fell out, that cautious Harry,
As ſoldiers uſe, for love muſt marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean croſt;
(All for Love, or the World well Loſt!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Juſt big enough to ſhelter two in;
And in his houſe, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his *modicum*.
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her ſpouſe;
Or darns his hoſe, or mends his breeches,
While Harry 's fencing up his ditches.
Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and ſix,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A miſtreſs worth five thouſand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her;
And ſell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a meſs of broth.
Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quinteſſence of beaux;
But, when eſpous'd, he ran the fate
That muſt attend the marry'd ſtate;
From gold brocade and ſhining armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt beſmear'd;
Nor twice a week will ſhave his beard.
Old Robin, all his youth a ſloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,

Clad

Clad in a coat of paduaſoy,
A flaxen wig, and waiſtcoat gay,
Powder'd from ſhoulder down to flank,
In courtly ſtyle addreſſes Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying thoſe defects by dreſs,
Which I muſt leave the world to gueſs.

TO BETTY THE GRIZETTE. 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the Muſe forget ye:
How thy face charms every ſhepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, diſplay'd,
Envy breeds in every maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny ſpeckled pippin,
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping.
And, thy beauty thus diſpatch'd,
Let me praiſe thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phraſes, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue ſupply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old ſcraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all chriſtian folks:
Shreds of wit, and ſenſeleſs rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thouſand times.

Nor wilt thou of gifts be ſparing,
Which can ne'er be worſe for wearing.
Picking wit among collegians,
In the play-houſe upper regions;
Where, in eighteen-penny gallery,
Iriſh nymphs learn Iriſh raillery:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endued
To be ſcurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raiſe your ſnout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout;
This among Hibernian aſſes
For ſheer wit and humour paſſes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

DEATH went upon a ſolemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kiſt
His griſly monarch's footy fiſt,
Preſented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, obſerving ſince the peace
The burial-article decreaſe,

And

And, vext to ſee affairs miſcarry,
Declar'd in council, Death muſt marry;
Vow'd he no longer could ſupport
Old batchelors about his court;
The intereſt of his realm had need
That Death ſhould get a numerous breed;
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might ſtock around
His large dominions under ground.
A conſult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megæra takes
A periwig of twiſted ſnakes;
Which in the niceſt faſhion curl'd
(Like *toupets* of this upper world),
With flour of ſulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his ſhoulders fell;
An adder of the ſable kind
In line direct hung down behind;
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an uſurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpſe and all.
But, loth his perſon to expoſe
Bare, like a carcaſe pickt by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment-caſe.
No new-fluxt rake ſhew'd fairer ſkin;
Nor Phyllis after lying-in.

With ſnuff was fill'd his ebon box
Of ſhin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine ſpirits of blaſpheming fops
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful ſounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!
Thus furniſh'd out, he ſent his train
To take a houſe in Warwick-lane:
The *faculty*, his humble friends,
A complimental meſſage ſends:
Their preſident in ſcarlet gown
Harangued, and welcom'd him to town.
But Death had buſineſs to diſpatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His *majeſty of terrors* came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To viſit where ſhe ſate at cards:
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleaſure jumps;
She ſcarce remembers what is trumps;
For ſuch a ſhape of ſkin and bone
Was never ſeen, except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and ſnout,
Her pocket-glaſs drew ſlily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As juſt the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the firſt advance;

Was

Was of her beauty grown ſo vain,
She doubted not to win the *ſwain*.
Nothing ſhe thought could ſooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She aſk'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau;
Whether ſome late departed toaſts
Had got gallants among the ghoſts?
If Cloe were a ſharper ſtill
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there muſt needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books!)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom ſhe hang'd herſelf above?
How oft' a week was kept a ball
By Proſerpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied thoſe Elyſian ſhades
The ſweeteſt place for maſquerades:
How pleaſant, on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and ſix!

What pride a female heart inflames!
How endleſs are ambition's aims!
Ceaſe, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death muſt not be a ſpouſe for thee:
For, when by chance the meagre ſhade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial ſpirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguiſh'd Cupid's lamp:

Away the frighted ſpectre ſcuds,
And leaves my lady in the ſuds.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal eaſe,
How to vex and how to pleaſe;
But the folly of her ſex
Makes her ſole delight to vex.
Never woman more deviſ'd
Surer ways to be deſpis'd:
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To diſpute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments ſhe lays on,
And with cavils combats reaſon;
Anſwers in deciſive way,
Never hears what you can ſay:
Still her odd perverſeneſs ſhows
Chiefly where ſhe nothing knows;
And, where ſhe is moſt familiar,
Always peeviſher and fillier:
All her ſpirits in a flame
When ſhe knows ſhe 's moſt to blame.
Send me hence ten thouſand miles,
From a face that always ſmiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a Fury in her heart.

Ye

Ye who hate ſuch inconſiſtence,
To be eaſy, keep your diſtance;
Or in folly ſtill befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.
Loſe not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought,
That ſhe 'll own, or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to adviſe her wrong;
And reprove her when ſhe 's right;
She may then grow wiſe for ſpight.
No — that ſcheme will ne'er ſucceed,
She has better learnt her creed:
She 's too cunning, and too ſkilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth, and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful;
This is flattering and delightful:
That ſhe throws away as foul;
Sits by this, to dreſs her ſoul.
Thus you have the caſe in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you,
Heaven forbid he ſhould deſpiſe thee!
But will never more adviſe thee.

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE. BY DR. DELANY. 1730.

" — Quis iniquæ
" Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?"
Juv.

IN ancient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have conn'd the records right)
A Peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway
His subjects with delight obey:
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold
(Fair emblem of that Monarch's guise,
Whose train at once is rich and wise).
And princely rul'd he many regions,
And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.
A Pheasant Lord *, above the rest,
With every grace and talent blest,
Was sent to sway, with all his skill,
The sceptre of a neighbouring hill †.
No science was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own;
In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead:
For birds, if ancient tales say true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too,

* Lord Carteret, lord lieutenant of Ireland.
† Ireland.

Could

Could read and write in proſe and verſe,
And ſpeak like ***, and build like Pearce *.
He knew their voices, and their wings,
Who ſmootheſt ſoars, who ſweeteſt ſings;
Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true ſublime:
Their merits he could well deſcry,
He had ſo exquiſite an eye;
And when that fail'd, to ſhew them clear,
He had as exquiſite an ear.
It chanc'd, as on a day he ſtray'd,
Beneath an Academic ſhade,
He lik'd, amidſt a thouſand throats,
The wildneſs of a Woodlark's † notes,
And ſearch'd, and ſpy'd, and ſeiz'd his game,
And took him home, and made him tame;
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.
Here ſome ſhrewd critick finds I 'm caught,
And cries out, "Better fed than taught" —
Then jeſts on *game* and *tame*, and reads
And jeſts, and ſo my tale proceeds.
Long had he ſtudy'd in the Wood,
Converſing with the wiſe and good;
His ſoul with harmony inſpir'd,
With love of truth and virtue fir'd:
His Brethren's good and Maker's praiſe
Were all the ſtudy of his lays;

* A famous modern architect.
† Dr. Delany.

His greateſt bleſſing was to bleſs. —
This fix'd him in his Patron's breaſt,
But fir'd with envy all the reſt:
I mean that noiſy craving crew,
Who round the Court inceſſant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and doze
To fill the maws of ſons and couſins:
" Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their b
" To every thought of common good,
" Confining every hope and care"
To their own low contracted ſphere.
Theſe ran him down with ceaſeleſs cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit ſupply'd
Sufficient matter to deride:
" 'Tis Envy's ſafeſt, ſureſt rule,
" To hide her rage in ridicule:
" The vulgar eye ſhe beſt beguiles,

How had his ſenſe and learning griev'd them,
But that his charity reliev'd them!
" At higheſt Worth dull Malice reaches,
" As ſlugs pollute the faireſt peaches:
" Envy defames, as harpies vile
" Devour the food they firſt defile."
Now aſk the fruit of all his favour —
" He was not hitherto a ſaver" —
What then could make their rage run mad?
" Why what he *hop'd*, not what he had.
" What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
" Or racks, or rods, to puniſh hopes?
" Th' inheritance of Hope and Fame
" Is ſeldom Earthly Wiſdom's aim;
" Or, if it were, is not ſo ſmall,
" But there is room enough for all."
If he but chance to breathe a ſong
(He ſeldom ſang, and never long);
The noiſy, rude, malignant croud,
Where it was high, pronounc'd it loud:
Plain Truth was Pride; and what was ſillier,
Eaſy and Friendly was Familiar.
Or, if he tun'd his lofty lays,
With ſolemn air to Virtue's praiſe,
Alike abuſive and erroneous,
They call'd it hoarſe and unharmonious:
Yet ſo it was to ſouls like theirs,
Tuneleſs as Abel to the Bears!
A Rook * with harſh malignant caw
Began, was follow'd by a Daw †

* Dr. T——r. † Right Hon. Rich. Tighe.

(Though

Has learnt his Fables to refine:
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You ſee him firſt the peacock bring,
Againſt all rules, to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wiſe.
Now, pray, obſerve the Doctor's choice,
A peacock choſe for flight and voice:
Did ever mortal ſee a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his ſinging, Doctor, you know
Himſelf complain'd of it to Juno.
He ſqualls in ſuch a helliſh noiſe,
It frightens all the village boys.
This peacock kept a ſtanding force,
In regiments of foot and horſe;
Had ſtateſmen too of every kind,

And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he ſays, and I allow,
Were ſcholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricaſſees and olios.
This Pheaſant, by the Peacock's will,
Was Viceroy of a neighbouring hill;
And, as he wander'd in his Park,
He chanc'd to ſpy a Clergy Lark;
Was taken with his perſon outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d:
Then in a net the Pheaſant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the Tale is pleaſant,
Himſelf the lark, my Lord the pheaſant:
A lark he is, and ſuch a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:
And though he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;
Though 'tis a maxim you muſt know,
Who does no ill, can have no foe;
Yet how ſhall I expreſs in words
The ſtrange ſtupidity of birds?
This Lark was hated in the wood,
Becauſe he did his brethren good.
At laſt the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the Doctor by the chin:
We all can find out what he means,
The worſt of diſaffected Deans:

Whoſe

Take my advice; to make you ſafe,
I know a ſhorter way by half.
The point is plain: remove the cauſe;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be ſometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely deſpiſe Champagne at Court,
And chuſe to dine at home with Port:
Let Prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor ſell what they ſo dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true ſatiric Muſe
Virtue or Innocence abuſe;
And 'tis againſt poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE*.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich Divine * began to woo
A handſome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an Earl.
Her parents and her friends conſent,
The couple to the temple went:
They firſt invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas anſwer'd, "She would not be ſeen:"

* The date and hero of this poem are unknown. N.

The

The Graces next, and all the Muſes,
Were bid in form, but ſent excuſes.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing-candle for a torch;
While miſtreſs Iris held her train,
The faded bow diſtilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But ſhew'd no more than half her face.
Whate'er thoſe dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was ſpent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promiſe nothing for the night.
The Bridegroom, dreſt to make a figure,
Aſſumes an artificial vigour;
A flouriſht night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, ſmiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
And thus ſet out this happy pair,
The Swain is rich, the Nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The Swain is old, the Nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together ſtart;
Scarce run a ſtep before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Leſs correſponding than their years.
Her ſpouſe deſires his coffee ſoon,
She riſes to her tea at noon.

While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glaſs conſults her looks;
While Betty 's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dreſs theſe parſons wear!
So odd a choice how could ſhe make!
Wiſh'd him a colonel for her ſake.
Then, on her fingers ends, ſhe counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, ſhe heard her uncle ſay,
Is ſixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no diſguiſe;
You ſee the crows-feet round his eyes.
At one ſhe rambles to the ſhops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradeſmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning-buſineſs o'er,
Sits down to dinner juſt at four;
Minds nothing that is done or ſaid,
Her evening-work ſo fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukiſh, and his ſtomach gone;
In thread-bare gown, would ſcarce a louſe hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his houſhold;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never aſks, or aſks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the ſneaking parſon's airs,

Computes, that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
Canst thou imagine, dull Divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine?
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire as well as pride;
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.
If in her coach she 'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would foil her cloaths,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly Divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her Ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon:
She 'll say, and she may truly say 't,
She can't abide to stay out late.

But now, though ſcarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miſcarry'd:
The cauſe, alas, is quickly gueſt;
The town has whiſper'd round the jeſt.
Think on ſome remedy in time,
You find his Reverence paſt his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.
For Venus, riſing from the ocean,
Infus'd a ſtrong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs' ſpring,
The *horned* flood, as poets ſing,
Who, with an Engliſh beauty ſmitten,
Ran under-ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the Nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For huſbands paſt their youth to find:
The Nymph, who ſtill with paſſion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childleſs wives croud every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
Hither, though much againſt the grain,
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not conſent,
But vow'd his money all was ſpent:
His money ſpent! a clowniſh reaſon!
And muſt my Lady ſlip her ſeaſon?

The

The Doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.
Here all diverſions of the place
Are proper in my Lady's caſe:
With which ſhe patiently complies,
Merely becauſe her friends adviſe;
His money and her time employs
In muſick, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Croſs-bath ſeeks an heir,
Since others oft' have found one there:
Where if the Dean by chance appears,
It ſhames his caſſock and his years.
He keeps his diſtance in the gallery,
Till baniſh'd by ſome coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expoſe
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
So have I ſeen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foſter'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As inſtinct leads them, in a puddle:
The ſober hen, not born to ſwim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
The Dean, with all his beſt endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the laſt eſſays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he leſs?) his whole eſtate.
The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in ſwarms.

Oh, may I ſee her ſoon diſpenſing
Her favours to ſome broken enſign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarniſh'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And ſpend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting preſent, leave her
A rooted pox to laſt for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR THE

TRUE ENGLISH DEAN

TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of England, who love us ſo dear,
And in all they do for us ſo kindly do mean,
(A bleſſing upon them!) have ſent us this year
For the good of our church, a true *English Dean.
A holier prieſt ne'er was wrapt up in crape,
The worſt you can ſay, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Cheſter,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burſt into her chamber, and would have careſs'd her;
But ſhe valued her honour much more than her life.
She buſtled and ſtruggled, and made her eſcape
To a room full of gueſts, for fear of a rape.

* Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes. F.

III. The

III.

The Dean he purſued, to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company ſtood in defence of the dame,
They cudgel'd, and cuft him, and kick'd him down ſtairs.
His Deanſhip was now in a damnable ſcrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No ſcruple came on him his gown to expoſe,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himſelf drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The Dean, and his landlord a jolly comrade,
Reſolv'd for a fortnight to ſwim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his Deanſhip to ape
In every debauch but committing a rape.

VI.

This Proteſtant zealot, this Engliſh divine,
In church and in ſtate was of principles ſound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a Tory ſhould live above ground.
Shall a ſubject ſo loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape?

VII.

By old Popiſh canons, as wiſe men have penn'd 'em,
Each prieſt had a concubine, *jure eccleſiæ*;
Who 'd be Dean of Ferns without a *commendam*?
And precedents we can produce, if it pleaſe ye:
Then why ſhould the Dean, when whores are ſo cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

VIII.

If fortune ſhould pleaſe but to take ſuch a crotchet
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's ſucceſſor)
To give thee *lawn ſleeves*, a *mitre*, and *rochet*,
Whom wouldſt thou reſemble? I leave thee a gueſſer.
But I only behold thee in Atherton's * ſhape,
For *ſodomy* hang'd; as thou for a rape.

IX.

Ah! doſt thou not envy the brave colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threeſcore-and-ten?
To hang him, all England would lend him their garters,
Yet he lives, and is ready to raviſh again.
Then throttle thyſelf with an ell of ſtrong tape,
For thou haſt not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were ſo willing:
He long'd for a girl that would ſtruggle and ſquall;
He raviſh'd her fairly, and ſav'd a good ſhilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and ſorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he muſt be for committing a rape.

* A biſhop of Waterford, of infamous character. N.

XI. If

XI.

If maidens are raviſh'd, it is their own choice:
Why are they ſo wilful to ſtruggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and ſtifle their voice,
No Devil nor Dean could raviſh them then.
Nor would there be need of a ſtrong hempen cape
Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our Church and our State dear England maintains,
For which all true Proteſtant hearts ſhould be glad:
She ſends us our Biſhops and Judges and Deans;
And better would give us, if better ſhe had.
But, lord! how the rabble will ſtare and will gape,
When the good Engliſh Dean is hang'd up for a rape!

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM. 1730.

THE threſher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail,
The proverb ſays; *no fence againſt a flail.*
From *threſhing* corn he turns to *threſh* his brains;
For which her Majeſty allows him *grains.*
Though 'tis confeſt, that thoſe, who ever ſaw
His poems, think them all not worth a *ſtraw!*
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threſhing *ſtubble!*
Thy toil is leſſen'd, and thy profits double.

THE

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Celia spent in dressing;
The Goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An *inventory* follows here.

And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side:
In such a case, few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Cælia sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;
Fill'd-up with dirt so closely fixt,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth with oil upon't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front:

Here

Here alum-flower, to ſtop the ſtreams
Exhal'd from four unſavory ſteams;
There night-gloves made of Tripſey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripſey when ſhe died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Diſtill'd from Tripſey's darling whelp.
Here galley-pots and vials placed,
Some fill'd with waſhes, ſome with paſte;
Some with pomatums, paints, and ſlops,
And ointments good for ſcabby chops.
Hard-by a filthy baſon ſtands,
Foul'd with the waſhings of her hands;
The baſon takes whatever comes,
The ſcrapings from her teeth and gums,
A naſty compound of all hues,
For here ſhe ſpits, and here ſhe ſpues.
But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and ſmelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bemutter'd, and bepiſs'd,
With dirt, and ſweat, and ear-wax grim'd;
No object Strephon's eye eſcapes;
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varniſh'd o'er with ſnuff and ſnot.
The ſtockings why ſhould I expoſe,
Stain'd with the moiſture of her toes;
Or greaſy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Cælia ſlept at leaſt a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;

Or hairs that ſink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like briſtles grow.
The virtues we muſt not let paſs
Of Cælia's magnifying-glaſs;
When frighted Strephon caſt his eye on 't,
It ſhew'd the viſage of a giant:
A glaſs that can to ſight diſcloſe
The ſmalleſt worm in Cælia's noſe,
And faithfully direct her nail
To ſqueeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It muſt come out, alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the reſt?
And muſt you needs deſcribe the cheſt?
That careleſs wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it ſtanding full in ſight,
For you to exerciſe your ſpite?
In vain the workman ſhew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this diſguiſe
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go through *thick and thin*.
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the time before.
As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A ſudden univerſal crew
Of human evils upward flew,

He

He ſtill was comforted to find
That *hope* at laſt remain'd behind:
So Strephon, lifting up the lid,
To view what in the cheſt was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
And foul his hands in ſearch of *hope*.
O! ne'er may ſuch a vile machine
Be once in Cælia's chamber ſeen!
O! may ſhe better learn to keep
Thoſe *ſecrets of the hoary deep* *!
As mutton-cutlets, † *prime of meat*,
Which, though with art you ſalt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roaſt them at the cleareſt fire;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To ſtinking ſmoke it turns the flame,
Poiſoning the fleſh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greaſy ſtench,
For which you curſe the careleſs wench:
So things which muſt not be expreſt,
When *plumps* into the reeking cheſt,
Send up an excremental ſmell
To taint the parts from whence they fell:
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a ſtink round every room.

* Milton. † Prima virorum.

Thus

Thus finiſhing his grand ſurvey,
The ſwain diſguſted ſlunk away;
Repeating in his amorous fits,
"Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia ſh—t!"
But Vengeance, goddeſs never ſleeping,
Soon puniſh'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he ſees with all her ſtinks;
And, if unſavory odours fly,
Conceives a lady ſtanding by.
All women his deſcription fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled faſt,
And ſtill appearing in *contraſt*.
I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman-kind.
Should the Queen of Love refuſe,
Becauſe he roſe from ſtinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the ſcene,
Statira's but ſome pocky quean.
When Cælia all her glory ſhows,
If Strephon would but ſtop his noſe,
Who now ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her waſhes, ſlops, and every clout,
With which he makes ſo foul a rout;
He ſoon would learn to think like me,
And bleſs his raviſh'd eyes to ſee
Such order from confuſion ſprung,
Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from dung.

THE

THE POWER OF TIME. 1730.

IF neither braſs nor marble can withſtand
The mortal force of Time's deſtructive hand;
If mountains ſink to vales, if cities die,
And leſſening rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old caſſock (ſaid a Welſh divine)
Is out at elbows; why ſhould I repine?

ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

SIR Robert, weary'd by Will Pulteney's teazings,
Who interrupted him in all his leaſings,
Reſolv'd that Will and he ſhould meet no more:
Full in his face Bob ſhuts the council-door;
Nor lets him ſit as juſtice on the bench,
To puniſh thieves, or laſh a ſuburb-wench.
Yet ſtill St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter.—What ſhall I adviſe?
Ev'n quit the HOUSE, for thou too long haſt ſat in't,
Produce at laſt thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy maſter's throne in ſhelter plac'd,
Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waſte.
Yet ſtill I fear your work is done but half:
For, while he keeps his pen, you are not ſafe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.
A hare had long eſcap'd purſuing hounds
By often ſhifting into diſtant grounds;

Till,

Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To ſave his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no ſafety find,
A pack of *dog-fiſh* had him in the wind.
He ſcours away ſtand, to avoid the foe,
Deſcends for ſhelter to the ſhades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den
(He had not ſeen a hare the lord knows when).
Out bounc'd the maſtiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double ſwiftneſs fled:
Hunted from earth, and ſea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for ſafety to the ſkies.
How was the fearful animal diſtreſt!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the reſt:
Sirius, the ſwifteſt of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to ſeize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but firſt it coſt him dear:
He left his ſcut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare purſued, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, ſhalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honeſt Robin, of thy corpſe beware;
Thou art not half ſo nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the ſky;
Nor can you go to *hell*, before you die.
So keen thy *hunters*, and thy *ſcent* ſo ſtrong,
Thy *turns* and *doublings* cannot ſave thee long *.

* This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer firſt miniſter, but earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but earl of Bath. H.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH
ON
FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG*.

Hic infra ſitum eſt corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
ad BUDINDAM occiſi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
Ut HÆRSDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed poſtquam per epiſtolas, per amicos,
diu ac ſæpè orando nil profecêre;
Hunc demum lapidem ipſi ſtatuerunt,
† Saltem ut ſcias, hoſpes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres
deliteſcunt.
" Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
" Quam ſanguinis proximitas apud ſuos."
A. D. 1731.

* The duke was unhappily killed, in croſſing the river Boyne, July 1, 1690; and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a ſmall monument to his honour, at their own expence.

† The words that Dr. Swift firſt concluded the epitaph with, were " Saltem ut ſciat viator indignabundus, " quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineres deliteſcunt."

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

TWO college ſophs of Cambridge growth,
Both ſpecial wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet
On love, and books, in rapture ſweet
(Muſe, find me names to fit my metre,
Caſſinus this, and t' other Peter);
Friend Peter to Caſſinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his noſe:
But ſuch a fight was never ſeen,
The lad lay ſwallow'd up in ſpleen.
He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of bed;
One greaſy ſtocking round his head,
The other he ſat down to darn
With threads of different-colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn expoſing wide
A ragged ſhirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his ſhins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his ſhoulders thrown
(A rug; for night-gown he had none).
His jordan ſtood in manner fitting
Between his legs to ſpew or ſpit in;
His ancient pipe, in ſable dy'd,
And half unſmok'd, lay by his ſide.

Him

Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in ſmoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his laſt night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
Why, Caſſy, thou wilt doze thy pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed ſo late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thruſh,
Their mattins chant in every buſh:
And I have heard thee oft' ſalute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven ſend thou haſt not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
Then gave him ſome familiar thumps;
A college-joke, to cure the dumps.
The ſwain at laſt, with grief oppreſt,
Cry'd, Cælia! thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.
Dear Caſſy, though to aſk I dread,
Yet aſk I muſt. Is Cælia dead?
How happy I, were that the worſt!
But I was fated to be curſt.
Come, tell us, has ſhe play'd the whore?
Oh, Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague confound her ſandy locks!
Say, has the ſmall or greater pox
Sunk down her noſe, or ſeam'd her face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common caſe.
Oh, Peter! beauty 's but a varniſh,
Which time and accidents will tarniſh:
But Cælia has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe beauties that might ever laſt.

Nor can imagination gueſs,
Nor eloquence divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My pureſt paſſion has betray'd.
Conceive the moſt invenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.
Why, hang her; though ſhe ſeem ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the barber's boy.
Friend Peter, this I could excuſe;
For every nymph has leave to chuſe;
Nor have I reaſon to complain,
She loves a more deſerving ſwain.
But, oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A crime, that ſhocks all human-kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the ſun ſhould hide his face.
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to deſpair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
Theſe elegies and ſonnets burn;
And on the marble grave theſe rhymes,
A monument to after-times:
"Here Caſſy lies, by Cælia ſlain,
"And dying never told his pain."
Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there—behold Alecto ſtand,
A whip of ſcorpions in her hand.
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry.

I come,

I come, I come, Meduſa! ſee,
Her ſerpents hiſs direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, helliſh fry:
"* Avaunt—ye cannot ſay 'tis I."
Dear Caſſy, thou muſt purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendſhip's ſacred laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the cauſe;
And Cælia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly ſhare thy fate.
To force it out, my heart muſt rend:
Yet when conjur'd by ſuch a friend—
Think, Peter, how my ſoul is rackt!
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes, beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, ſince out it muſt;
But, when thou ſeeſt me laid in duſt,
The ſecret thou ſhalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin ſoul bemoan
A crime to all her ſex unknown!)
Nor whiſper to the tattling reeds
The blackeſt of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo ſits, and liſtening mocks;
Nor let the Zephyrs treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Diſcover Cælia's foul diſgrace.

* See Macbeth.

But, if you fail, my ſpectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed:
And yet I dare confide in you:
So take my ſecret, and adieu.
Nor wonder how I loſt my wits:
Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia ſh—!

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no ſhepherd ſighs in vain;
Never did Covent-garden boaſt
So bright a batter'd ſtrolling toaſt!
No drunken rake to pick her up;
No cellar, where on tick to ſup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four ſtories climbing to her bower;
Then, ſeated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now picking out a cryſtal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eye-brows from a mouſe's hide
Stuck on with art on either ſide,
Pulls off with care, and firſt diſplays 'em,
Then in a play-book ſmoothly lays 'em.
Now dextrouſly her plumpers draws,
That ſerve to fill her hollow jaws.

Untwiſts

Untwiſts a wire, and from her gums
A ſet of teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely Goddeſs
Unlaces next her ſteel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's ſkill,
Preſs down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off ſhe ſlips
The bolſters that ſupply her hips.
With gentleſt touch ſhe next explores
Her ſhankres, iſſues, running ſores;
Effects of many a ſad diſaſter,
And then to each applies a plaiſter:
But muſt, before ſhe goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And ſmooth the furrows in her front
With greaſy paper ſtuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere ſhe ſleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or, if ſhe chance to cloſe her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the laſh, and faintly ſcreams;
Or, by a faithleſs bully drawn,
At ſome hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica ſeems tranſported
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred ſtinks,

Belated, ſeems on watch to lie,
And ſnap ſome cully paſſing by;
Or, ſtruck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, conſtables, and duns,
From whom ſhe meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs,
Whoſe favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful ſight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaiſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The cryſtal eye, alas! was miſs'd;
And puſs had on her plumpers p—ſs'd.
A pigeon pick'd her iſſue-peas:
And Shock her treſſes fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Muſt every morn her limbs unite.
But how ſhall I deſcribe her arts
To recollect the ſcatter'd parts?
Or ſhew the anguiſh, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herſelf again?
The baſhful Muſe will never bear
In ſuch a ſcene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who ſees, will ſpue; who ſmells, be poiſon'd.

STREPHON

STREPHON AND CHLOE. 1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
By every ſize of poets ſung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thouſand years;
By Nature form'd with niceſt care,
And faultleſs to a ſingle hair.
Her graceful mien, her ſhape, and face,
Confeſs'd her of no mortal race:
And then ſo nice, and ſo genteel;
Such cleanlineſs from head to heel:
No humours groſs, or frowzy ſteams,
No noiſome whiffs, or ſweaty ſtreams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintleſs body flow:
Would ſo diſcreetly things diſpoſe,
None ever ſaw her pluck a roſe.
Her deareſt comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water:
You 'd ſwear that ſo divine a creature
Felt no neceſſities of nature.
In ſummer had ſhe walk'd the town,
Her arm-pits would not ſtain her gown:
At country-dances not a noſe
Could in the dog-days ſmell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and ſoft as wax.

Her

Her hands, the ſofteſt ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her looſe to ſpoil your trade.
While ſhe ingroſſes every ſwain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a cafe all men are now in,
What ogling, ſighing, toaſting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What ſword-knots! what poetic ſtrains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!
But Strephon ſigh'd ſo loud and ſtrong,
He blew a ſettlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and ſix, and houſe in town.
The baſhful nymph no more withſtands,
Becauſe her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage-rites.
Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The ſmiling Cyprian Goddeſs brings
Her infant-loves with purple wings:
And pigeons billing, ſparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muſes next in order follow,
Conducted by their ſquire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with ſilver tongue;
And Hebe, goddeſs ever young.

Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand, and ſide by ſide;
She by the tender Graces dreſt,
But he by Mars, in ſcarlet veſt.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus ſung th' *epithalamium*.
And laſt, to make the matter ſure,
Dame Juno brought a prieſt demure.
Luna was abſent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parſon paid,
In ſtate return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzza's from all the boys,
That now the pair muſt *crown their joys*.
But ſtill the hardeſt part remains:
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with ſo high a nymph he might
Demean himſelf the wedding-night:
For, as he view'd his perſon round,
Mere mortal fleſh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
Were duly waſh'd, to keep them ſweet
(With other parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs).
The weather and his love were hot;
And, ſhould he ſtruggle, I know what—
Why, let it go, if I muſt tell it—
He 'll ſweat, and then the nymph may ſmell it;
While ſhe, a goddeſs dy'd in grain,
Was unſuſceptible of ſtain,

And,

And, Venus-like, her fragrant ſkin
Exhal'd *ambroſia* from within.
Can ſuch a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled ſwain deteſt
His prickly beard, and hairy breaſt!
His night-cap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no ſoftneſs to his face.
Yet, if the Goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs raptures muſt he find!
And Goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal men;
To viſit and to court them too:
A certain Goddeſs, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took Colonel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he ſhould loſe his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife?
(For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a ſchool-boy tell,
How Semele of mortal race
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning ſhot from Chloe's eyes?
While theſe reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, ſtript, and in he crept,
But awfully his diſtance kept.
Now *ponder well, ye parents dear*;
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;

And

And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it ſoon;
That, ere to bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it every ſup;
If not, they muſt in evil plight
Be often forc'd to riſe at night.
Keep them to wholeſome food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſes wind:
('Tis this the ſage of Samos means,
Forbidding his diſciples beans.)
O! think what evils muſt enſue;
Miſs Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And, when ſhe once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, ev'n when ſhe meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-ſheets.
Carminative and *diuretic*
Will damp all paſſion ſympathetic:
And Love ſuch nicety requires,
One *blaſt* will put out all his fires.
Since huſbands get behind the ſcene,
The wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean;
Nor give the ſmalleſt room to gueſs
The time when wants of nature preſs;
But after marriage practiſe more
Decorum than ſhe did before;
To keep her ſpouſe deluded ſtill,
And make him fancy what ſhe will.

In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to ſhew how things went there.

Strephon,

Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune ſtill aſſiſts the bold,
Reſolv'd to make the firſt attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph ſo chaſte as Chloe,
With conſtitution cold and ſnowy,
Permit a bruiſh man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by inſtinct fly the butcher.
Reſiſtance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
Yet ſome aſſign a different reaſon;
That Strephon choſe no proper ſeaſon.
Say, Fair-ones, muſt I make a pauſe,
Or freely tell the ſecret cauſe?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I ſpeak)
Had now conſtrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point muſt needs be ſettled firſt:
The bride muſt either void or burſt.
Then ſee the dire effects of peaſe;
Think what can give the colic eaſe.
The nymph, oppreſs'd before, behind,
As ſhips are toſs'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a veſſel into bed;
Fair utenſil, as ſmooth and white
As Chloe's ſkin, almoſt as bright.
Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a moſſy cliff diſtil,

Cry'

Cry'd out, Ye Gods! what ſound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, ——?
But when he ſmelt a noiſome ſteam,
Which oft' attends that luke-warm ſtream:
(Salerno both together joins,
As ſovereign medicines for the loins;)
And though contriv'd, we may ſuppoſe,
To ſlip his ears, yet ſtruck his noſe:
He found her, while the ſcent increas'd,
As *mortal* as himſelf at leaſt.
But ſoon, with like occaſions preſt,
He boldly ſent his hand in queſt
(Inſpir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t' other ſide:
And, as he fill'd the reaking vaſe,
Let fly a rouſer in her face.
The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove, with garlands crown'd)
Abaſh'd at what they ſaw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
Adieu to raviſhing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights;
To goddeſſes ſo heavenly ſweet,
Expiring ſhepherds at their feet;
To ſilver meads and ſhady bowers,
Dreſs'd up with amaranthine flowers.
How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a ſpade a ſpade.
They ſoon from all conſtraint are freed;
Can ſee each other *do their need*.

On box of cedar ſits the wife,
And makes it warm for *deareſt life*;
And, by the beaſtly way of thinking,
Find great ſociety in ſtinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homelieſt ſtrains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With intereſt pays him back his own.
No maid at court is leſs aſham'd,
Howe'er for ſelling bargains fam'd,
Than ſhe to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.
Fair Decency, celeſtial maid!
Deſcend from Heaven to Beauty's aid!
Though Beauty may beget deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the Lover's fire;
For Beauty, like ſupreme dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no ſupplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.
To ſee ſome radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birth-day-gear,
You think ſome Goddeſs from the ſky
Deſcended, ready cut and dry:
But, ere you fall yourſelf to laughter,
Conſider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vaniſh faſt,
While all the groſs and filthy laſt.
O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe ſtole your heart away,

Had you but through a cranny ſpy'd
On houſe of eaſe your future bride,
In all the poſtures of her face,
Which nature gives in ſuch a caſe;
Diſtortions, groanings, ſtrainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddeſs grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you ſaw, and what you ſmelt;
Would ſtill the ſame ideas give ye,
As when you ſpy'd her on the privy;
And, ſpite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women muſt be decent;
And from the ſpouſe each blemiſh hide,
More than from all the world beſide.
Unjuſtly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds ſo ſhort a reign;
Is after marriage loſt ſo ſoon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take poſſeſſion of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's ſcheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power ſupreme,
Thoſe arts, by which at firſt they gain it,
They ſtill muſt practiſe to maintain it.

What various ways our females take
To paſs for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitleſs ſearch purſue
All other methods but the true!
Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books againſt their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some ſhew they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double-meaning.
But ſure a tell-tale out of ſchool
Is of all wits the greateſt fool;
Whoſe rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips diſtils;
You 'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handſome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wiſely hides his wood and wire;
Shews Sheba's queen completely dreſt,
And Solomon in royal veſt:
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or ſtrung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.
A prudent builder ſhould forecaſt
How long the ſtuff is like to laſt;
And carefully obſerve the ground,
To build on ſome foundation ſound.

What houſe, when its materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a baſis unſecure?
Raſh mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to laſt for life:
Since beauty ſcarce endures a day,
And youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourſelf a bubble,
To build on ſand with hay and ſtubble?
On ſenſe and wit your paſſion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good-nature ſtrive,
To keep eſteem and love alive.
Then, come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO;

OR,

A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

APOLLO, god of light and wit,
Could verſe inſpire, but ſeldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chemiſts by their books;
As handſome as my Lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.

His wig was made of sunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of heaven could show
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold:
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more!)
Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.
Three weighty causes were assign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His singing was another fault;
For he could reach to *B* in *alt*:
And, by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such fingers are like Nicolini.
At last, the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

1731.

ALL folks, who pretend to *religion* and *grace*,
Allow there 's a HELL, but diſpute of the place:
But, if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
The *place of the damn'd*—I 'll tell you my mind.
Where-ever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Moſt certainly there is HELL to be found:
Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *critics*, damn'd *blockheads*, damn'd *knaves*,
Damn'd *ſenators* brib'd, damn'd proſtitute *ſlaves*;
Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords* and damn'd *ſquires*;
Damn'd *ſpies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends*, and damn'd *liars*;
Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *ſtation*;
Damn'd *time-ſerving prieſts* all over the *nation*;
And into the bargain I 'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counſellors privy*.
Then let us no longer by *parſons* be flamm'd,
For we know by theſe *marks* the place of the damn'd:
And HELL to be ſure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for *us* that it is not at *home!*

JUDAS. 1731.

BY the juſt vengeance of incenſed ſkies,
Poor Biſhop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conſcience forc'd him to reſtore
(And, parſons tell us, no man can do more);
Yet, through deſpair, of God and man accurſt,
He loſt his biſhoprick, and hang'd or burſt.
Thoſe former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his maſter with a kiſs:
But ſome have kiſs'd the goſpel fifty times,
Whoſe perjury 's the leaſt of all their crimes;
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their biſhopricks, and 'ſcape the cord:
Like hemp, which, by a ſkilful ſpinſter drawn
To ſlender threads, may ſometimes paſs for lawn.
As ancient Judas *by tranſgreſſion fell*,
And *burſt aſunder* ere he went to hell;
So could we ſee a ſet of new Iſcariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas periſh like the firſt;
Drop from the tree, with all his bowels burſt;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his own place,
"His habitation let all men forſake,
"And let his biſhoprick another take!"

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY*. 1731.

HOW could you, Gay, diſgrace the Muſes' train,
To ſerve a taſteleſs Court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our *female friend* † ſincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, poſſeſs'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er ſo high aſcend,
To loſe an inch of favour for a friend?

Say, had the Court no better place to chuſe
For thee, than make a dry-nurſe of thy Muſe?
How cheaply had thy liberty been ſold,
To ſquire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading-ſtrings her infant-ſteps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble ſide by ſide!

But princely Douglas and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preſerv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be miſapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treaſure you preſide:
The world ſhall own, his choice was wiſe and juſt,
For ſons of Phœbus never break their truſt.

Not love of beauty leſs the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames:

* The Dean, having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queenſberry had employed Mr. Gay to inſpect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and ſtewards (which however proved to be a miſtake), wrote this Epiſtle to his Friend.

† The counteſs of Suffolk. N.

Their paſſions not more impotent and cold,
Than thoſe of poets to the *luſt* of gold.
With Pæan's pureſt fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will ſerve to ripen ore below;
His meaneſt work: for, had he thought it fit,
That wealth ſhould be the appennage of wit,
The god of *light* could ne'er have been ſo *blind*
To deal it to the worſt of human-kind.
But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.
And firſt: to make my obſervation right,
I place a *ſtateſman* full before my ſight,
A bloated *miniſter* in all his geer,
With ſhameleſs viſage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And oſtrich-like his all-digeſting maw.
My fancy drags this *monſter* to my view,
To ſhew the world his chief reverſe in you.
Of loud unmeaning ſounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous ſtreams of mud;
With theſe the court and ſenate-houſe he plies,
Made up of noiſe, and impudence, and lies.
Now let me ſhew how Bob and you agree:
You ſerve a *potent prince*, as well as he.
The *ducal* coffers, truſted to your charge,
Your honeſt care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vaſſals eaſy, and the owner bleſt;
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the reſt.
Not ſo a nation's revenues are paid:
The ſervant's faults are on the maſter laid.

The

The people with a ſigh their taxes bring;
And, curſing Bob, forget to bleſs the King.
Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With *ſervants, tenants,* and the neighbouring *ſquires.*
Let all domeſtics feel your gentle ſway;
Nor bribe, inſult, nor flatter; nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred *half the palace crowd;*
Nor think yourſelf ſecure in doing wrong,
By *telling noſes with a party ſtrong.*
Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At leaſt, *before your maſter's debts are paid:*
Nor *in a palace, built with charge immenſe,*
Preſume to treat him at his own expence.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquiſites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardneſs of the times,
Are ill excuſes for a ſervant's crimes.
With intereſt, and a *premium* paid beſide,
The maſter's preſſing wants muſt be ſupply'd;
With haſty zeal behold the *ſteward* come
By his own credit to advance the ſum;
Who, while *th' unrighteous mammon* is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treaſurer! what could *he* do more?
He lends my Lord what was my Lord's before.
The law ſo ſtrictly guards the Monarch's health,
That no phyſician dares preſcribe by ſtealth:
The council ſit; approve the doctor's ſkill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.

Bur.

But the *ſtate empiric* acts a ſafer part;
And, while he *poiſons*, *wins* the royal heart.
But how can I deſcribe the ravenous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
Suppoſe your Lord a truſty ſervant ſend
On weighty buſineſs to ſome neighbouring friend:
Preſume not, Gay, unleſs you ſerve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should ſome *imperious neighbour* ſink the boats,
And drain the *fiſh-ponds*, while your *maſter* dotes;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Becauſe he brib'd you with a brace of tench?
Nor from your Lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury, or ſooth his pride.
Nor at an under-rate his timber ſell,
And with an oath aſſure him, *all is well*;
Or *ſwear it rotten*; *and with humble airs*
Requeſt it of him to complete your ſtairs;
Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purſe of guineas in your hands.
Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue, of *genuine miniſterial* kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one ſcoundrel rich:
And, when he gravely has undone a ſcore,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dextrous ſteward, when his tricks are found,
Huſh-money ſends to all the neighbours round;
His maſter, unſuſpicious of his pranks,
Pays all the coſt, and gives the villain thanks.

An

And, ſhould a friend attempt to ſet him right,
His Lordſhip would impute it all to ſpite;
Would love his favourite better than before,
And truſt his honeſty juſt ſo much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are ſunk by *premier miniſters of ſtate.*

Some, when an heir ſucceeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the *father*, rob the *ſon.*
A knave, who deep imbroils his lord's affairs,
Will ſoon grow *neceſſary* to his heirs.
His policy conſiſts in *ſetting traps,*
In finding *ways and means*, and *ſtopping gaps*;
He knows a thouſand tricks whene'er he pleaſe,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each diſeaſe.
In either caſe, an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my Lord 's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy ſink;
No cleanly workman can endure the ſtink.
A ſtrong dilemma in a deſperate caſe!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.

A bungler thus, who ſcarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel ſplit:
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a ſecond, leſt the whole ſhould break.

In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and ſold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be caſhier'd,
Contrives, as he is *hated*, to be *fear'd*:
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs;
For *vengeance* more *imbroils*, than *ſkill repairs.*

So

So robbers (and their ends are juſt the ſame),
To 'ſcape inquiries, *leave the houſe in flame.*
I knew a brazen miniſter of ſtate,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In every mouth the queſtion moſt in vogue
Was, *When will they turn out this odious rogue?*
A juncture happen'd in his higheſt pride:
While *he* went robbing on, *old maſter* dy'd.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the miniſter muſt out.
The court *invited* more than one or two;
Will you, Sir Spencer? or, Will *you*, or *you?*
But not a ſoul his office durſt accept;
The ſubtle knave had all the plunder ſwept:
And, ſuch was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preſervation to his crimes.
The candidates obſerv'd his dirty paws;
Nor found it difficult to gueſs the cauſe:
But, when they ſmelt ſuch foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
Thus, when a greedy ſloven once has thrown
His *ſnot* into the *meſs*, 'tis *all his own.*

ON

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS*.

1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly deſcribe
A biſhop, who rul'd all the reſt of his tribe;
And who is this biſhop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, arch-biſhop of hell.
And HE was a primate, and HE wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of ſulphur and nitre.
How nearly this biſhop our biſhops reſembles!
But he has the odds, who *believes and who trembles.*
Could you ſee his grim *grace*, for a pound to a penny,
You 'd ſwear it muſt be the *baboon* of Kilkenny:
Poor Satan will think the compariſon odious;
I wiſh I could find him out one more commodious.
But this I am ſure, the *moſt reverend old dragon*
Has got on the bench many biſhops ſuffragan;
And all men believe he reſides there *incog.*
To give them by turns an inviſible jog.
Our biſhops, puft up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with ſpur,
In vain—for the devil a parſon would ſtir.
So the Commons unhors'd them; and this was their doom,
On their croſiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.

* Occaſioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Iriſh houſe of commons.

Though

Though they gallop'd ſo faſt, on the road you may fi
'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em,
Lord Bolton's good grace, lord Car, and lord Howard,
In ſpight of the devil, would ſtill be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions ſhould beg at their door.
When Chriſt was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apoſtles but one prov'd a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you ſix traitors in ſeven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings
And the clergy forſooth muſt take up with their leavings
If making *diviſions* was all their intent,
They 've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;
And ſo may ſuch biſhops for ever *divide*,
That no honeſt heathen would be on their ſide.
How ſhould we rejoice, if, like Judas the firſt,
Thoſe ſplitters of parſons in ſunder ſhould burſt!
Now hear an alluſion: — A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you conſider, our emblem is right;
The biſhops *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.
Should the bottom be ſplit, our biſhops would dread
That the mitre would never ſtick faſt on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a ſovereign,
As Machiavel taught them; *divide, and ye govern*.
But courage, my lords; though it cannot be ſaid
That one *cloven tongue* ever ſat on your head;
I 'll hold you a groat (and I wiſh I could ſee 't),
If your ſtockings were off, you could ſhew *cloven-feet*.

But

But hold, cry the biſhops; and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can ſay.
What truer affections could ever be ſhewn,
Than ſaving your ſouls by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building you ſpittals?
You are only to live four years without victuals.
Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
Firſt take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bleſs the Church and three of our mitres;
And God bleſs the Commons, for *biting the biters.*

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT*.

Occaſioned by reading the following MAXIM in ROCHEFOUCAULT, "Dans l'adverſité de nos "meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque "choſe, qui ne nous deplaiſt pas.

"In the adverſity of our beſt friends, we always find "ſomething that doth not diſpleaſe us."

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

* Written in November 1731. — There are two diſtinct poems on this ſubject, one of them containing many ſpurious lines. In what is here printed, the genuine parts of both are preſerved. N.

This maxim more than all the reſt
Is thought too baſe for human breaſt:
"In all diſtreſſes of our friends,
"We firſt conſult our private ends;
"While nature, kindly bent to eaſe us,
"Points out ſome circumſtance to pleaſe us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reaſon and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raiſ'd above our ſize.
Who would not at a crowded ſhow
Stand high himſelf, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view?
Then let me have the higher poſt;
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you ſhould find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad, the caſe is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they ſhould excel,
Would wiſh his rivals all in hell?

Her end when emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings, and hiſſes:
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.
Vain human-kind! fantaſtic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and ſtation,
'Tis all to me an uſurpation.
I have no title to aſpire;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wiſh it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe than I can do in ſix;
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humourous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd at firſt, and ſhew'd its uſe.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide;

If with ſuch talents Heaven hath bleſs'd 'em,
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, ſend
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the firſt:
But this with envy makes me burſt.
Thus much may ſerve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote, when I
Muſt by the courſe of nature die;
When, I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly underſtood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak:
"See, how the Dean begins to break!
"Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
"You plainly find it in his face.
"That old vertigo in his head
"Will never leave him, till he 's dead.
"Beſides, his memory decays:
"He recollects not what he ſays;
"He cannot call his friends to mind;
"Forgets the place where laſt he din'd;
"Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
"He told them fifty times before.
"How does he fancy, we can ſit
"To hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
"But he takes up with younger folks,
"Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
"Faith!

" Faith! he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
" Or change his comrades once a quarter:
" In half the time he talks them round,
" There muſt another ſet be found.
" For poetry, he 's paſt his prime:
" He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
" His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
" His fancy ſunk, his Muſe a jade.
" I 'd have him throw away his pen;—
" But there 's no talking to ſome men!"
And then their tenderneſs appears
By adding largely to my years:
" He 's older than he would be reckon'd,
" And well remembers Charles the Second.
" He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
" And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
" His ſtomach too begins to fail:
" Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
" But now he 's quite another thing:
" I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring!"
They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus:
" It is not yet ſo bad with us!"
In ſuch a caſe, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
The merit of a lucky gueſs
(When daily how-d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, " Worſe and worſe!")

Would pleaſe them better, than to tell,
That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he, who prophefy'd the beſt,
Approves his foreſight to the reſt:
"You know I always fear'd the worſt,
"And often told you ſo at firſt."
He 'd rather chuſe that I ſhould die,
Than his predictions prove a lye.
Not one foretells I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain;
How many a meſſage would he ſend!
What hearty prayers that I ſhould mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the ſnivelers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He 's juſt alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes — The Dean is dead.
Before the paſſing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"Oh! may we all for death prepare!
"What has he left? and who 's his heir?

"I know

" I know no more than what the news is;
" 'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes.
" To public uſes! there 's a whim!
" What had the publick done for him?
" Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
" He gave it all — but firſt he dy'd.
" And had the Dean, in all the nation,
" No worthy friend, no poor relation?
" So ready to do ſtrangers good,
" Forgetting his own fleſh and blood!"
Now Grubſtreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To *curſe* the Dean, or *bleſs* the Drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.
" We muſt confeſs, his caſe was nice;
" But he would never take advice.
" Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
" He might have liv'd theſe twenty years:
" For, when we open'd him, we found,
" That all his vital parts were ſound."
From Dublin ſoon to London ſpread,
'Tis told at court, " The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk *, in the ſpleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
The Queen, ſo gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, " Is he gone! 'tis time he ſhould.

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean. N.

"He 's dead, you ſay; then let him rot;
" I 'm glad the *medals* * were forgot.
" I promis'd him, I own; but when?
" I only was the Princeſs then:
" But now, as conſort of the King,
" You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a ſneer the tidings heavy:
" Why, if he dy'd without his ſhoes,"
Cries Bob, " I 'm ſorry for the news:
" Oh, were the wretch but living ſtill,
" And in his place my good friend Will!
" Or had a mitre on his head,
" Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his ſhop from rubbiſh drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them paſs the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He 'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publiſh my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope muſt bear, as well as I.
Here ſhift the ſcene, to repreſent
How thoſe I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himſelf will ſcarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.

* Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a ſmall preſent he had ſent to the Princeſs. N.

The

The reſt will give a ſhrug, and cry,
" I 'm ſorry — but we all muſt die!"
  Indifference, clad in Wiſdom's guiſe,
All fortitude of mind ſupplies:
For how can ſtony bowels melt
In thoſe who never pity felt!
When we are laſh'd, they kiſs the rod,
Reſigning to the will of God.
  The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with ſuſpenſe and fear;
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd, to ſtand between:
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without diſſembling.
  My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
" The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
" Then, Lord have mercy on his ſoul!
" (Ladies, I 'll venture for the vole.)
" Six Deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall:
" (I wiſh I knew what king to call.)
" Madam, your huſband will attend
" The funeral of ſo good a friend.
" No, madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight;
" And he 's engag'd to-morrow night:
" My Lady Club will take it ill,
" If he ſhould fail her at quadrille.
" He lov'd the Dean — (I lead a heart.)
" But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.

" His time was come; he ran his race;
" We hope he 's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die?
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt; a different ſcene!
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! no more is miſs'd,
Than if he never did exiſt.
Where 's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed: — *and his works muſt follow*;
Muſt undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country ſquire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verſe and proſe.
Says Lintot, " I have heard the name;
" He dy'd a year ago." — " The ſame."
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain.
" Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
" I ſent them, with a load of books,
" Laſt Monday, to the paſtry-cook's.
" To fancy they could live a year!
" I find you 're but a ſtranger here.
" The Dean was famous in his time,
" And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
" His way of writing now is paſt:
" The town has got a better taſte.
" I keep no antiquated ſtuff;
" But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
" Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew 'em:
" Here 's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.

" This

" This ode you never yet have ſeen,
" By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
" Then here 's a letter finely penn'd
" Againſt the Craftſman and his friend:
" It clearly ſhews that all reflection
" On miniſters is diſaffection.
" Next, here 's Sir Robert's vindication,
" And Mr. Henley's laſt oration.
" The hawkers have not got them yet:
" Your Honour pleaſe to buy a ſet?
" Here 's Wolſton's tracts, the twelfth edition;
" 'Tis read by every politician:
" The country-members, when in town,
" To all their boroughs ſend them down;
" You never met a thing ſo ſmart;
" The courtiers have them all by heart:
" Thoſe maids of honour, who can read,
" Are taught to uſe them for their creed.
" The reverend author's good intention
" Hath been rewarded with a penſion*:
" He doth an honour to his gown,
" By bravely running *prieſt-craft* down:
" He ſhews, as ſure as God 's in Glouceſter,
" That Moſes was a grand impoſtor;
" That all his miracles were cheats,
" Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
" The church had never ſuch a writer:
" A ſhame he hath not got a mitre!"
Suppoſe me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the Roſe;

* Wolſton is here confounded with Woolaſton. N.

Where,

Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.
And while they toſs my name about,
With favour ſome, and ſome without;
One, quite indifferent in the cauſe,
My character impartial draws:
"The Dean, if we believe report,
"Was never ill-receiv'd at court.
"Although, ironically grave,
"He ſham'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave:
"To ſteal a hint was never known,
"But what he writ was all his own."
"Sir, I have heard another ſtory;
"He was a moſt *confounded* Tory,
"And grew, or he is much bely'd,
"Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."
"Can we the Drapier then forget?
"Is not our nation in his debt?
"'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!" —
"He ſhould have left them for his *betters*;
"We had a hundred *abler men*,
"Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*. —
"Say what you will about his *reading*,
"You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
"Who, in his *ſatires* running riot,
"Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
"Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
"*Court*, *city*, *camp* — all one to him. —
"But why would he, except he *ſlobber'd*,
"Offend our *patriot* great Sir Robert,

"Whoſe

" Whoſe *counſels* aid the ſovereign power
" To ſave the nation every hour!
" What *ſcenes* of evil he unravels
" In *ſatires*, *libels*, *lying travels*;
" Not ſparing his own *clergy cloth*,
" But *eats* into it, like a *moth!*"
" Perhaps I may allow the Dean
" Had too much ſatire in his vein,
" And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
" Becauſe no age could more deſerve it.
" Yet malice never was his aim;
" He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name.
" No individual could reſent,
" Where thouſands equally were meant:
" His ſatire points at no defect,
" But what all mortals may correct;
" For he abhorr'd the ſenſeleſs tribe
" Who call it humour when they gibe:
" He ſpar'd a hump, or crooked noſe,
" Whoſe owners ſet not up for beaux.
" True genuine dulneſs mov'd his pity,
" Unleſs it offer'd to be witty.
" Thoſe who their ignorance confeſt,
" He ne'er offended with a jeſt;
" But laugh'd to hear an ideot quote
" A verſe from Horace learn'd by rote.
" Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
" Muſt be or *ridicul'd*, or *laſh'd*.
" If you *reſent* it, who 's to blame?
" He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*.

" Should

" Should *vice* expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
" Becauſe its *owner* is a *duke?*
" His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
" Were always of the middling kind;
" No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
" Who fain would paſs for lords indeed:
" Where titles give no right or power,
" And peerage is a wither'd flower;
" He would have deem'd it a diſgrace,
" If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
" On rural ſquires, that kingdom's bane,
" He vented oft' his wrath in vain:
" * * * * * * * * ſquires to market brought;
" Who ſell their ſouls and * * * * for nought;
" The * * * * * * * * go joyful back,
" To rob the church, their tenants rack,
" Go ſnacks with * * * * * * juſtices,
" And keep the peace, to pick up fees:
" In every jobb to have a ſhare
" A gaol or turnpike to repair;
" And turn * * * * * * * * to public roads
" Commodious to their own abodes.
" He never thought an honour done him,
" Becauſe a peer was proud to own him;
" Would rather ſlip aſide, and chuſe
" To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes;
" And ſcorn the tools with ſtars and garters,
" So often ſeen careſſing Chartres.
" He never courted men in ſtation,
" *Nor perſons held in admiration,*

" Of

" Of no man's greatneſs was afraid,
" Becauſe he ſought for no man's aid.
" Though truſted long in great affairs,
" He gave himſelf no haughty airs:
" Without regarding private ends,
" Spent all his credit for his friends:
" And only choſe the wiſe and good;
" No flatterers; no allies in blood:
" But ſuccour'd virtue in diſtreſs,
" And ſeldom fail'd of good ſucceſs;
" As numbers in their hearts muſt own,
" Who, but for him, had been unknown.
" He kept with princes due decorum;
" Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
" He follow'd David's leſſon juſt;
" In princes never put his truſt:
" And, would you make him truly ſour,
" Provoke him with a ſlave in power.
" The Iriſh ſenate if you nam'd,
" With what impatience he declaim'd!
" Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
" For her he ſtood prepar'd to die;
" For her he boldly ſtood alone;
" For her he oft' expos'd his own.
" Two kingdoms, juſt as faction led,
" Had ſet a price upon his head;
" But not a traitor could be found,
" To ſell him for ſix hundred pound.
" Had he but ſpar'd his tongue and pen,
" He might have roſe like other men:

" But

" But power was never in his thought,
" And wealth he valued not a groat:
" Ingratitude he often found,
" And pity'd thoſe who meant the wound:
" But kept the tenor of his mind,
" To merit well of human-kind:
" Nor made a ſacrifice of thoſe
" Who ſtill were true, to pleaſe his foes.
" He labour'd many a fruitleſs hour,
" To reconcile his friends in power;
" Saw miſchief by a faction brewing,
" While they purſued each other's ruin.
" But, finding vain was all his care,
" He left the court in mere deſpair.
" And, oh! how ſhort are human ſchemes!
" Here ended all our golden dreams.
" What St. John's ſkill in ſtate affairs,
" What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
" To ſave their ſinking country lent,
" Was all deſtroy'd by one event.
" Too ſoon that precious life was ended,
" On which alone our weal depended.
" When up a dangerous faction ſtarts,
" With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
" By *ſolemn league and covenant bound*,
" To ruin, ſlaughter, and confound;
" To turn religion to a fable,
" And make the government a Babel;
" Pervert the laws, diſgrace the gown,
" Corrupt the ſenate, rob the crown;

" To sacrifice Old England's glory,
" And make her infamous in story:
" When such a tempest shook the land,
" How could unguarded Virtue stand!
" With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
" Beheld the dire destructive scene:
" His friends in exile, or the Tower,
" Himself within the frown of power;
" Pursued by base-invenom'd pens,
" Far to the land of s—— and fens;
" A servile race in folly nurs'd,
" Who truckle most, when treated worst.
" By innocence and resolution,
" He bore continual persecution;
" While numbers to preferment rose,
" Whose merit was to be his foes;
" When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
" Intent upon their private ends,
" Like renegadoes now he feels,
" *Against him lifting up their heels*.
" The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
" An infamous destructive cheat;
" Taught fools their interest how to know,
" And gave them arms to ward the blow.
" Envy hath own'd, it was his doing,
" To save that hapless land from ruin;
" While they who at the steerage stood,
" And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
" To save them from their evil fate,
" In him was held a crime of state.

" A wicked.

" A wicked monſter on the bench,
" Whoſe fury blood could never quench;
" As vile and profligate a villain,
" As modern Scroggs, or old Treſſilian;
" Who long all juſtice had diſcarded,
" *Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded*;
" Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
" And make him of his zeal repent:
" But Heaven his innocence defends,
" The grateful people ſtand his friends;
" Not ſtrains of law, nor judges frown,
" Nor topics brought to pleaſe the crown,
" Nor witneſs hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
" Prevail to bring him in convict.
" In exile, with a ſteady heart,
" He ſpent his life's declining part;
" Where folly, pride, and faction ſway,
" Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
" Alas, poor Dean! his only ſcope
" Was to be held a *miſanthrope*.
" This into general *odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him*.
" His *zeal* was not to laſh our *crimes*,
" But *diſcontent* againſt the times:
" For, had we made him *timely* offers
" To *raiſe* his *poſt*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other *brethren* of his *gown*;
" For *party* he would ſcarce have bled: —
" I ſay no more — becauſe he 's *dead*. —

" What

"What *writings* has he left behind?"
"I hear they 're of a different kind:
"A few in *verſe*; but moſt in proſe —"
"Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I ſuppoſe: —
"All ſcribbled in the *worſt* of *times*,
"To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes;
"To praiſe queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
"As never favouring the Pretender:
"Or *libels* yet conceal'd from ſight,
"Againſt the *court* to ſhew his *ſpite*:
"Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third*;
"A *lye* at every *ſecond word* —
"Offenſive to a *loyal* ear: —
"But — *not one ſermon*, you may *ſwear*."
"He knew an hundred pleaſing ſtories,
"With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
"Was chearful to his dying-day;
"And friends would let him have his way.
"As for his works in verſe or proſe,
"I own myſelf no judge of thoſe.
"Nor can I tell what criticks thought them;
"But this I know, all people bought them,
"As with a moral view deſign'd,
"To *pleaſe* and to *reform* mankind:
"And, if he often miſs'd his aim,
"The *world* muſt own it to their *ſhame*,
"The *praiſe* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*.
"He gave the little wealth he had
"To build a houſe for fools and mad;

" To ſhew, by one ſatiric touch,
" No nation wanted it ſo much.
" That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
" I wiſh it ſoon may have a better.
" And, ſince you dread no farther *laſhes*,
" Methinks you may *forgive his aſhes*."

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS*.

TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR, Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

WHEN I left you, I found myſelf of the grape's juice ſick;
I 'm ſo full of pity, I never abuſe ſick;
And the patienteſt patient that ever you knew ſick;
Both when I am purge-ſick, and when I am ſpew-ſick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew ſick;
She mended at firſt, but now ſhe 's a-new ſick.
Captain Butler made ſome in the church black and blue ſick;
Dean Croſs, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-ſick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you ſweat and ſtew, ſick?
Lady Santry got out of the church when ſhe grew ſick,

* This medley (for it cannot be called a poem) is given as a ſpecimen of thoſe *bagatelles* for which the Dean hath perhaps been too ſeverely cenſured. Some which were ſtill more exceptionable are ſuppreſſed. N.

And,

And, as faſt as ſhe could, to the deanry flew ſick.
Miſs Morice was (I can you aſſure 'tis true) ſick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew ſick?
Such muſick would make a fanatick or Jew ſick,
Yet, ladies are ſeldom at *ombre* or *lue* ſick:
Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er ſhe does brew, ſick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruiſe ſick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the ſtews ſick;
But you learned doctors can make whom you chuſe ſick:
And poor I myſelf was, when I withdrew, ſick;
For the ſmell of them made me like garlick and rue ſick,
And I got through the crowd, though not let by a clue, ſick.
You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) ſick;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) ſick,
And thoſe, to be ſure, ſtuck together like glew, ſick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they ſqueeze and they ſcrew, ſick,
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, ſick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, ſick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

IF I write any more, it will make my poor Muſe ſick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew ſick,
And I wiſh I may ſoon be not of an ague ſick;
But I hope I ſhall ne'er be, like you, of a ſhrew ſick,
Who often has made me, by looking aſkew, ſick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

THE Doctor's firſt rhyme would make any Jew ſick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue ſick,
For which ſhe is gone in a coach to Killbrew ſick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when ſhe flew ſick:
Laſt Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did ſpew ſick,
And made all the reſt of the folks in the pew ſick;
The ſurgeon who bled her his lancet out drew ſick,
And ſtopt the diſtemper, as being but new ſick.
The yacht, the laſt ſtorm, had all her whole crew ſick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and you ſick:
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew ſick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q ſick?
I 'm told that my wife is by winding a clue ſick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue ſick.
There 's a gameſter in town, for a throw that he threw ſick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he 'll purſue ſick;
I 've known an old miſer for paying his due ſick;
At preſent I 'm grown by a pinch of my ſhoe ſick,
And what would you have me with verſes to do ſick?
Send rhymes, and I 'll ſend you ſome others in lieu ſick.
Of rhymes I 've a plenty,
And therefore ſend twenty.

Anſwered the ſame day when ſent, Nov. 23.

I deſire you will carry both theſe to the Doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not perſons to be inſulted.

"Can

" Can you match with me,
" Who ſend thirty-three?
" You muſt get fourteen more,
" To make up thirty-four:
" But, if me you can conquer,
" I 'll own you a ſtrong cur *."

This morning I 'm growing by ſmelling of yew ſick;
My brother 's come over with gold from Peru ſick;
Laſt night I came home in a ſtorm that then blew ſick;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo ſick;
I hear, from good hands, that my poor couſin Hugh 's ſick;
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a ſcrew ſick:
And now there 's no more I can write (you 'll excuſe) ſick;
You ſee that I ſcorn to mention word muſick.
I 'll do my beſt,
To ſend the reſt;
Without a jeſt,
I 'll ſtand the teſt.

Theſe lines that I ſend you, I hope you 'll peruſe ſick;
I 'll make you with writing a little more news ſick;
Laſt night I came home with drinking of booze ſick;
My carpenter ſwears that he 'll hack and he 'll hew ſick:
An officer's lady, I 'm told, is tattoo-ſick;
I 'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view ſick.
Lord! I could write a dozen more;
You ſee, I 've mounted thirty-four.

* The lines " thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Helſham's twenty lines; and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the ſame paper. N.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BUSTS* IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732.

"Sic ſibi lætantur Docti."

WITH honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
How are theſe venerable buſtoes grac'd!
O Queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd!
How do the friends of virtue joy to ſee
Her darling ſons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Rever'd by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
And rais'd the ſcientific head:
Our frugal Queen, to ſave her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION drawn from the above EPIGRAMS, and ſent to the DRAPIER.

SINCE Anna, whoſe bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And ſince our good Queen to the wiſe is ſo juſt,
To raiſe heads for ſuch as are humbled in duſt,
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
Pr'ythee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

HER majeſty never ſhall be my exalter;
And yet ſhe would raiſe me, I know, by a halter!

* Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaſton.

TO

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER-BOOK FINELY BOUND ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1732.

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

TO thee, dear Swift, theſe ſpotleſs leaves I ſend;
Small is the preſent, but ſincere the friend.
Think not ſo poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canſt make it bear?
Though tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
The ſpecious front ſhines out with borrow'd grace;
Though paſte-boards, glittering like a tinſel'd coat,
A *raſa tabula* within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices, ſhould provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A ſinking country and an injur'd ſtate
Thy great aſſiſtance ſhould again demand,
And call forth reaſon to defend the land;
Then ſhall we view theſe ſheets with glad ſurprize
Inſpir'd with thought, and ſpeaking to our eyes:
Each vacant ſpace ſhall then, enrich'd, diſpenſe
True force of eloquence, and nervous ſenſe;
Inform the judgement, animate the heart,
And ſacred rules of policy impart.
The ſpangled covering, bright with ſplendid ore,
Shall cheat the ſight with empty ſhow no more:

But lead us inward to thoſe golden mines,
Where all thy ſoul in native luſtre ſhines.
So when the eye ſurveys ſome lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty grac'd, with ſhape and air;
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celeſtial mind!

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY DR. DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came,
To ſerve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long ſubmitted to her will;
At length ſhe loſt me at *quadrille*.
Through various ſhapes I often paſs'd,
Still hoping to have reſt at laſt;
And ſtill ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot dean;
And ſometimes got within his door,
But ſoon turn'd out to ſerve the poor*;
Not ſtroling Idleneſs to aid,
But honeſt Induſtry decay'd.

* Alluding to 500 *l.* a year lent by the Dean, without intereſt, to poor tradeſmen. F.

&c.

At length an artiſt purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the ſhape you ſee.
This done, to Hermes, I apply'd:
"O Hermes! gratify my pride;
"Be it my fate to ſerve a ſage,
"The greateſt genius of his age;
"That matchleſs pen let me ſupply,
"Whoſe living lines will never die!"
I grant your ſuit; the God reply'd;
And here he left me to reſide.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A PAPER-BOOK is ſent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to ſoil.
Delany ſends a ſilver ſtandiſh,
When I no more a pen can brandiſh.
Let both around my tomb be plac'd
As trophies of a Muſe deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praiſe of long-departed wit
Be grav'd on either ſide in columns,
More to my praiſe than all my volumes.
To burſt with envy, ſpite, and rage,
The Vandals of the preſent age.

THE

THE BEASTS CONFESSIO TO THE PRIEST,

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAK THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732.

WHEN beaſts could ſpeak (the learned ſa
They ſtill can do ſo every day),
It ſeems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every ſubject in the land
Should to the prieſt confeſs their ſins;
And thus the pious wolf begins.
Good father, I muſt own with ſhame,
That often I have been to blame:
I muſt confeſs, on Friday laſt,
Wretch that I was! I broke my faſt:
But I defy the baſeſt tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to ſeek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirſt of blood.
The aſs, approaching next, confeſs'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jeſt:

A wag he was, he needs muſt own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not ſpare,
And might perhaps be too ſevere:
But yet, the worſt that could be ſaid,
He was a *wit* both born and bred;
And, if it be a ſin or ſhame,
Nature alone muſt bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is ſorry for 't,
His ears are half a foot too ſhort;
Which could he to the ſtandard bring,
He 'd ſhew his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there 's none diſputes;
That he 's the nightingale of brutes.
The ſwine with contrite heart allow'd,
His ſhape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune ſent:
Inquire through all the pariſh round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might ſome diſpleaſe;
'Tis true, he hated ſloth like peaſe.
The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life beſpatter:
Much of the cenſuring world complain'd,
Who ſaid, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed the ſtrictneſs of his morals
Engag'd him in an hundred quarrels:

He

He ſaw, and he was griev'd to ſee 't,
His zeal was ſometimes indiſcreet:
He found his virtues too ſevere
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet ſuch a lewd licentious age
Might well excuſe a Stoic's rage.
The goat advanc'd with decent pace;
And firſt excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveneſs begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondneſs for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid conſtitution;
But through a pious reſolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of chaſtity, as Monks do now;
Which he reſolv'd to keep for ever hence,
And ſtrictly too, as doth his * Reverence.
Apply the tale, and you ſhall find,
How juſt it ſuits with human-kind.
Some faults we own: but, can you gueſs?
—Why, virtues carried to exceſs,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
The lawyer ſwears (you may rely on 't)
He never ſqueez'd a needy client;

* The prieſt his confeſſor.

And this he makes his conſtant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conſcience always was ſo nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he loſt, he may affirm,
A hundred fees laſt Eaſter-term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job;
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick diſpatch;
Ne'er kept a cauſe, he well may boaſt,
Above a term, or two at moſt.

The cringing knave, who ſeeks a place
Without ſucceſs, thus tells his caſe:
Why ſhould he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, becauſe he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly underſtood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the miniſters reſent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raiſe him to the lawn:
He paſs'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wiſe,
Preferment get, and ſpare his eyes:
But own'd, he had a ſtubborn ſpirit,
That made him truſt alone to merit:

Would riſe by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confeſs'd a ſin; (and God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to ſave
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But ſee how Satan ſpreads his ſnares;
He quite forgot to ſay his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parſon's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a ſentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown ſo bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a ſeat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His houſehold twice a day to prayers.
He ſhuns apothecaries ſhops;
And hates to cram the ſick with ſlops:
He ſcorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
Old nurſe-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the ſquire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their ſhame.

The ſtateſman tells you, with a *ſneer*,
His fault is to be too *ſincere*;
And, having no ſiniſter ends,
Is apt to diſoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his maſter's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the ſchemes he had in view;
Yet he was ſeconded by few:
Though ſome had ſpread a thouſand lyes,
'Twas *he* defeated the Exciſe.
'Twas known, though he had borne aſperſion,
That *ſtanding troops* were his averſion:
His practice was, in every ſtation,
To ſerve the king, and pleaſe the nation.
Though hard to find in every caſe
The fitteſt man to fill a place:
His promiſes he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the ſpot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people underſtood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is loſt on either ſide.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year:
Muſt, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
Oh! if his majeſty would pleaſe
To give him but a writ of eaſe,

Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his deſire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thouſand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no ſin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it baſe for men in ſtations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his deareſt mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modeſty or aukward ſhame
(For which he owns himſelf to blame),
He found the wiſeſt man he could,
Without reſpect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to chuſe.
The ſharper ſwore, he hated play,
Except to paſs an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his coſt,
By want of ſkill, he always loſt;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thouſand feats;
Could change the ſtock, or cog a dye,
And thus deceive the ſharpeſt eye:
Nor wonder how his fortune ſunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
I own the moral not exact;
Beſides, the tale is falſe in fact;
And ſo abſurd, that, could I raiſe up
From fields Elyſian, fabling Æſop;

I wo

I would accuſe him to his face
For libeling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers;
While we, whom *reaſon* ought to ſway,
Miſtake our talents every day.
The aſs was never known ſo ſtupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his maſter's lap,
There to be ſtroak'd, and fed with pap,
As Æſop would the world perſuade;
He better underſtands his trade:
Nor comes, whene'er his lady whiſtles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thiſtles.
Our author's meaning, I preſume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis*;
Wherein the moraliſt deſign'd
A compliment on human-kind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beaſts may *degenerate* into men.

ADVICE TO A PARSON. 1737.

WOULD you riſe in the *church?* be ſtupid and dull;
Be empty of learning, of inſolence full;
Though lewd and immoral, be formal and grave,
In flattery an *artiſt*, in fawning a *ſlave*:
No merit, no ſcience, no virtue, is wanting
In him that 's accompliſh'd in *cringing* and *canting*.

Be ſtudious to practiſe true *meanneſs of ſpirit*;
For who but lord Bolton * was mitred for *merit*?
Would you wiſh to be wrapt in a *rochet*? in ſhort,
Be pox'd and profane as F—n or Horte †.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a Stoick,
Can wiſh to die in ſtrains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet, all muſt own, thy wiſh is wiſe.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy buſy, drudging ſcene of life,
Thy inſolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-conſoling liquor,
Thy thread-bare gown, thy caſſock rent,
Thy credit ſunk, thy money ſpent,
Thy week made up of faſting-days,
Thy grate unconſcious of a blaze,
And, to complete thy other curſes,
The quarterly demands of nurſes,
Are ills you wiſely wiſh to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave:
And, O, what virtue you expreſs,
In wiſhing ſuch afflictions leſs!
But, now, ſhould Fortune ſhift the ſcene,
And make thy Curateſhip a Dean;

* Then archbiſhop of Caſhel.
† At that time biſhop of Kilmore.

Or ſome rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour ſmall, and income great;
With chariot leſs for uſe than ſtate;
With ſwelling ſcarf and gloſſy gown,
And licenſe to reſide in town;
To ſhine, where all the gay reſort,
At concerts, coffee-houſe, or court,
And weekly perſecute his Grace,
With viſits, or to beg a place;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no deſire to pray or preach;
With haughty ſpouſe in veſture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldſt thou not wiſh, in ſo much eaſe,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES.

1733.

POOR ladies! though their buſineſs be to play,
'Tis hard they muſt be buſy night and day:
Why ſhould they want the privilege of men,
Nor take ſome ſmall diverſions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws
(And why they were not, I can ſee no cauſe);
The men ſhould ſlave at cards from morn to night;
And female pleaſures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG, IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI. Mournful

VI.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to fate.

On the Words BROTHER PROTESTANTS, and FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

So familiarly uſed by the Advocates for the Repeal of the TEST-ACT in IRELAND. 1733.

AN inundation, ſays the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and ſtable;
Whole ricks of hay and ſtacks of corn
Were down the ſudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And ſail'd with litter ſide by ſide;

Uniting all, to ſhew their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropt horſe's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples ſwim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff ſcorns:
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
"Muſt take no fees of one another."
Thus to a Dean ſome Curate ſloven
Subſcribes, "Dear Sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, ſhoe-boys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus H—e in the houſe will prate,
"Sir, we the miniſters of ſtate."
Thus at the bar the blockhead Betteſworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his ſweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother ſerjeant.
And thus fanatic ſaints, though neither in
Doctrine nor diſcipline our brethren,
Are Brother Proteſtants and Chriſtians,
As much as Hebrews and Philiſtines:
But in no other ſenſe, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body ſuck their food;
But is a louſe your fleſh and blood?
Though born of human filth and ſweat, it
May as well be ſaid man did beget it.

But maggots in your noſe and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
  Yet criticks may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our ſwarm of ſects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they Engliſh, Iriſh, Scottiſh,
What Proteſtant can be ſo ſottiſh,
While o'er the church theſe clouds are gathering,
To call a ſwarm of lice his brethren?
  As Moſes, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the duſt to lice;
And as our ſects, by all deſcriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden duſt they ſpring,
And, turn'd to lice, infeſt the king:
For pity's ſake, it would be juſt,
A *rod* ſhould turn them back to *duſt*.
  Let folks in high or holy ſtations
Be proud of owning ſuch relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their boſom,
As if they were afraid to loſe them:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou 'rt my father."
For he that has ſo little wit
To nouriſh vermin, may be *bit*.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW;

OR,

THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

UPON SERJEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the Tune of, Derry down.

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I 'll tell you, if not told before,
How Betteſworth, that booby, and ſcoundrel in grain,
Hath inſulted us all by inſulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this ſkip of a Lawyer, where the De'el did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or Houſe,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louſe?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do ſhow;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombaſt, ſilly jeſts, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at ſpeaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all ſorts but applauſe;
Has, with noiſe and odd geſtures, been prating ſome years,
What honeſter folks never durſt for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of all ſizes and ſorts, the fanatical crew
Are his Brother Proteſtants, good men and true,
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbant 's the ſame,
What the De'el is 't to him whence the Devil they came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolſton, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the Taylor,
Are Chriſtians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He 's a Chriſtian as good as the reſt of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! We 'll ſet on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their prieſthood at leſs:
What 's next to be voted with eaſe you may gueſs.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his Old Maſter (I need not him name)
To this damnable Speaker had long ow'd a ſhame;
When his ſpeech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole Satire had been
The oppreſſion of Virtue, not wages of Sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he ſwore how he ſwore.
Knock him down, &c.

Though

Though he cring'd to his Deanſhip in very low
ſtrains,
To others he boaſted of knocking out brains,
And ſlitting of noſes, and cropping of ears,
While his own aſs's zaggs were more fit for the ſhears.
Knock him down, &c.

On this Worrier of Deans whene'er we can hit,
We 'll ſhew him the way how to crop and to ſlit;
We 'll teach him ſome better addreſs to afford
To the Dean of all Deans, though he wears not a ſword.
Knock him down, &c.

We 'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
We 'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with
grains,
A modus right fit for inſulters of Deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we 'll make him amends,
To the Dean he ſhall go; they ſhall kiſs and be friends:
But how? Why, the Dean ſhall to him diſcloſe
A face for to kiſs, without eyes, ears, or noſe.
Knock him down, &c.

If you ſay this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That ſerjeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
You miſtake; for a ſlave, who will coax his ſuperiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's poſteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What

What care we how high runs his paſſion or pride?
Though his ſoul he deſpiſes, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his ſword, or his knife;
He 'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE

ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH.

DEAR Dick, pr'ythee tell by what paſſion you move?
The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Caſhel you rail with ſuch ſpite,
They ſhrewdly ſuſpect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though ſo loudly you vapour,
His ſpite cannot wound, who attempted the Drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change ſides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very beſt way;
And ſay of the man what all honeſt men ſay.
But if, ſtill obdurate, your anger remains,
If ſtill your foul boſom more rancour contains;
Say then more than they; nay, lavishly flatter,
'Tis your groſs panegyrics alone can beſpatter:
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to ſpeak plain,
Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

ON

ON POETRY:
A RHAPSODY. 1733.

ALL human race would fain be *wits*,
And millions miſs for one that hits.
Young's univerſal paſſion, *pride*,
Was never known to ſpread ſo wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boaſt
Three poets in an age at moſt?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *ſprig* of bays in fifty years:
While every fool his claim alledges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reaſon can there be aſſign'd
For this perverſeneſs in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A *bear* will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd *horſe* will oft' debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A *dog* by inſtinct turns aſide,
Who ſees the ditch too deep and wide.
But *man* we find the only creature
Who, led by *folly*, combats Nature;
Who, when *ſhe* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With obſtinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius leaſt inclines,
Abſurdly bends his whole deſigns.

Not

Not *empire* to the riſing ſun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not higheſt *wiſdom* in debates
For framing laws to govern ſtates;
Not ſkill in ſciences profound
So large to graſp the circle round:
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to ſtrike the *Muſe's lyre*.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not baſtard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning ſhoes,
The ſpawn of Bridewell or the ſtews;
Not infants dropt, the ſpurious pledges
Of *gipſies* littering under hedges;
Are ſo diſqualify'd by fate
To riſe in *church*, or *law*, or *ſtate*,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blaſted with poetic fire.
What hope of cuſtom in the *fair*,
While not a ſoul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public uſe?
Court, *city*, *country*, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no proviſion;
The wealthy have you in deriſion;
Of ſtate-affairs you cannot ſmatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was juſt one annual hundred pound;

Now

Now not ſo much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought-in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grubſtreet line.
Poor ſtarveling bard, how ſmall thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a *ſimile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The gueſts in leſs than half an hour
Will more than half a ſcore devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a ſtock of pence and praiſe,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are ſwallow'd o'er a diſh of tea:
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.
How ſhall a new attempter learn
Of different ſpirits to diſcern,
And how diſtinguiſh which is which,
The poet's vein, or ſcribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd ſinner,
Inſtructing thus a young beginner.
Conſult yourſelf; and if you find
A powerful impulſe urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breaſt
What ſubject you can manage beſt;
Whether your genius moſt inclines
To ſatire, praiſe, or humourous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue ſent from hand unknown.

Then,

Then, riſing with Aurora's light,
The Muſe invok'd, ſit down to write;
Blot out, correct, inſert, refine,
Enlarge, diminiſh, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To ſcratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finiſh'd, next your care
Is needful to tranſcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous *breaks* and *dashes*.
To ſtateſmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic type*.
When letters are in vulgar ſhapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit eſcapes:
But, when in *capitals* expreſt,
The dulleſt reader ſmoaks the jeſt:
Or elſe perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modiſh dreſs,
Correctly fitted for the preſs,
Convey by penny-poſt to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the coſt,
You need not fear your labour loſt:
And how agreeably ſurpriz'd
Are you to ſee it advertis'd!
The hawker ſhews you one in print,
As freſh as farthings from the mint:

The

The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting,
Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:
Or praise the judgement of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon 't their judgement 's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel, Grubstreet sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,

If

If ſtill you be diſpos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a ſecond time.
Again you fail: yet *Safe*'s the word;
Take courage and attempt a third.
But firſt with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The *ſimiles* that nothing fit;
The *cant* which every fool repeats,
Town-jeſts and coffee-houſe conceits,
Deſcriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury ſet
Againſt the harmleſs alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private *robber*,
A *ſtateſman*, or a South-ſea *jobber*;
A *prelate* who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purſe at the bar or bench,
A dutcheſs, or a ſuburb-wench:
Or oft', when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like ſtepping-ſtones, to ſave a ſtride,
In ſtreets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to ſupport
A cripple with one foot too ſhort;
Or like a bridge, that joins a mariſh
To moorlands of a different pariſh.

So have I ſeen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With ſavage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But, though you miſs your third eſſay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aſide all thoughts of fame,
To ſpring more profitable game.
From party-merit ſeek ſupport;
The vileſt verſe thrives beſt at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the ſale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the ſovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower:
Is generous, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
And ſo continues till he dies:
His humble *ſenate* this profeſſes,
In all their *ſpeeches, votes, addreſſes.*
But once you fix him in a tomb;
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praiſe,
Aſcending, make one funeral blaze:

As ſoon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And lo! his miniſters of ſtate,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the ſcenes of endleſs woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And, as they ſail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a ſop,
His triple-barking mouth to ſtop;
Or in the ivory gate of dreams
Project exciſe and South-ſea ſchemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To ſet Elyſium by the ears.

Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muſe on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluſter
Of all the virtues you can muſter,
Which, form'd into a garland ſweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will ſmile, and think them all his own;
For *law* and *goſpel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who ſhall depoſe it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But, if you think this trade too baſe,
(Which ſeldom is the dunce's caſe,)

Put on the critick's brow; and ſit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a ſhrug, a ſcornful ſmile,
With caution us'd, may ſerve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern criticks' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of *unities, in time and place*;
Get ſcraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers ends;
Learn Ariſtotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft' review,
Wiſe Dennis, and profound Boſſu.
Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
For theſe our criticks much confide in
(Though merely writ at firſt for filling,
To raiſe the volume's price a ſhilling).
A forward critick often dupes us
With ſham quotations *peri hupſous*:
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magiſterially outſhine us.
Then, left with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Tranſlated from Boileau's tranſlation,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,

Reclining

Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgement with deciſive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle ſubmits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like *courtiers*, when they ſend a note,
Inſtructing members how to vote.
He ſets the ſtamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be underſtood.
Your leſſon learn'd, you 'll be ſecure
To get the name of *connoiſſeur*:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure diſciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want them)
Spread through Auguſta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to juſt nine thouſand ſouls:
Theſe o'er their proper diſtricts govern,
Of wit and humour judges ſovereign.
In every ſtreet a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indiſputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his *ſhrewdneſs*
For ſongs of *loyalty* and *lewdneſs*;
Out-done by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to ſpell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:

And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers ſoft and ſmooth,
By lovers ſpoke in Punch's booth;
And ſome as juſtly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentiſh-town:
Tigellius plac'd in Phœbus' car
From Ludgate ſhines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day ſtrains;
Whence Gay was baniſh'd in diſgrace;
Where Pope will never ſhow his face;
Where Young muſt torture his invention
To flatter *knaves*, or loſe his *penſion*.
But theſe are not a thouſandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper ſtation,
And all in due ſubordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out ſkips a *book of miſcellanies*.
Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a ſtate of war by nature.
The greater for the ſmalleſt watch,
But meddle ſeldom with their match.
A whale of moderate ſize will draw
A ſhoal of herrings down his maw;

A fox

A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf deſtroys a thouſand lambs:
But ſearch among the rhyming race,
The brave are worry'd by the baſe,
If on Parnaſſus' top you ſit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior ſize
On you ſhall rail and criticiſe,
And ſtrive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only teaſe and pinch
Their foes ſuperior by an inch.
So, naturaliſts obſerve, a flea
Hath ſmaller fleas that on him prey;
And theſe have ſmaller ſtill to bite 'em,
And ſo proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be ſeen,
Can teaze, and gall, and give the ſpleen;
Call dunces fools and ſons of whores,
Lay Grub-ſtreet at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman maſters,
And curſe our modern poetaſters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taſte prevails among us;
How much our anceſtors outſung us;
Can perſonate an awkward ſcorn
For thoſe who are not poets born;

And all their brother-dunces laſh,
Who croud the preſs with hourly traſh.
O Grub-ſtreet! how do I bemoan thee,
Whoſe graceleſs children ſcorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They ſoon betray their native place:
Yet *thou* haſt greater cauſe to be
Aſham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since firſt the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty ſtill,
To purchaſe fame by writing ill.
From Fleckno down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the *low ſublime!*
For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
Blackmore alone his place ſupply'd:
And, left a chaſm ſhould intervene,
When death had finiſh'd Blackmore's reign,
The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the *hollow tree.*
But ah! how unſecure thy throne!
A thouſand bards thy right diſown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common-weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to *deſcend.*
In bulk there are not more degrees
From *elephants* to *mites* in cheeſe,

Than

Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worſe, and worſe they fall;
But who can reach the worſt of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite:
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For inſtance: when you raſhly think,
No rhymer can like Welſted ſink,
His merits balanc'd, you ſhall find
The Laureat leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aſpiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops:
The reſt purſue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And, as their heels elated riſe,
Their heads attempt the nether ſkies.
O, what indignity and ſhame,
To proſtitute the Muſe's name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven deſign'd
The plagues and ſcourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and ſloth,
And every vice that nurſes both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch bleſt,
Whoſe virtues bear the ſtricteſt teſt;
Whom never faction could beſpatter,
Nor miniſter nor poet flatter;

What

What juſtice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of ſpirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confeſs'd the conquering hero ſtands.
Hydaſpes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chineſe,
Short by the knees, intreat for peace.
The *conſort* of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddeſs born and bred,
Appointed ſovereign judge to ſit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldeſt hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he ſhown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to ſecure
As long as ſun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddeſſes, in number five;
Duke William, ſweeteſt prince alive.
Now ſing the *miniſter of ſtate*,
Who ſhines alone without a mate.
Obſerve with what majeſtic port
This Atlas ſtands to prop the court:

Intent

Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praiſes every Muſe ſhall ſing!
In all affairs thou ſole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though ſmall the time thou haſt to ſpare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a ſtock
You chuſe, to rule the fable flock!
You raiſe the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the ſteerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourſelf with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, ſenſe,
To titles give the ſole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchſafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breaſts and ſides Herculean,
He fix'd the *ſtar* and *ſtring cerulean*.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever ſuch a conſtellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and ſtrow your bays:
Your panegyricks here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's ſide.
Above the ſtars exalt your ſtyle,
You ſtill are low ten thouſand mile.
On Lewis all his bards beſtow'd
Of incenſe many a thouſand load;

But

But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And ſwore the fawning raſcals ly'd.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thouſand times below it.
Tranſlate me now ſome lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in Heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either ſide;
They teach you how to ſplit a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal ſhare.
Yet why ſhould we be lac'd ſo ſtrait?
I 'll give my monarch butter-weight.
And reaſon good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his prieſts be duly paid,
Did ever we deſire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolſton gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera deſiderantur.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX. IMITATED.

TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ.*. 1733.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
O! too nice, and too ſevere!
Think not, that my *country* ſong
Shall diſpleaſe thy honeſt ear.

* Lord mayor of Dublin. N.

Chuſen

Choſen ſtrains I proudly bring;
Which the Muſes' ſacred choir,
When they gods and heroes ſing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.

Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Juſt precedence ſtill maintains;
With ſacred rapture ſtill are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty ſtrains.

Still the old triumphant ſong,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly ſung,
Warms, inſtructs, and pleaſes well.

Nor has Time's all-darkening ſhade
In obſcure oblivion preſs'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken prieſt!

Gentle Sappho, love-ſick Muſe,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tendereſt notes infuſe
Melting rapture, ſoft deſire.

Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
By a painted fopling won,
Went not firſt, fair nymph, aſtray,
Fondly pleas'd to be undone.

Nor young Teucer's ſlaughtering bow,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful ſword,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hoſtile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly liv'd and died, before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Wag'd the ten years famous war.

But their names, unſung, unwept,
Unrecorded, loſt and gone,
Long in endleſs night have ſlept,
And ſhall now no more be known.

Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well conſign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the ſepulchre
Some old king without a name.

But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful ſongs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er ſhall ſpread.

When the deep-cut notes ſhall fade
On the mouldering Parian ſtone,
On the braſs no more be read
The periſhing inſcription;

Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's curſed ſpite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
Loſt and ſunk in Stygian night:

Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou haſt done,
In full luſtre ſhall appear,
And outſhine th' unclouded ſun.

Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth ſtand;
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ſhip to land.

Falſely we call the rich man great;
He is only ſo that knows
His plentiful or ſmall eſtate
Wiſely to enjoy and uſe.

He, in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falſehood and diſhoneſty
More than death abhors and flies:

Flies from death! — No, meets it brave,
When the ſuffering ſo ſevere
May from dreadful bondage ſave
Clients, friends, or country dear.

This the ſovereign man, compleat;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wiſe; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art He.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN. 1733.

" To make a writer miſs his end,
" You 've nothing elſe to do but mend.

I OFTEN try'd in vain to find
A *ſimile* for woman-kind,

A ſimile

A *ſimile* I mean to fit 'em,
In every circumſtance to hit 'em.
Through every beaſt and bird I went,
I ranſack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature
To find ſo whimſical a creature,
A *cloud* preſented to my view,
And ſtrait this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in ſuſpence and doubt,
Yet oft' perverſe, like woman-kind,
Are ſeen to ſcud againſt the wind:
And are not women juſt the ſame?
For, who can tell at what they aim?
Clouds keep the ſtouteſt mortals under,
When bellowing they diſcharge their thunder:
So when th' alarum-bell is rung
Of Xanti's everlaſting tongue,
The huſband dreads its loudneſs more
Than lightning's flaſh, or thunder's roar.
Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but womens' rain?
The *clouds* about the welkin roam;
And ladies never ſtay at home.
The *clouds* build-caſtles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the ſchemes of their forecaſting
Are not more ſolid, nor more laſting.
A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark,
Such is a lady with her ſpark;

Now

Now with a ſudden pouting gloom
She ſeems to darken all the room;
Again ſhe 's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear when ſhe has ſmil'd.
In this they 're wondrouſly alike
(I hope the *ſimile* will ſtrike);
Though in the darkeſt dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you 'll ſee through them.

The *clouds* are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia, with ſmall provocation,
Blaſts every neighbour's reputation.

The *clouds* delight in gaudy ſhow
(For they, like ladies, have their bow);
The graveſt matron will confeſs,
That ſhe herſelf is fond of dreſs.

Obſerve the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
What various colours are diſplay'd;
The pink, the roſe, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the ſky;
How do theſe differ from our Graces,
In garden-ſilks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not ſuch another ſight,
When met upon a birth-day night?

The *clouds* delight to change their faſhion;
(Dear ladies, be not in a paſſion!)
Nor let this whim to you ſeem ſtrange,
Who every hour delight in change.

In them and you alike are ſeen
The ſullen ſymptoms of the ſpleen;

The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.
In evening fair you may behold
The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.
Grave matrons are like *clouds* of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.
Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No heaven beside I have in view.
Thus, on comparison, you see,
In every instance they agree,
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a *cloud*.

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

PRESUMPTUOUS Bard! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show
Inferior mortals *there* below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?

Alas

Alas! our thunder ſoon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worſe,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curſe*?
We hardly thunder thrice a year;
The bolt diſcharg'd, the ſky grows clear:
But every ſublunary dowdy,
The more ſhe ſcolds, the more ſhe 's cloudy.
Some critick may object, perhaps,
That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps*;
But what, alas! are *claps* æthereal,
Compar'd for miſchief to venereal?
Can *clouds* give bubo's, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noſes dig out notches?
We leave the body ſweet and ſound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
You know a *cloudy* ſky beſpeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a *cloudy* plight
Foretell a ſtorm to laſt till night.
A *cloud* in proper ſeaſons pours
His bleſſings down in fruitful ſhowers;
But woman was by fate deſign'd
To pour down curſes on mankind.
When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire aſſuages;
But woman is a curſt inflamer,
No pariſh ducking-ſtool can tame her:
To kindle ſtrife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fire-works, ſhe can burn in water.

For fickleneſs how durſt you blame us,
Who for our conſtancy are famous?
You 'll ſee a *cloud* in gentle weather
Keep the ſame face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every ſecond.
Obſerve our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you gueſs from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we poſſeſs'd of old,
To diſappoint Ixion's rape
Jove dreſt a *cloud* in Juno's ſhape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he ſwore,
No goddeſs could have pleas'd him more;
No difference could he find between
His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen:
His *cloud* produc'd a race of Centaurs,
Fam'd for a thouſand bold adventures;
From us deſcended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*,
But ſay, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to paſs for Juno?
Before Æneas durſt aſpire
To court her majeſty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dreſs him,
That Dido might the more careſs him:
A coat we gave him, dy'd in grain,
A *flaxen* wig and *clouded* cane

The

(The wig was powder'd round with fleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet),
With which he made a tearing ſhow;
And Dido quickly *ſmoak'd the beau.*

Among your females make enquiries,
What nymph on earth ſo fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty ſo endow'd?
And yet her father is a *cloud.*
We dreſs'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.

'Tis known, that Socrates the wife
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities;
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Ariſtophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worſhip other gods in vain,
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we pleaſe to guide;
O'er all your paſſions we preſide,
Can raiſe them up, or ſink them down,
As we think fit to ſmile or frown:
And, juſt as we diſpoſe your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Becauſe we dwell in higher regions!

You find the gods in Homer dwell
In ſeas and ſtreams, or low as hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp.
(Who makes you think the *clouds* he pierces?
He pierce the *clouds*! he kiſs their a—es);
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at leaſt:
And, when Apollo ſtrut on Pindus,
We ſee him from our kitchen-windows:
Or, to Parnaſſus looking down,
Can piſs upon his laurel crown.
Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the ſky:
When Jove would ſome fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though Venus be as light as air,
She muſt have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo ſtirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four.
And jealous Juno, ever ſnarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*.
But we can fly where'er we pleaſe,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and ſeas:
From eaſt to weſt the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With ſun-ſhine, rain, and hail, or ſnow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove piſſes on you through a ſieve:

An

An idle tale, 'tis no ſuch matter;
We only dip a ſponge in water;
Then ſqueeze it cloſe between our thumbs,
And ſhake it well, and down it comes.
As you ſhall to your ſorrow know;
We 'll watch your ſteps where'er you go:
And, ſince we find you walk a-foot,
We 'll ſoundly ſouce your frize-ſurtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever ſhews his face:
For, when we pleaſe, we open wide
Our curtains blue from ſide to ſide:
And then how ſaucily he ſhews
His brazen face and fiery noſe;
And gives himſelf a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!
'Tis ſung, wherever Cælia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roſes blow, the cowſlip ſprings;
'Tis ſung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piſs upon a nettle;
But, though we own ſhe makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by ſoft prolific ſhowers,
Can every ſpring produce you flowers.
Your poets, Chloe's beauty heightening,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.

But gods like us have too much sense
At poets flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

OR,

A NEW BALLAD, written by a SHOE-BOY, on an ATTORNEY who was formerly a SHOE-BOY.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro."

WITH singing of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley* set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that 's all;
One bought him a *brush*, and one a *black ball*;
For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
The cloaths on his back as being but such;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with *clouts*, *ball*, and *brush*,
He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to push:
Vespasian *thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,*
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for 't.

* See the next poem.

But as a wife fiddler is noted, you know,
To have a good couple of ſtrings to one bow;
So Hartley judiciouſly thought it too little,
To live by the ſweat of his hands and his ſpittle:
He finds out another profeſſion as fit,
And ſtraight he becomes a retailer of wit.
One day he cried--"Murders, and ſongs, and great news!"
Another as loudly—"Here blacken your ſhoes!"
At Domvile's * full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up, and turning of ſpits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing:
Such baſtings effect upon *him* could have none;
The dog will be patient, that 's ſtruck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, obſerving this Hartley withal
So expert and ſo active at *bruſhes* and *ball*,
Was mov'd with compaſſion, and thought it a pity
A youth ſhould be loſt, that had been ſo witty:
Without more ado, he vamps up my ſpark,
And now we 'll ſuppoſe him an eminent clerk;
Suppoſe him an adept in all the degrees
Of ſcribbling *cum daſho*, and hooking of fees,
Suppoſe him a miſer, attorney *per* bill,
Suppoſe him a courtier — ſuppoſe what you will —
Yet would you believe, though I ſwore by the Bible,
That he took up two *news-boys* for crying the *libel*?

* Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper-office. N.

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY
FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE,
By Way of Defence of HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, Esq.

" But he by hawling news about,
" And aptly uſing bruſh and clout,
" A juſtice of the peace became,
" To puniſh rogues who do the ſame." HUD.

By JAMES BLACK-WELL, Operator for the Feet.

I SING the man of courage try'd,
O'er-run with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out diſgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The firſt who made (let none deny it),
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we muſt own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean; — for who would chuſe
So vile a ſubject for the Muſe?
'Twas once the nobleſt of his wiſhes
To fill his paunch with ſcraps from diſhes,
For which he 'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the *jack's* ſlow-riſing weight
(Such toils as beſt his talents fit),
Or poliſh *ſhoes*, or turn the *ſpit*;
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
'Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;

Believes

Believes that perſecuting wit
Will prove the ſureſt way to it;
So, with a Colonel * at his back,
The Libel feels his firſt attack;
He calls it a ſeditious paper,
Writ by another Patriot Draper;
Then raves and blunders nonſenſe thicker
Than alderman o'ercharg'd with liquor;
And all this with deſign, no doubt,
To hear his praiſes hawk'd about;
To ſend his name through every ſtreet,
Which erſt he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleas'd to live to future times,
Though but in keen ſatiric rhymes.
So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was juſtice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libelers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated Father Jove aloud,
Only in light to ſhew his face,
Though it might tend to his diſgrace.
And ſo th' Epheſian villain fir'd
The temple which the world admir'd,
Contemning death, deſpiſing ſhame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

* Colonel Ker, a mere Scotchman, Lieutenant Colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence againſt the printer. IRISH ED.

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD ON BALLYSPELLIN*.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyſpellin.

Though pox or itch your ſkins enrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your ſkin before you 've been
A month at Ballyſpellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When ſhe comes from her dwelling,
The kindling roſe within it glows
When ſhe 's at Ballyſpellin.

The ſooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back ſhe goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyſpellin.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair
As Roſe, or bright Dunkelling:
And Mars might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at Ballyſpellin.

* A famous ſpaw in the county of Kilkenny, the Doctor had been to drink the waters with [illegible] vourite lady. N.

We men ſubmit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling:
The reaſon 's plain; the ladies reign,
They 're queens at Ballyſpellin.

By matchleſs-charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such deſperate foes as dare oppoſe
Their power at Ballyſpellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, becauſe I fell in
A ſtream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyſpellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in
With ſo much grace, I 'm ſure no place
Can vie with Ballyſpellin.

No politicks, no ſubtle tricks,
No man his country ſelling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
Of theſe at Ballyſpellin.

The troubled mind, the puft with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are ſure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyſpellin.

Though dropſy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though ſwelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyſpellin.

Death throws no darts through all theſe parts,
No ſextons here are knelling:
Come, judge and try, you'll never die,
But *live* at Ballyſpellin;

Except you feel darts tipt with ſteel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyſpellin.

Good chear, ſweet air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte, your ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſported much
Each day at Ballyſpellin.

Within this ground we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Cælia's ſake,
All night at Ballyſpellin.

There all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyſpellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
Unleſs I ſhould bring hell in;
But, ſince I'm here ſo near heaven,
I can't at Ballyſpellin!

ANSWER.

ANSWER,

BY. DR. SWIFT*.

DARE you diſpute, you ſaucy brute,
And think there's no reſelling
Your ſcurvy lays, and ſenſeleſs praiſe
You give to Ballyſpellin?

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water 's mud, and ſours the blood,
When drunk at Ballyſpellin.

Thoſe pocky drabs, to cure their ſcabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be ſent worſe than they went,
From naſty Ballyſpellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honeſt doctor Pellin;
So hard ſometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyſpellin.

No ſubject fit to try your wit,
When you were colonelling;
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and rogues,
That met at Ballyſpellin.

* This anſwer was reſented by Dr. Sheridan, as an affront on himſelf and the lady he attended to the paw. N.

One

Our laſſes fair, ſay what you dare,
Who ſowing make with ſhelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than yours at Ballyſpellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah ſtript,
To waſh herſelf our well in;
A bum ſo white ne'er came in ſight,
At paultry Ballyſpellin.

Your mawkins there ſmocks hempen wear,
Of Holland not an ell in;
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyſpellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling;
Becauſe he gets a few griſettes
At louſy Ballyſpellin.

There 's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Juſt o'er againſt The Bell-inn;
Where can you meet a laſs ſo ſweet,
Round all your Ballyſpellin?

We have a girl deſerves an earl;
She came from Enniſkillin:
So fair, ſo young, no ſuch among
The belles at Ballyſpellin.

How would you ſtare, to ſee her there,
The foggy miſt diſpelling,
That clouds the brows of every blowſe
Who lives at Ballyſpellin!

Now as I live, I would not give
A ſtiver for a ſkellin,
To towſe and kiſs the faireſt miſs
That leaks at Ballyſpellin.

Whoe'er will raiſe ſuch lies as theſe
Deſerves a good cudgélling:
Who falſely boaſts of belles and toaſts,
At dirty Ballyſpellin.

My rhymes are gone, to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as thoſe you write,
To force in Ballyſpellin.

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. VI. PARAPHRASED.

IF noiſy Tom * ſhould in the ſenate prate,
"That he would anſwer both for church and ſtate;
"And, further to demonſtrate his affection,
"Would take the kingdom into his protection:"
All mortals muſt be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his ſire?
"What! thou, the ſpawn of him† who ſham'd our iſle,
"That traitor, aſſaſſin, informer vile!

* Sir Thomas Prendergaſt. IRISH ED.

† The father of Sir Thomas P——. who engaged in a plot to murder king William III; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer againſt his aſſociates, for which he was rewarded with a good eſtate, and made a baronet. Ibid.

" Though by the female ſide * you proudly bring
" To mend your breed, the murderer of a king:
" What was thy grandſire † but a mountaineer,
" Who held a cabbin for ten groats a year;
" Whoſe maſter Moore ‡ preſerv'd him from the halter,
" For ſtealing cows; nor could he read the Pſalter!
" Durſt thou, ungrateful, from the ſenate chace
" Thy founder's grandſon §, and uſurp his place?
" Juſt heaven! to ſee the dunghill baſtard brood
" Survive in thee, and make the proverb good ‖!
" Then vote a worthy citizen ** to jail,
" In ſpite of juſtice, and refuſe his bail!"

* Cadogan's family. IRISH ED.

† A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell aſſizes to be hanged for ſtealing cows. Ibid.

‡ The grandfather of Guy Moore, eſq; who procured him a pardon. Ibid.

§ Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonme, but Sir Thomas, depending upon his intereſt with a certain party then prevailing, and ſince known by the title of Parſon-hunters, petitioned the houſe againſt him; out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be. Ibid.

‖ " Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut " your throat." Ibid.

** Mr. George Faulkner. See the verſes in the following page. N.

On

On a PRINTER'S being ſent to NEWGATE.

BETTER we all were in our graves
Than live in ſlavery to ſlaves,
Worſe than the anarchy at ſea,
Where fiſhes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants;
And ſwagger while the coaſt is clear:
But, ſhould a lordly pike appear,
Away you ſee the varlet ſcud,
Or hide his coward ſnout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet ſtill has impudence to riſe,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT*.

WITH a whirl of thought oppreſs'd,
I ſunk from reverie to reſt.
An horrid viſion ſeiz'd my head,
I ſaw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrors, burſts the ſkies,
And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world ſtands trembling at his throne!

* That this poem is the genuine production of the Dean, Lord Cheſterfield bears ample teſtimony in his Letter to M. Voltaire, Aug. 27, 1752. N.

While each pale ſinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, ſhook the heavens, and ſaid:
" Offending race of human-kind,
" By nature, reaſon, *learning*, blind;
" You who, through frailty, ſtepp'd aſide;
" And you who never fell, *through pride*;
" You who in different ſects were ſhamm'd,
" And come to ſee each other damn'd
" (So ſome folk told you, but they knew
" No more of Jove's deſigns than you);
" —The world's mad buſineſs now is o'er,
" And I reſent theſe pranks no more.
" —I to ſuch blockheads ſet my wit!
" I damn ſuch fools!—Go, go, you're *bit*."

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND.

BY DR. J. SICAN*.

—[Horace ſpeaking]

YOU 'VE read, Sir, in poetic ſtrain,
How Varus and the Mantuan ſwain
Have on my birth-day been invited
(But I was forc'd in verſe to write it)

* This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunately murdered in Italy. N.

Upon

Upon a plain repaſt to dine,
And taſte my old Campanian wine;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation;
And, though I 'm us'd to right Falernian,
I 'll deign for once to taſte Iernian;
But fearing that you might diſpute
(Had I put on my common ſuit)
My breeding and my *politeſſe*,
I viſit in a birth-day dreſs;
My coat of pureſt Turkey red,
With gold embroidery richly ſpread;
To which I 've ſure as good pretenſions
As Iriſh lords who ſtarve on penſions.
What though proud miniſters of ſtate
Did at your anti-chamber wait;
What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns
Have at your levee paid attendance;
And Peterborough and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aſide the general's ſtaff
And public cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I ſome friends as good can name,
Nor leſs the darling ſons of Fame;
For ſure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good ſtateſmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley;

And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I 'll match him with my Druſus Nero.
You 'll boaſt, perhaps, your favourite Pope;
But Virgil is as good, I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helſham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian iſle Hippocrates;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bleſs'd another clime.
You 'll plead perhaps, at my requeſt,
To be admitted as a gueſt,
"Your hearing 's bad!"—But why ſuch fears?
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reaſon wiſely took
The form you ſee me in, a book.
Attack'd by ſlow-devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadlieſt foes,
By Creech's rhymes and Dunſter's proſe;
I found my boaſted wit and fire
In their rude hands almoſt expire:
Yet ſtill they but in vain aſſail'd;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blaſt deſtroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miſs'd their aim;
Since all my ſpirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to ſave theſe ſmall remains
From future pedants' muddy brains,

And

And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You beſt know how—which way?—TRANSLATE.

ON PSYCHE*.

AT two afternoon for our Pſyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle 's on, and her ſmock at the fire:
So loitering, ſo active; ſo buſy, ſo idle;
Which hath ſhe moſt need of, a ſpur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.
She gives you ſuch plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To pleaſe you, ſhe knows how to chuſe a nice bit;
For her taſte is almoſt as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, ſhe will trace every market,
It would do your heart good, to ſee how ſhe will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts; for, it plainly appears,
She ſaves half her victuals, by feeding your ears.

THE DEAN AND DUKE. 1734.

JAMES BRYDGES and the Dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd; of courſe their friendſhip ends:
But ſure the Dean deſerves a ſharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boaſt he knows the Duke.
Yet, ſince juſt Heaven the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is loſt by ſtocks,

* Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady, mother to the author of the preceding poem. N.

His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The Duke and Dean ſeem near upon a level.
Oh! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humphry,
From bailiff's claws thou ſcarce could'ſt keep thy bum free.
A Duke to know a Dean! go, ſmooth thy crown:
Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a Duke thou art; ſo pleas'd the King:
Oh! would his Majeſty but add a ſtring!

ON
DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY*.

MAKE Rundle biſhop! fie for ſhame!
An Arian to uſurp the name!
A biſhop in the iſle of Saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred hoſt
Confer on him the Holy Ghoſt;
In mother-church to breed a variance,
By coupling Orthodox with Arians?
Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it ſtrange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence,
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at moſt,
Who know there is an Holy Ghoſt:

* Promoted to that ſee in February, 1734-5. N.

The

The reſt, who boaſt they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Epheſians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.
Rundle a biſhop! well he may;
He 's ſtill a Chriſtian more than they.
We know the ſubject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, ſenſe, and morals.
There is a reaſon ſtill more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity.
Has every circumſtance to pleaſe us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jeſus.
But why ſhould he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
For liberty a champion ſtout,
Though not ſo goſpel-ward devout.
While others, hither ſent to ſave us,
Came but to plunder and enſlave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon and the German line.
Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who ſhew'd a better *jus divinum?*
From antient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *epiſcopari.*
Our biſhop's predeceſſor, Magus,
Would offer all the ſands of Tagus;
Or ſell his children, houſe, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay-on hands:

But all his gold could not avail
To have the Spirit ſet to ſale.
Said ſurly Peter, "Magus, pr'ythee,
"Be gone: thy money periſh with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a ſcore of chaps:
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thouſand pounds a year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handy-work of God;
Though e'en the biſhops diſappointed
Muſt own it made by God's anointed,
And, well we know, the *congé* regal
Is more ſecure as well as legal;
Becauſe our lawyers all agree,
That biſhopricks are held in fee.
Dear Baldwin chaſte, and witty Croſſe,
How ſorely I lament your loſs!
That ſuch a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should ſlip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been ſo much better.

EPIGRAM.

FRIEND Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadſt been better ſped,
Had thou been join'd to Boulter's head:
A head, ſo weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHA-

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, and DESCRIPTION of the LEGION-CLUB. 1736.

AS I ſtroll the city, oft' I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-ſhot from the college;
Half the globe from ſenſe and knowledge:
By the prudent architect,
Plac'd againſt the church direct,
Making good my grand-dame's jeſt,
"Near the church" — you know the reſt.
Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
Theſe demoniacks let me dub
With the name of Legion-club.
Such aſſemblies, you might ſwear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noiſe, and ſuch haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and ſuch a rabble
Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble;
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far leſs villain's noſe.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the ſtones, and melt the lead;

Drive them down on every ſcull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite deſtroy the harpies' neſt;
How might then our iſle be bleſt!
For Divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the Goſpel will inform us,
He can puniſh ſins enormous.
Yet ſhould Swift endow the ſchools,
For his lunatics and fools,
With a rood or two of land;
I allow the pile may ſtand.
You perhaps will aſk me, Why ſo?
But it is with this proviſo:
Since the houſe is like to laſt,
Let the royal grant be paſs'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a paſſage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they ſit a-picking ſtraws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and ſtarve the city;
Let them ſtare, and ſtorm, and frown,
When they ſee a clergy-gown;

Let

Let them, ere they crack a louſe,
Call for th' orders of the houſe;
Let them, with their goſling quills,
Scribble ſenſeleſs heads of bills.
We may, while they ſtrain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.
Let Sir Tom *, that rampant aſs,
Stuff his guts with flax and graſs;
But, before the prieſt he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parſons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a ſhoe-boy,
Footman, traitor, vile ſeducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuſer,
Lay thy paltry privilege aſide,
Sprung from papiſts, and a regicide;
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raiſe the dirt about your hole:
Come, aſſiſt me, Muſe obedient!
Let us try ſome new expedient;
Shift the ſcene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muſe, conduct me;
I ſhall aſk, and you inſtruct me.
See, the Muſe unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the ſoul!
Styx, through hell whoſe waters roll!

* A privy-counſellor, mentioned in p. 337. N.

Let

Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.
Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crouded round with antic ſhapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Cauſeleſs Joy, and true Deſpair;
Diſcord periwigg'd with ſnakes,
See the dreadful ſtrides ſhe takes!
By this odious crew beſet,
I began to rage and fret,
And reſolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whiſper'd me, "Lay down your ſtick."
What, ſaid I, is this the *mad-houſe?*
Theſe, ſhe anſwer'd, are but ſhadows,
Phantoms bodileſs and vain,
Empty viſions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus ſtands,
Shews a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the ſecretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been ſo wiſe
To put-on a fool's diſguiſe,
To beſpeak ſome approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When ſhe ſaw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild diſputes,

Roaring till their lungs were ſpent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durſt a Muſe before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, ſtifled with the ſmell,
Into ſpleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian ſteams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the ſtench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her noſe;
Had ſhe flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddeſs, muſt expire.
In a fright ſhe crept away;
Bravely I reſolv'd to ſtay.
When I ſaw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, ſaid I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featur'd brawler?
Is it Satan? No, 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dreſs
Jack the grandſon of Sir Hardreſs?
Honeſt keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murder;
See the ſcowling viſage drop,
Juſt as when he murder'd T—p.

Keeper,

Keeper, ſhew me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks;
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might ſwear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiſs,
Toaſt Old Glorious in your piſs;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them ſtarve and ſtink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Laſh them daily, laſh them duly;
Though 'tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard ſmoke,
Sweetly ſnoring in his cloak:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompaſs'd by his kin:
There obſerve the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring them;
While he ſleeps the whole debate,
They ſubmiſſive round him wait;
Yet would gladly ſee the hunks
In his grave, and ſearch his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Juſt to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court, againſt the nation.
Thoſe are A—s Jack and Bob,
Firſt in every wicked job,

Son and brother to a queer
Brainſick brute, they call a peer.
We muſt give them better quarter,
For their anceſtor trod mortar,
And H—th, to boaſt his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.
There ſit Clements, D—ks, and Harriſon:
How they ſwagger from their garriſon!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this ſide hell?
Harriſon, and D—ks, and Clements,
Keeper, ſee they have their payments,
Every miſchief 's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
Bleſs us, Morgan! art thou there, man!
Bleſs mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful ſight! what! learned Morgan
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a ſtone.
Haſt thou been ſo long at ſchool,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a diſobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!

Morgan, would it not ſurprize one!
Turn thy nouriſhment to poiſon!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them faſt, or from their ſhelves
They will come and right themſelves;
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to ſlaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phraſe,
Send the clergy all to graze;
And, to make your project paſs,
Leave them not a blade of graſs?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleaſant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monſter ſhould be painted:
You ſhould try your graving-tools
On this odious groupe of fools;
Draw the beaſts as I deſcribe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I aſſure you,
You will need no *car'catura*;
Draw them ſo, that we may trace
All the ſoul in every face.
Keeper, I muſt not retire,
You have done what I deſire:
But I feel my ſpirits ſpent
With the noiſe, the ſight, the ſcent.

"Pray be patient; you ſhall find
"Half the beſt are ſtill behind:
"You have hardly ſeen a ſcore;
"I can ſhew two hundred more."
Keeper, I have ſeen enough. —
Taking then a pinch of ſnuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!"

AN APOLOGY, &c.

A LADY, wife as well as fair,
Whoſe conſcience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave Divine,
She ſent to bid him come and dine.
But, you muſt know, he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not leſſen
The dignity of his profeſſion:
And, if you 'd heard the man diſcourſe,
Or preach, you 'd like him ſcarce the worſe.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating ſilent to his cell;
Suſpected for the love he bore
To one who ſway'd ſome time before;
Which made it more ſurprizing how
He ſhould be ſent for thither now.

The meſſage told, he gapes, and ſtares,
And ſcarce believe his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it ſhould mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'ſquire ſo trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver bruſh'd, his ſhoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Paſſes the lower caſtle-yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of ſtate;
For, conſcious of his ſheepiſh gait,
His ſpirits of a ſudden fail'd him;
He ſtopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.
What was the meſſage I receiv'd?
Why certainly the Captain rav'd!
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impoſſible! it can't be me.
Or may be I miſtook the word;
My Lady — it muſt be my Lord.
My Lord 's abroad; my Lady too:
What muſt th' unhappy Doctor do?
"Is Captain Cracherode here, pray?" — "No."
"Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I 'm ſure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could ſpeak;
And yet there muſt be ſome miſtake.

Why

Why, what a jeſt ſhould I have been,
Had now my Lady been within!
What could I 've ſaid? I 'm mighty glad
She went abroad — ſhe 'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is paſt:
Well then, I 'll e'en go home and faſt;
And, ſince I 'ſcap'd being made a ſcoff,
I think I 'm very fairly off.
My Lady now returning home,
Calls, "Cracherode, is the Doctor come?"
He had not heard of him — "Pray ſee,
"'Tis now a quarter after three."
The Captain walks about, and ſearches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the ſervants round,
In vain — no Doctor 's to be found.
My Lady could not chuſe but wonder:
"Captain, I fear you 've made ſome blunder:
"But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
"I 'll try his manners once again;
"If rudeneſs be th' effect of knowledge,
"My ſon ſhall never ſee a college."
The Captain was a man of reading,
And much good ſenſe, as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame, or to incenſe,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another meſſage brought:
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault;
Is dreſs'd; and ſtealing through the croud,
Now pale as death, then bluſh'd and bow'd,

Panting — and ſtuttering — humm'd and ha'd,
"Her Ladyſhip was gone abroad;
"The Captain too — he did not know
"Whether he ought to ſtay or go;"
Begg'd ſhe 'd forgive him. In concluſion,
My Lady, pitying his confuſion,
Call'd her good-nature to relieve him;
Told him, ſhe thought ſhe might believe him;
And would not only grant his ſuit,
But viſit him, and eat ſome fruit;
Provided, at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpoſe to oppoſe,
She 'd hear of no excuſe in proſe.
The Doctor ſtood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So, bowing, ſeemingly comply'd;
Though, if he durſt, he had deny'd.
But firſt, reſolv'd to ſhew his taſte,
Was too refin'd to give a feaſt:
He 'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain magnificence:
For well he knew, to ſuch a gueſt
The plaineſt meals muſt be the beſt.
To ſtomachs clogg'd with coſtly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
Whilſt high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats.

Inſtea

Inſtead of ſpoils of Perſian looms,
The coſtly boaſts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and diſcreet
To ſcatter roſes at her feet;
Roſes of richeſt dye, that ſhone
With native luſtre, like her own:
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every ſenſe to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well ſhe knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing — at leaſt thought fit
To praiſe it *par maniere d' acquit.*
Yet ſhe, though ſeeming pleas'd, can't bear
The ſcorching ſun, or chilling air;
Diſturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he ſhews or hides his beams:
Though ſeeming pleas'd at all ſhe ſees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees;
And ſcarce can ſpeak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigued to death.
The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence:
" Madam, the mighty power of uſe
" Now ſtrangely pleads in my excuſe:
" If you unus'd have ſcarcely ſtrength
" To gain this walk's untoward length;
" If, frighten'd at a ſcene ſo rude,
" Through long diſuſe of ſolitude;
" If, long confin'd to fires and ſcreens,
" You dread the waving of theſe greens;

" If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
" Of city-fogs and crouded rooms,
" Do now ſolicitouſly ſhun
" The cooler air and dazzling ſun;
" If his majeſtic eye you flee,
" Learn hence t' excuſe and pity me.
" Conſider what it is to bear
" The powder'd courtier's witty ſneer;
" To ſee th' important man of dreſs
" Scoffing my college-aukwardneſs;
" To be the ſtrutting cornet's ſport,
" To run the gauntlet of the court,
" Winning my way by ſlow approaches,
" Through crouds of coxcombs and of coaches,
" From the firſt fierce cockaded centry,
" Quite through the tribe of waiting-gentry;
" To paſs ſo many crouded ſtages,
" And ſtand the ſtaring of your pages;
" And, after all, to crown my ſpleen,
" Be told — " You are not to be ſeen:"
" Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
" The awe of your majeſtic air.
" And can I then be faulty found,
" In dreading this vexatious round?
" Can it be ſtrange, if I eſchew
" A ſcene ſo glorious and ſo new?
" Or is he criminal that flies
" The living luſtre of your eyes?"

THE

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my ſervants much enrages,
No ſcraps remain to ſave board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing ſpend,
But often ſpunge upon a friend:
Yet, where he 's not ſo rich as I,
I pay my club, and ſo good b' ye.

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

APPLES.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conſcience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are ſeven,
I wiſh them in Heaven;
My huſband a ſot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain them,
And I muſt maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

RIPE ſparagraſs,
Fit for lad or laſs,
To make their water paſs:
O, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken!

ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the ſmell,
Here are delicate onions to ſell,
I promiſe to uſe you well.
They make the blood warmer;
You 'll feed like a farmer:
For this is every cook's opinion,
No ſavoury diſh without an onion;
But, leſt your kiſſing ſhould be ſpoil'd,
Your onions muſt be throughly boil'd:
Or elſe you may ſpare
Your miſtreſs a ſhare,
The ſecret will never be known;
She cannot diſcover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as ſweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHARMING oyſters I cry:
My maſters, come buy,
So plump and ſo freſh,
So ſweet is their fleſh,

No Colcheſter oyſter
Is ſweeter and moiſter;
Your ſtomach they ſettle,
And rouſe up your mettle;
They 'll make you a dad
Of a laſs or a lad;
And madam your wife
They 'll pleaſe to the life;
Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
Be ſhe ſlut, or be ſhe ſcold,
Eat my oyſters, and lye near her,
She 'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

BE not ſparing,
Leave off ſwearing.
Buy my herring
Freſh from Malahide *,
Better never was try'd.
Come, eat them with pure freſh butter and muſtard,
Their bellies are ſoft, and as white as a cuſtard.
Come, ſix-pence a dozen to get me ſome bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I ſoon ſhall be dead.

ORANGES.

COME buy my fine oranges, ſauce for your veal,
And charming when ſqueez'd in a pot of brown ale;
Well roaſted, with ſugar and wine in a cup,
They 'll make a ſweet biſhop when gentle-folks ſup.

* Near Dublin.

ON ROVER. A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER*.

HAPPIEST of the ſpaniel-race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck ſo ſmooth and round,
Little neck with ribbons bound;
And the *muſcly* ſwelling breaſt
Where the Loves and Graces reſt;
And the ſpreading even back,
Soft, and ſleek, and glotſy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the ſilky twiſted hair,
Shadowing thick the *velvet* ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the *veiny* temples flow.
With a proper light and ſhade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, myſtic power)
In a *downy* ſlumber place
Happieſt of the Spaniel race;
While the ſoft perſpiring Dame,
Glowing with the ſofteſt flame,

* In ridicule of Philips's poem on Miſs Carteret and written, it has been ſaid, "to affront the lady "of archbiſhop Boulter." N.

Oa

On the raviſh'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambroſial ſhowers!
With thy utmoſt ſkill expreſs
Nature in her richeſt dreſs,
Limpid *rivers* ſmoothly flowing,
Orchards by thoſe *rivers* blowing;
Curling *wood-bine*, *myrtle* ſhade,
And the gay enamel'd mead;
Where the linnets ſit and ſing,
Little ſportlings of the Spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Sooth the heart, and kindle love;
Here for me, and for the Muſe,
Colours of reſemblance chuſe,
Make of *lineaments* divine,
Daply female *ſpaniels* ſhine,
Pretty *fondlings* of the fair,
Gentle *damſels*, gentle *care*;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Croud each feature, croud each grace,
Which compleat the deſperate face;
Let the ſpotted wanton Dame
Feel a new reſiſtleſs flame;
Let the happieſt of his *race*
Win the fair to his *embrace*.
But in ſhade the reſt conceal,
Nor to ſight their joys reveal,
Leſt the *pencil* and the Muſe
Looſe deſires and thoughts infuſe.

AY AND NO,

A TALE FROM DUBLIN. 1737.

AT Dublin's high feaſt ſate Primate and Dean,
Both dreſs'd like divines, with band and face clean.
Quoth Hugh of Armagh *, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cauſe is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the Primate, "if cauſes we ſift,
"This miſchief ariſes from witty Dean Swift."
The ſmart-one replied, "There 's no wit in the caſe;
"And nothing of that ever troubled your Grace.
"Though with your ſlate-ſieve your own notions you
"ſplit,
"A Boulter by name is no *bolter* of wit.
"It is matter of weight, and a mere money-jobb;
"But the lower the coin, the higher the mob.
"Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
"That finking the coin is a dangerous joke.
"The Iriſh dear-joys have enough common ſenſe,
"To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
"It is pity a Prelate ſhould die without law;
"But if I ſay the word — take care of Armagh!"

Dr. SWIFT's Anſwer to a Friend's Queſtion.

THE furniture that beſt doth pleaſe
St. Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are theſe:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And, next, the pot that boils the meat;

* Dr. Hugh Boulter.

The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glaſs in which I drink;
The ſhelves on which my books I keep;
And the bed on which I ſleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the ſtore that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintery night;
To theſe we add a thing below,
More for uſe reſerv'd than ſhow:
Theſe are what the Dean do pleaſe;
All ſuperfluous are but theſe.

APOLLO'S EDICT*.

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our Viceroy there;
How near was ſhe to be undone,
Till pious love inſpir'd her Son!
What cannot our Vicegerent do,
As Poet and as Patriot too?
Let his ſucceſs our ſubjects ſway,
Our inſpirations to obey,
And follow where He leads the way:
Then ſtudy to correct your taſte;
Nor *beaten* paths be longer trac'd.

* This poem was originally written in 1720; the latter part of it was re-publiſhed in 1743, on the death of the Counteſs of Donegal. N.

No ſimile ſhall be begun,
With *riſing* or with ſetting ſun;
And let the *ſecret head of Nile*
Be ever baniſh'd from your iſle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you 'll the Camelion ſpare;
And, when you 'd make a hero grander,
Forget he 's like a Salamander.
No ſon of mine ſhall dare to ſay,
Aurora uſher'd-in the Day,
Or ever name the *milky-way*.
You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's *mantle* is worn out.
The *bird of Jove* ſhall toil no more
To teach the humble Wren to ſoar.
Your Tragic Heroes ſhall not rant,
Nor Shepherds uſe *poetic cant*.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to *true* ſimplicity.
When Damon's *ſoul ſhall take its flight*,
Though Poets have the ſecond-ſight,
They ſhall not ſee a *trail of light*.
Nor ſhall the *vapours upward riſe*,
Nor a *new ſtar* adorn the ſkies:
For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as Belinda's *hair*?
Yet, if his name you 'd eternize,
And muſt exalt him to the ſkies;

Without

Without a *ſtar*, this may be done:
So Tickell mourn'd his Addiſon.
If Anna's happy reign you praiſe,
Pray, not a word of *halcyon-days*;
Nor let my votaries ſhew their ſkill
In aping lines from Cooper's-Hill;
For know, I cannot bear to hear
The mimickry of *deep, yet clear.*
Whene'er my Viceroy is addreſs'd,
Againſt the Phœnix I proteſt.
When Poets ſoar in youthful ſtrains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins.
When you deſcribe a lovely girl,
No lips of *coral*, teeth of *pearl.*
Cupid ſhall ne'er miſtake another,
However beauteous, for his mother:
Nor ſhall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Cælia's eye.
With women-compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid, what need they roam,
Whom Fate has amply bleſt at home?
Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now deſtin'd by the powers divine
The bleſſing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchleſs dame,
Whom you 'd conſign to endleſs fame?

Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call, —
Take qualities from Donegal.

EPIGRAM*.

BEHOLD! a proof of Iriſh ſenſe!
Here Iriſh wit is ſeen!
When nothing's left, that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

EPIGRAMS, occaſioned by Dr. SWIFT's intended Hoſpital for IDEOTS and LUNATICKS.

I.

THE Dean muſt die — our Ideots to maintain.
Periſh, ye Ideots! and long live the Dean!

* The Dean, in his lunacy, had ſome intervals of ſenſe; at which time his guardians, or phyſicians, took him out for the air. On one of theſe days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never ſeen, and aſked what it was deſigned for. To which Dr. Kingſbury anſwered, "That, Mr. "Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the "ſecurity of the city." "Oh! oh!" ſays the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an *item* of "that. This is worth remarking: my tablets, as "Hamlet ſays, my tablets — memory put down that!" — Which produced the above lines, ſaid to be the laſt he ever wrote. N.

II. O GENIUS

II.

O GENIUS of Hibernia's ſtate,
Sublimely good, ſeverely great!
How doth this lateſt act excel
All you have done or wrote ſo well!
Satire may be the child of ſpite,
And Fame might bid the Drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a ſoul both good and wiſe,
Reſembling *Him* who rules the ſkies.
He to the thoughtful mind diſplays
Immortal ſkill ten thouſand ways;
And, to compleat his glorious taſk,
Gives what we have not ſenſe to aſk!

III.

LO! Swift to Ideots bequeaths his ſtore:
Be wiſe, ye rich! — conſider thus the poor!

On the DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S Birth-day *,

Nov. 30, ST. ANDREW'S-DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to reſt were gone,
Intranc'd in ſofteſt ſleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My ſoul as calm as it could be.

* See, in Parnell's Poems, an elegant compliment on the ſame occaſion. N.

The Queen of Dreams, well pleas'd to find
An undiſturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
And there ſhe drew St. Patrick's Dean.
I ſtraight beheld on either hand
Two Saints, like Guardian Angels, ſtand,
And either claim'd him for their ſon;
And thus the high diſpute begun.
St. Andrew firſt, with reaſon ſtrong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong:
"Swift is my own, by right divine,
"All born upon this day are mine."
St. Patrick ſaid, "I own this true,
"So far he does belong to you:
"But in my church he 's born again,
"My ſon adopted, and my Dean.
"When firſt the *Chriſtian-truth* I ſpread,
"The poor within this iſle I fed,
"And darkeſt errors baniſh'd hence,
"Made knowledge in their place commence;
"Nay more, at my divine command,
"All *noxious creatures* fled the land.
"I made both Peace and Plenty ſmile.
"Hibernia was my favourite iſle;
"Now *his* — for he ſucceeds to me,
"Two *angels* cannot more agree.
"His joy is, to relieve the poor;
"Behold them weekly at his door!
"His knowledge too, in brighteſt *rays*,
"He like the ſun to all conveys,

"She

" Shews *wiſdom* in a ſingle page,
" And in one hour inſtructs an age.
" When ruin lately ſtood around
" Th' incloſures of my *ſacred ground*,
" He glorioufly did interpoſe,
" And ſav'd it from invading foes;
" For this I claim immortal Swift,
" As my own ſon, and Heaven's beſt gift."
The Caledonian Saint, enrag'd,
Now cloſer in diſpute engag'd,
Eſſays to prove, by tranſmigration,
The Dean is of the Scottiſh nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he choſe
The loyal ſoul of great Montroſe.
" Montroſe and He are both the ſame,
" They only differ in the name:
" Both, heroes in a righteous cauſe,
" Aſſert their liberties and laws;
" He 's now the ſame, Montroſe was then,
" But that the *ſword* is turn'd a *pen*;
" A *pen* of ſo great power, each word
" Defends beyond the hero's *ſword*."
Now words grew high — we can 't ſuppoſe
Immortals ever come to blows;
But, left unruly paſſion ſhould
Degrade them into fleſh and blood,
An *angel* quick from Heaven deſcends,
And he at once the conteſt ends:
" Ye reverend pair, from diſcord ceaſe,
" Ye both miſtake the preſent caſe;

" One *kingdom* cannot have pretence
" To ſo much virtue! ſo much ſenſe:
" Search Heaven's record; and there you 'll find,
" That He was born for all mankind."

EPISTLE to ROBERT NUGENT, Esq; with a PICTURE of DEAN SWIFT.

BY DR. DUNKIN*.

TO gratify thy long deſire
(So Love and Piety require),
From Bindon's† colours you may trace
The Patriot's venerable face,
The laſt, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchleſs monarch of the pen
(Whoſe labours, like the genial ſun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the ſun, decline,
But in their full meridian ſhine),
That ever-honour'd, envied Sage,
So long the wonder of his age,
Who charm'd us with his golden ſtrain,
Is not the ſhadow of the Dean:

* This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at a period when all ſuſpicion of flattery muſt vaniſh, reflects the higheſt honour on the ingenious Writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Dr. Swift. N.

† Samuel Bindon, eſq; a celebrated painter. N.

He

He only breathes Bœotian air —
" Oh! what a falling-off was there!"
Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die;
And what remains againſt the ſtorm
Of Malice, but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That ſtood the bulwark of this iſle;
In which the ſiſterhood was fix'd
Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
Impartial Reaſon, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffuſing round,
In cheerful rivulets, the flow
Of Fortune to the ſons of woe?
Such once, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift.
But, lo! the pure æthereal flame
Is darken'd by a miſty ſteam:
The balm exhauſted breathes no ſmell,
The roſe is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike ſupplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction ſtem,
Is but a ſhell without the gem.
Ye ſons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlaſting fame,
And, in the field of letter'd arts,
Diſplay the trophies of your parts,
To yonder manſion turn aſide,
And mortify your growing pride.

Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanc'd for use,
Which you should timely to produce.
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,
May happly be recall'd from you
Before the Grave demands his due.
Then, while your morning-star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.
Ah! where is now the supple train,
That dam'd attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wisdom dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?
Good Christians! they, with bended knees
Ingulph'd the wine, but loath the lees,
Averting (to the text commands),
With ardent eyes and up-cast hands.

The

The cup of ſorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats from ſinking ſhips.
While ſome, who by his friendſhip roſe
To wealth, in concert with his foes,
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mungrils, in requitals
To riot on their maſter's vitals;
And, where they cannot blaſt his laurels,
Attempt to ſtigmatize his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying-glaſs
His foibles view, but virtues paſs,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The ſpawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The founder members traverſe o'er,
But fix and fatten on a ſore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his ſtyle;
Since all the monſters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourſelves, and not the painter.
But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving ſoul of all,
The ſleeping ſpirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his paſt heroic deeds,

In manſions of unbroken reſt,
The bright republick of the bleſs'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refin'd;
And theſe the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
Yet, while he drags the ſad remains
Of life, ſlow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muſe attends,
To prop his feeble ſteps, or ſhed
The pious tear around his bed.
So Pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd Saints,
Inſcribe their worth in artleſs lines,
And, in their ſtead, embrace their ſhrines.

INSCRIPTION intended for a MONUMENT. 1765.

SAY, to the Drapier's vaſt unbounded fame,
What added honours can the Sculptor give?
None. — 'Tis a ſanction from the Drapier's name
Muſt bid the Sculptor and his Marble live.

EPIGRAM occaſioned by the above INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier *birth* two realms contend;
And each aſſerts her Poet, Patriot, Friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loſs Iernia's laurel ſhall ſupply:
Through life's low vale, ſhe, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal ſtones ſhall vindicate him dead.

1766. B. N.

CONTENTS

CONTENTS
OF
THE SECOND VOLUME.

ON Stella's Birth-day, March 13, 1726. Page 1
Horace, Book I. Ode XIV. inſcribed to Ireland. 4
On the ſudden drying-up of St. Patrick's Well. 7
On reading Dr. Young's Univerſal Paſſion. 13
The Dog and Thief. 15
Advice to the Grub-ſtreet Verſe-writers. 16
To a Lady, who deſired the Author to write ſome Verſes upon her in the Heroic Style. 17
A Young Lady's Complaint, for the Stay of the Dean in England. 27
A Letter to the Dean when in England. 28
Palinodia. Horace, Book I. Ode XVI. 31
Bec's Birth-day, November 8. 33
On the Collar of Tiger, Mrs. Dingley's Lap-dog. 35
Epigrams on Windows. 35—38
To Janus, on New-Year's-Day. 39
A Paſtoral Dialogue, written after the News of the King's Death. 40
Deſire and Poſſeſſion. 1727. 45
On Cenſure. 47
The Furniture of a Woman's Mind. 48
Clever Tom Clinch going to be hanged. 50
To Mr. Pope, while he was writing the Dunciad. 51
A Love Poem from a Phyſician to his Miſtreſs. 52

Dean Swift at Sir Arthur Acheſon's, in the North of Ireland. 54
On a very old Glaſs at Market-hill. 55
Anſwered extempore by Dr. Swift. ibid.
On cutting down the old Thorn at Market-hill. 56
My Lady's Lamentation and Complaint againſt the Dean. 1728. 60
A Paſtoral Dialogue. 64
On the Five Ladies at Sot's Hole, with the Doctor at their Head. 67
The Five Ladies' Anſwer. 69
The Beau's Reply. 70
The Journal of a Modern Lady. 71
A Dialogue between Mad Mullinix and Timothy 81
Tim and the Fables. 90
Tom Mullinix and Dick. 91
Dick. A Maggot. 93
Clad all in Brown. To Dick. 94
Dick's Variety. 95
An Epitaph on General Gorges and Lady Meath. 96
Verſes on I know not what. 97
Dr. Swift's Complaint on his own Deafneſs. With an Anſwer. 98
Dr. Swift to himſelf, on St. Cecilia's Day. 99
On Paddy's Character of the Intelligencer. ibid.
Parody on a Character of Dean Smedley. 101
Paulus. By Mr. Lindſay. 103
The Anſwer. By Dr. Swift. ibid.
A Dialogue between an eminent Lawyer and Dr. Swift. 109
On burning a dull Poem. 1729. 111

An Epiſtle to Lord Carteret. By Dr. Delany. 112
An Epiſtle upon an Epiſtle from a certain Doctor to a certain great Lord; being a Chriſtmas-box for Dr. Delany. 116
A Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret. 121
To Dr. Delany, on the Libels written againſt him. 128
Directions for making a Birth-day Song. 134
Bouts Rimés, on Signora Domitilla. 143
Helter Skelter; or, the Hue and Cry after the Attornies upon their riding the Circuit. 145
The Logicians refuted. 147
The Puppet-ſhow. 149
The Grand Queſtion debated, whether Hamilton's Bawn ſhould be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-houſe. 152
To Dean Swift. By Sir Arthur Acheſon. 159
Drapier's-hill. 160
The Dean's Reaſons for not building at Drapier's-hill. 161
A Panegyrick on the Dean, in the Perſon of a Lady in the North. 1730. 165
Twelve Articles. 178
The Revolution at Market-hill. 179
Traulus. A Dialogue between Tom and Robin. Part I. 183
Traulus. Part II. 187
Robin and Harry. 189
To Betty the Grizette. 191
Death and Daphne. To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean. 192
Daphne. 196

The

The Pheaſant and the Lark. A Fable. By Dr. Delany. 198
Anſwer to Dr. Delany's Fable. 203
On the Iriſh Club. 207
The Progreſs of Marriage. 208
An excellent new Ballad; or, the true Engliſh Dean to be hanged for a Rape. 214
On Stephen Duck, the Threſher and Favourite Poet. A Quibbling Epigram. 217
The Lady's Dreſſing-room. 218
The Power of Time. 223
On Mr. Pulteney's being put out of the Council. 1731. ibid.
Epitaph on Frederick Duke of Schomberg. 225
Caſſinus and Peter. A Tragical Elegy. 226
A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed. Written for the Honour of the Fair Sex. 230
Strephon and Chloe. 233
Apollo; or, a Problem ſolved. 243
The Place of the Damned. 245
Judas. 246
An Epiſtle to Mr. Gay. 247
On the Iriſh Biſhops. 253
On the Death of Dr. Swift. 255
An Epiſtle to two Friends. To Dr. Helſham. 274
To Dr. Sheridan. 275
Dr. Helſham's Anſwer. 276
Epigrams. 278
To the Rev. Dr. Swift, with a Preſent of a Paper-book finely bound, on his Birth-day, Nov. 30, 1732. By John Earl of Orrery. 279

Verſes

Verſes left with a Silver Standiſh on the Dean of St. Patrick's Deſk, on his Birth-day. By Dr. Delany. 280
Verſes occaſioned by the foregoing Preſents. 281
The Beaſts' Confeſſion to the Prieſt, on obſerving how moſt Men miſtake their own Talents. 282
Advice to a Parſon. 289
The Parſon's Caſe. 290
The Hardſhip upon the Ladies. 1733. 291
A Love Song, in the Modern Taſte. 292
On the Words Brother Proteſtants, and Fellow Chriſtians; ſo familiarly uſed by the Advocates for the Repeal of the Teſt-act in Ireland 293
The Yahoo's Overthrow; or, The Kevan Bayl's New Ballad upon Serjeant Kite's inſulting the Dean. 296
On the Archbiſhop of Caſhell and Dr. Betteſworth. 299
On Poetry. A Rhapſody. 300
Horace, Book IV. Ode XIX. imitated. To Humphry French, Eſq. 316
A New Simile for the Ladies. By Dr. Sheridan. 319
Anſwer. By Dr. Swift. 322
A Vindication of the Libel: or, A New Ballad, written by a Shoe-boy, on an Attorney who was formerly a Shoe-boy. 328
A Friendly Apology for a certain Juſtice of Peace. By Way of Defence of Hartley Hutchinſon, Eſq. By James Black-well, Operator for the Feet. 330
Dr. Sheridan's Ballad on Ballyſpellin. 332
Anſwer. By Dr. Swift. 335

Horace, Part of Book I. Sat. VI. paraphraſed. 337
On a Printer's being ſent to Newgate. 339
The Day of Judgement. ibid.
Verſes ſent to the Dean on his Birth-day, with Pine's Horace, finely bound. By Dr. J. Sican. 340
On Pſyche. 343
The Dean and Duke. 1734. ibid.
On Dr. Rundle, Biſhop of Derry. 344
Epigram. 346
A Character, Panegyrick, and Deſcription of the Legion-club. 1736. 347
An Apology, &c. 355
The Dean's Manner of Living. 361
Verſes made for Fruit-women, &c. ibid.
On Rover, a Lady's Spaniel. Inſtructions to a Painter. 364
Ay and No, a Tale from Dublin. 366
Dr. Swift's Anſwer to a Friend's Queſtion. ibid.
Apollo's Edict. 367
Epigram. 370
Three Epigrams, occaſioned by Dr. Swift's intended Hoſpital for Ideots and Lunaticks. ibid.
On the Dean of St. Patrick's Birth-day, Nov. 30, St. Andrew's-day. 371
Epiſtle to Robert Nugent, Eſq; with a Picture of Dr. Swift. By Dr. Dunkin. 374
Inſcription intended for the Dean's Monument. 378
Epigram occaſioned by the above Inſcription. ibid.

END OF SWIFT'S POEMS.